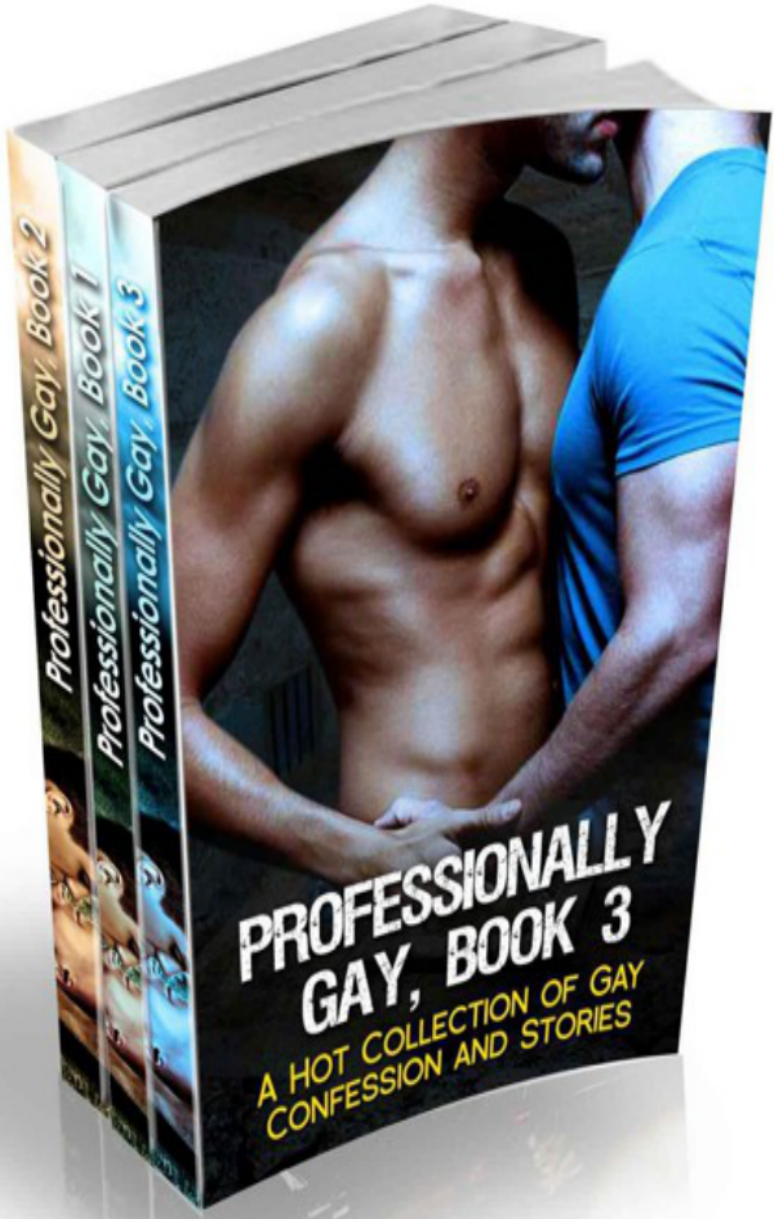
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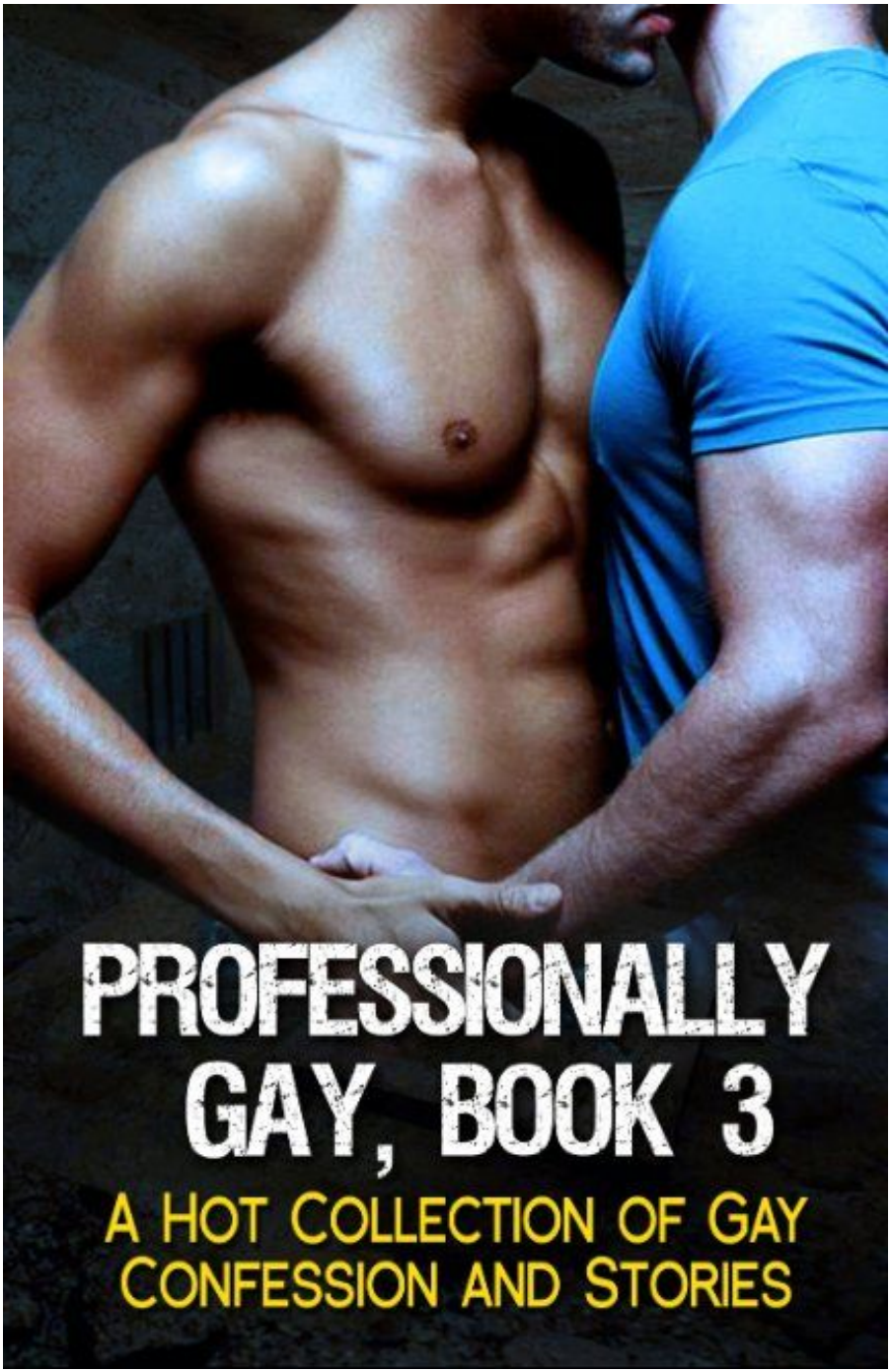
PROFESSIONALLY GAY, BOOK 3
A HOT COLLECTION OF GAY CONFESSION AND STORIES

WARNING

This book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language. It may be considered offensive to some readers. This book is for sale to adults ONLY.

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A Hot Collection of Gay Confessions and Stories

Professionally Gay, Book 3

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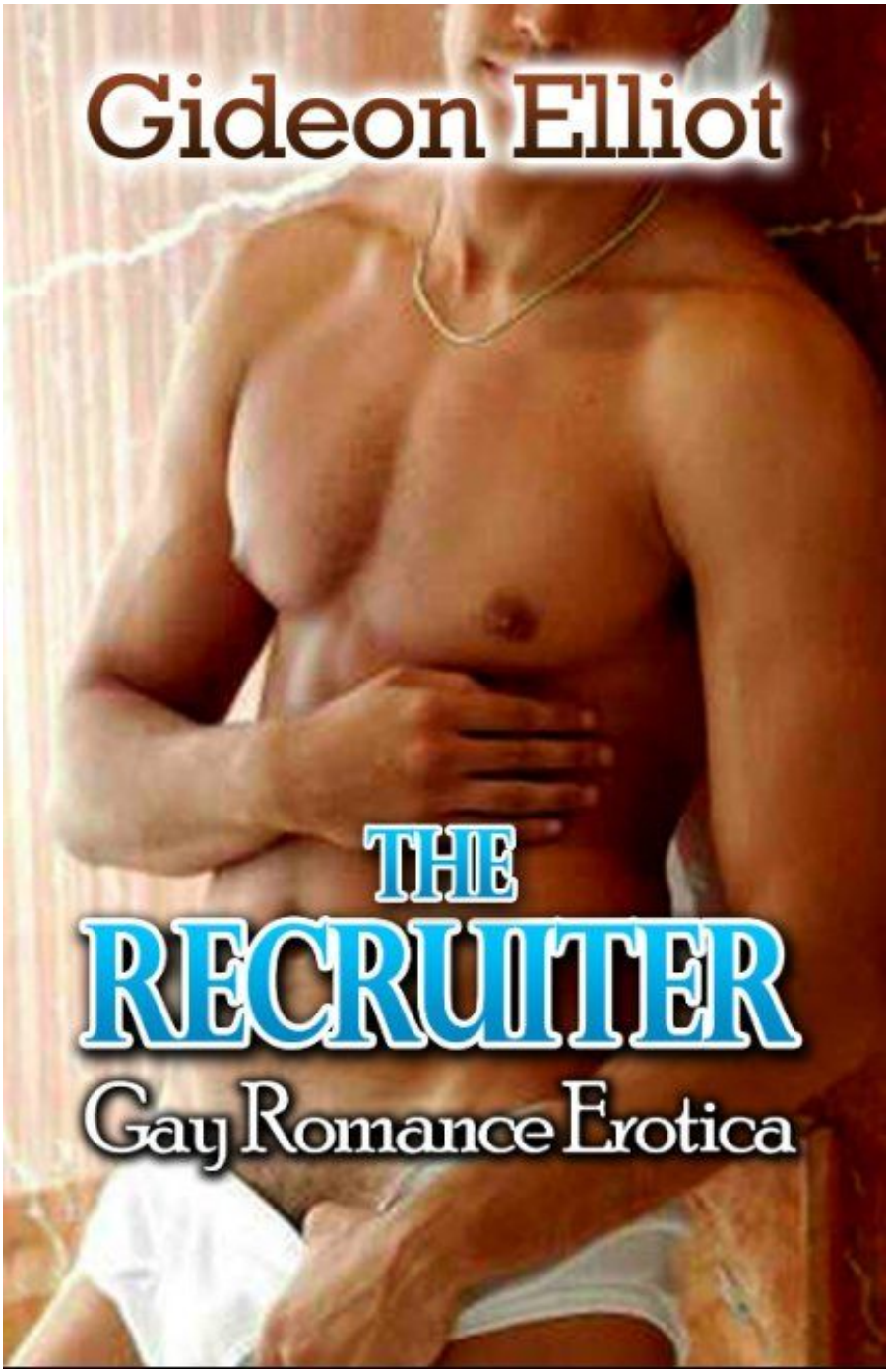


Chapter 1

The numbers were bad, the scandal was worse, the colonel was apoplectic, the headlines were grim, and the war was a mess. Congress was concerned. The president said he did not see any reason to worry about anything. In public the White House press spokesman was upbeat and calm; in private, things were different.

A secret e-mail from someone in Rumsfeld's office to the colonel said, Get those fucking numbers up or you'll be going down. And do it without making a horse's ass out of the army.

Someone from Cheney's office was overheard saying between bites of sushi, “The vice-president said that if those cocksuckers don't know how to get boys and girls into uniforms, they should be wearing diapers and sucking their mothers' tits instead of carrying weapons and wearing the uniforms of the armed services.

* * *

Scotty Mason had a lousy headache. He'd had it all day. He'd had it yesterday. It wasn't going away. Neither was his unfilled quota. Neither were the stories about what recruiters were doing to fill their quotas. Neither was the growing disgust with the war and the government.

He would have preferred to be in a combat unit sticking close to his buddies, sharing the adrenaline rush, focusing together on one thing, rather than to be waylaying these boys in the mall and suffering humiliation after defeat after humiliation.

He came back, nevertheless, after each blow, after each failure, taller than before, crisper than ever.

“Gentlemen you need to talk to me about putting some purpose in your life,” he'd say, and some bright-eyed smart-aleck who needed a haircut and a belt for his pants would answer back, “Hey, man, I got a purpose. It's keeping out of the clutches of guys like you.”

It shouldn't have gotten to him, but all through the day and every night, sentences like that just kept on banging around inside his head, clogging his memory. And the faces of the boys he saw, he couldn't get them out of his head. All those young, sweet faces saying “No” to him! All those bodies churning with life, who could have been his buddies, retracting from him! Or worse: meeting him with taunts

and defiance. Oh, when they taunted him, when they showed that defiant attitude, did he ever want to take those cunts and bend them to his will like they'd never been bent.

* * *

"Name's Scott. What's yours?" he said, hand extended, approaching a guy who was a more likely looking recruit than the average hippie faggots he had to comb through. He was well built, stood straight, dressed conservatively and with style. He was lookin' good. And he was by himself.

"Derek."

"Cool, Derek. You look like a man with a plan, a guy with a purpose, a dude who's above the crowd. We should talk."

"About what?" Derek answered, freeing his hand from the soldier's grasp.

"How 'bout your future?"

"What about my future?"

"Have you ever thought what it's gonna be?"

Derek almost smiled, but otherwise, he did not answer.

"I thought so," Scott said, riffing his way through the ambiguity.

"Let's sit down and talk. Hungry?"

Derek shook his head.

"Here's the plan, Derek," the sergeant said, biting into a hamburger and taking a sip of cherry soda.

"You sign with me... You sure you don't want a burger, eh? Maybe just a soda?"

"I'm sure."

"...for two years and you've got...tastes good... sure?"

Derek nods without a word.

"Ok. But if you change your mind....So you've got four years in college, an extra five Gs to spend, and a feeling about yourself that no amount of money can buy and no one can ever take away. Now that sounds good, huh?"

"Not so good," Derek said quietly.

"What'd you say?" Scott stopped chewing to ask.

"Not so good," Derek repeated, no louder.

"Not good!"

"No."

"How's that?"

"I'm not into it."

"I don't believe you."

"Suit yourself."

"I mean, come on, a smart dude like you. All you can say is I'm not into it?"

"I'm not."

"So why you here talking to me?"

"You're the one who's talking."

"But you're still here listening, Derek. Why you sitting here with me if you aren't interested, dude?"

"To see how you operate."

"To see how I operate?"

"Yeah."

“Just like that.”

“Uh-huh.”

‘You jerkin' my chain, man?”

“You feel like I am?”

This was getting difficult. Scott took a breath and then resumed.

“So what do you think about what I had to say, Derek, about my offer?”

He was working hard to keep the edge out of his voice. This fish wasn't off his hook yet, even if he thought he was free and just teasing. He wasn't going to let him get away. The kid was too cool by half, too cool for his own good. He'd take some knocking down. But it was a good challenge. He had backbone.

If I can break him, I'll own him, Scott thought. That, he felt in his deepest gut. This kid was a prize among a lot of losers.

From outside, it didn't look like it; but inside the space that hung between them, there was a struggle going on between two minds for which one was going to be dominant. Each of them knew that they'd sat down together with the purpose of tackling the other one.

“C'mon, Derek, what can you say against what I just told you?”

“Wrong question,” Derek said in the same low tone but with a direct and steady gaze that made Scott uncomfortable: what the fuck was that supposed to mean? And, hey, he was the one who was supposed to be doing the heavy eye-balling.

“Wrong question?” Scott repeated trying to hide his confusion, rifling through his mind for interview techniques he'd been taught in training.

“Yeah.”

You needed a can opener with this guy, he thought, but restrained himself from expressing his annoyance.

“Ok, I'll bite. What's the right question, Derek?”

“That's your job.”

“I've met some tight assholes before,” Sgt. Mason said, losing it, “but...”

Derek stood.

“Hey wait, buddy. Sit down. No offense.”

But Derek turned and started walking away.

“Yo, Derek, buddy. The conversation was just getting started. Don't split.”

But when the kid didn't turn back and Scotty was left staring at a solidly well-built American guy with an attitude as hard and as polished as an industrial diamond getting away from him, he pushed his tray to the center of the table and stood up and took a few quick steps and was walking out of the mall alongside his prey.

“You got something to tell me, Derek, and you're not saying.”

“No.”

“How come you're turning down my offer, Derek?”

“How come you're following me?”

“You know you made a commitment, Derek, when you sat down with me, which isn't so easy to get out of, dude.”

“What commitment did you make?”

Derek turned his head when he said it, and again looked steadily into Scott's eyes, and it was unnerving to him. He was as good as they come at holding another man's glance without flinching, and making the other guy blink first. But Derek wasn't trying to stare him down or lock his gaze. It was an open look the likes of which Mason had never seen before. And it confused him, threw him off balance. Derek's eyes were soft.

Try out-staring the blue sky on a spring day.

But Scott caught himself just in time.

"Why don't you come back to my office with me and I'll show you. My car's right over there in the lot."

"No," Derek said.

"Don't you ever say anything but 'no', Derek? You are one negative dude. You know that, Derek?"

Derek shrugged, didn't say anything, and just kept walking, indifferent to his companion, somehow giving Scott the feeling that he was not at all his companion, that, in fact, he did not really exist, as far as the boy was concerned.

And this, even more than his fierce desire to lock the boy into a contract is what kept him going, pushing at the boy; trying to get Derek to acknowledge him, to feel the volume of his presence, its solidity, to act like he was there and that he took up a certain amount of space and had weight. He could have dealt with resistance.

* * *

Mason got out of his uniform and stood in front of the mirror, alone in the apartment he shared with two other recruiters, looking at himself, naked, the no frills, stripped-down version. It wasn't so long ago he was a carefree college jock who took everything easy and for whom things, in fact, came easy: athletics, academics, friendships, girls… Girls, Christ, they were all over him. It was ok, but it never lived up to the feelings he'd imagined when he'd talked to other guys about girls.

He still had the body, it was even buffer, but he saw something new in his eyes, something tighter, something frantic. Eagerness had been replaced by anxiety; spunkiness, by guile. And his hair, he had plenty of it and it was well-groomed, but it didn't have that spring-foliage-after-the-rain look it once had.

He had gone into ROTC because he thought it was a good idea, a good thing to do because the head of ROTC had given a talk in the locker room and fired up a lot of guys on the football team with a mix of promises and warnings and some A-1 videos of heavy dudes,

explosive action, and attention-grabbing technology.

He was a hypnotic speaker and made them feel the need in their lives for a sense of purpose, to commit themselves to something bigger than themselves, greater than themselves, and that only by doing that would they be able to be really big men who not only could take command of themselves but could take command of others.

The guys on the team sat there in the locker room, powerful guys, half-dressed and sprawled out, comfortable in their bodies, confident in their domain, and excited by the comradeship they were feeling around a common mission.

So it wasn't even weird, it did not seem weird, that afterwards Scotty went down to The Slammer with a couple of the other guys and shared a few pitchers of beer and talked about a great future, and it did not seem weird that they threw their arms around each other afterwards as they walked back to Mike Finnegan's apartment and stripped down to their underwear there and popped some more cans of beer and started rough-housing, and it did not seem weird when they got hard cocks.

They knew they were men and they lit cigars and started strutting around clownishly showing off how big they were, and one thing led to another, and soon they were getting each other off, and not just with
their hands, but with their beer-rubbery mouths they were working each other's' cocks, too, until the spray from their cocks and the foam from the beer mixed together in one blinding froth.

Mason got a boner thinking about it, and the whole shooting gallery was replaced in his mind by an image of that prick, Derek, standing in front of him, at attention, in his uniform, calling him Sir.

Chapter 2

Scotty Mason woke with a bad headache – again. It wouldn't go away. It was tormenting him. He'd had it for weeks. But today it was fierce. With each throb, he felt a spurt of real anger. He sat up and pulled a crumpled cigarette from the torn pack by the bedside and let it hang unlit in his mouth.

His hands turned into fists as he thought about it. But there was nothing to do. The bastard had out-smarted him.

He lit the match he was holding and put it to the bent edge of the cigarette.

The guy at the mall yesterday who got away… That fucking Derek!

He wanted to take that smartass kid and slam him against the wall, and hold him there while he taught him how it was to show some respect to your superiors.

He wanted to hold him against the wall by his throat and watch the kid quail.

He pulled himself out of bed, sat on the edge, took a few last drags on the cigarette and stubbed it out in the butt-filled ashtray on the nightstand.

There was a thunderstorm and lightning outside, and rain was pelting the window panes.

“Fuck, shit, fuck,” he grumbled as a hard stream of piss hit the water in the toilet bowl. “What a lousy day to have to go out fishing.”

He was way below his quota for the last three months, and every day he had to put up with being chewed out by the colonel. Stupid motherfucker, he didn't even know what it was like out there.

Resistance was growing on the kids like a fungus.

He was alone for the weekend. Ryan was visiting his parents; Quincy, his girlfriend in Dallas.

He switched on the TV as he made a cup of instant coffee. He stood in front of it as he drank the insipid brew, still only in his khaki skivvies, mindlessly scratching his balls and cursing at the reporter who was highlighting the story. Two recruiters in Washington State got an autistic kid to sign up. Then they tried to tough it out while his family, the press, and finally his congressman made a holy stink about it.

He put his coffee cup down and lit another cigarette. They were accusing the recruiters of strong arm tactics and then knocking what the troops were doing in Iraq on top of it.

He knew he had to calm down. He had to be positive.

He crushed the cigarette, showered and shaved and got into his uniform and pulled himself together.

He stood in front of the mirror and saluted himself.

“Mason!” he said.

“Yes, Sir,” he answered.

* * *

A good start for the day was another cup of coffee and a donut inside the mall. No chance for a cigarette here. Saturday morning, the place has to be swarming with possibilities. Maybe even that prick Derek would show up.

He'd get in his face and not let him go this time. That was one kid he wanted to catch and sign up.

If he knew the kid's last name, he'd give him a call. Maybe one of those other cunts who hung out at the mall would know it.

He shut and opened his eyes, rubbed them, and then opened his hand and rubbed the sides of his face by the bone of the eye

sockets with extended thumb and forefinger. He pulled himself together. He couldn't let himself zone out over his coffee. And he couldn't let himself keep thinking about Derek like this -- he was working. Yeah, but the thing with Derek was about work.

Mason looked around as if studying the mall's architecture.

A bunch of young guys in baggy clothes stopped at the electronics store and messed around with each other, leaping and landing and yelping as they commented on the devices in the window.

He felt defeated before he began.

“Gentleman,” he said, and despite his apprehension, he approached the group.

“You look like a team on the beam that wants to see some action.”

“Oh, no,” one of them in a sleeveless shirt and a backwards baseball cap groaned, “team on the beam.” He walked away with a slouch.

“We got our action, Dude. We don't want your kind of action,” another one said, a hippie with an earring. Or may just a faggot. What was the difference, anyway?

“I see how you're checking out all that equipment,” Mason went on ignoring them, trying to find a hook. “Well you ought to check out the army because the army's got some high tech stuff that'll make the stuff you're looking at in the window seem like black and white television.”

But the kids weren't biting. He found himself in the ridiculous position of following after them. “Gentlemen,” he said, trying to get their attention, “Dudes.”

But they had no interest in paying attention to him, and as long as they did not get caught by him, he couldn't make them.

An army recruiter has mystical power. He is an archetype. He is the force that makes the landscape dangerous, the agent of a power that can transform your world from an open and free place where you

belong
to yourself to a lock-up where you belong to someone else, someone who can dispose of you as he will, even to the death. The army recruiter can be the agent of death, the lingering Erlking beckoning. He invites both defiance and surrender.

The more political among the kids organized demonstrations against the recruiters. But most of the kids kept their distance. Recruiters are dangerous.

And then there are those kids that get caught. Some think they want what the recruiters are selling. Others get bamboozled by forces beyond their comprehension.

* * *

Standing in the center of the atrium, facing a store that sold leather fashions, Mason felt uncomfortable being himself. It wasn't like anything he had ever felt before. Properly, then he should not have known what it meant to feel the way he did. It ought to be an unidentifiable feeling. But it wasn't. It was a distinct feeling that
told him he was uncomfortable being himself. He knew it.

He shook his head as if he wanted to shake such thoughts out of his head – or as if he wanted to shake himself free of himself.

He needed to sit down someplace, to rest. He felt nausea.

In the Men's room, in a large stall with a toilet and a baby diaper changing table, he sat and bent forward and clasped his head in his hands.

“This is very dangerous,” he said to himself in a panic at his confusion. “Not following orders is insubordination.”

He stood. He became dizzy. He opened the door to the stall knowing he had to get out. He fell and hit the floor.

A kid on his way to pick up tickets for a Neil Young concert heard something as he passed the Men's room. Inside he found a soldier face down on the bathroom tile. Luckily Reese, the security guy, was right there, and he called the emergency squad. Mason was coming to, but was disoriented, had trouble speaking.

The transient ischemic attack was minor. To the extent that such things can ever be considered as not serious, it was not serious. But it was a warning. Mason knew by an intuition that had never before graced him. He was a tight fist of anger, all throughout his body. Everything about him was clenched.

* * *

"You're no good to us," the colonel said. "I have to be honest with you."

"I guess I'm not much good to myself, either," Mason said.

"That's no way to talk."

"Yes, sir," Mason said, falling back on the only prop he knew, the discipline of taking orders.

"No, no, Mason. You can't tough this one out. If you take my advice, you go get some counseling. It's rough out there. You'll get a medical discharge, no disgrace."

The colonel pushed back on his chair and stood up. The meeting was over.

* * *

No disgrace! Ha! It was a big disgrace, and he knew it, and they knew it, and everybody knew it. But everybody was acting like nothing had happened, that a dream had not been shattered. The only thing he had ever wanted, really wanted, was to be among other guys like himself, to be one of a band of brothers sharing a noble purpose and bound together by their dedication to their duty and to each other. Instead of that he had to go cruising malls getting shit on by hippies, not even with a partner, like most guys, because there was a shortage of
recruiters here. And what did it get him? Shit from little motherfuckers like Derek and condescension from his superior officers. And now he was nothing, absolutely nothing.

So for the first couple of weeks, he totally went to seed. He was ashamed to go outside. He spent days in bed. He didn't wash or shave. His hair grew long and shaggy. When he finally was ready to

go out again, he didn't recognize himself when he looked in the bathroom mirror.

"So much the better," he thought. "No risk anyone else will either."

He had the urge to drive over to the mall; so much had happened there. He needed to look around once more, to say good-bye.

How strange suddenly to need to say good-by to a place you never wanted to be.

Then, spontaneously, despite himself, it came to him even though he did not want it to, did not want to know what he realized he knew. It was not about the mall or about who he had been or what he had been doing. It was only one thing that mattered to him, one thing only that he wanted: it was that fucking Derek.

He wanted to see that guy in uniform, standing at attention, saluting him.

That prick had penetrated him and he couldn't do anything about it. If he had only gotten Derek to sign!

He stood by the soda machine looking at the floor and shaking his head. When he looked up he saw a bunch of kids across the way – he recognized some of them – looking at him, noticing him, unable to be
sure they were seeing what they thought they were seeing.

He turned his back to them and walked quickly to the exit.

He was furious.

* * *

Life was hell all week.

It was beyond everything to find himself in this situation. Suddenly, something was caving in. He lay in bed in the one-room he was renting by the week, feeling his heart beat hard, and his stomach sour.

Derek. Derek was always with him, like a painfully throbbing wound.

But there was a shred of dignity he had left, and it lay in his training. Self-discipline saved him.

He pulled himself out of bed, showered, shaved. He needed a haircut.

He put on fresh underwear, the same kind of khaki skivvies he always wore. But it wasn't the same any more. They were part of a uniform he wasn't allowed to wear anymore.

He had something to do. He had to go get a haircut and buy new underwear.

Chapter 3

Miracles Depend On Our Inner Resources.

That was what the sign said on the Unitarian Church signboard across the street from the bus depot.

Scotty Mason knew he needed one as he stood waiting for a bus at the terminal in a small town sixty miles outside Chicago. He had done his time as an army recruiter, and now he was going back east.

Sitting, drowsing, on the bus, watching great plains and the run-down industrial peripheries of small and large American cities pass by on the window screen he stared at, out of, through -- at himself.

In all those cities and towns, there for the eye to see, the infrastructures were crumbling.

He could feel it, because that's what it felt like inside himself. His infrastructure was crumbling, which once had been so shiny and new and strong.

How could his thoughts not carry him back to eighteen and Dartmouth and an overpowering sense of belonging and possessing? He had a right, then, to be everywhere. Everywhere he looked, it was his.

He relaxed into the memory and a warm sense of arousal flooded his body.

The earth smelled brown in the air and gladness was the smell the grass exuded. The early autumn of New England took him in her arms.

Darkness fell on the landscape and he fell fitfully asleep in his seat. Then he woke, not more refreshed, groggy, but now unable to re-enter morphic realms for a second sleep. He watched darkness stretch past him on the window glass.

And then he dozed, and then it was the gray dawn of New Jersey, and then it was the cold and cheerless Port Authority terminal.

He took his duffel bag from the bus's belly and walked away with it flung over his shoulder. He zipped up his wool-lined leather bomber jacket, and turned round 360 degrees looking at the signs for the one pointing to the Brooklyn subway.

A bunch of guys with skis milled around the newspaper stand. It was strange to be able to look at kids without having to figure out how to approach them. It was a relief. They were doing fine without him. They
were looking good. He wanted nothing from anyone.

* * *

“It's really nice of you, Mike. I mean...”

“Oh, shut up Mason,” he said taking the young man in his arms; “and come inside,” he said, releasing him, but taking him around the waist again and leading him in.

“No,” Mason, blushed, “I have to express to you how grateful I am that you could...do this.”

Michael made a gesture that it was enough.

* * *

“You must be hungry.”

“If I let myself feel it, yeah.”

“But you don't?”

“Not much.”

“Only with hunger?”

“Not only. No. Just about everything. Float gracefully above it.”

“Otherwise?”

“Oh, I don't even go that far.”

“Or get that near.”

* * *

Michael's brownstone was on Fifth Avenue in Park Slope, a reviving neighborhood. But he had bought the house before the revival began. It had been in bad condition. Slowly, by himself and, when necessary, with outside help, he was redoing it. He hadn't paid much for it. He had managed to save enough from his nine years as an assistant professor of English at Dartmouth to make the down payment.

That's where Scott had met him. It was strange that they hit it off. They oughtn't to have.

Just like it shouldn't be Michael he turns to now. It doesn't make sense.

“It's been tough,” Michael says, his hand on Scott's shoulder as he pours him a cup of herbal tea.

“Yeah!” Scott says, suddenly holding back tears.

“The pressure must have been immense.”

Mason was silent.

Michael poured some tea for himself, replaced the kettle on the stove and sat facing him.

“You're welcome to stay here, as long as you need, as long as you want. There's plenty of room. I've made up a room for you on the third floor. It's in the middle of being redone, but it's habitable with a bed, a desk, a chair and a dresser. The radiator works and I put a rug down because the floors are unsanded. It'll be a good place to figure things out.”

“I don't know how to thank you.”

“It’s ok. It's my pleasure to have you. So, thank you. Tell me are you still as reactionary politically as you always were?”

“What!” Mason smiled.

“You were a stubborn bastard.”

“And you never seemed to mind.”

“Ok, so tell me. What are your thoughts these days?”

“Truth is, Michael, I have no thoughts. Everything I stood on seems to have collapsed under me and now I can't tell if I'm swimming for my life or walking on air.”

“Well you don't have to do either right now. You can just sit there.”

“But I want to do so something. I mean, I'll get some money every month from the army. And I want to pay my share as long as I'm here. I don't want to be dependent.”

“Might not be the worst thing for you if you could be openly dependent for a change.”

“Openly?”

“Well, I know, you follow some party line that says we're each free and independent. But it just isn't so. You, for example, were stuck in the army, however much you might have wanted to be. You were forced to serve an interest that really was not yours, even if you thought it was. You were totally dependent! You were dependent on everyone. On the kids you were trying to recruit, on your superiors who could make your life miserable if you didn't meet quotas. How did you keep going this long without breaking down?”

Mason sipped his tea.

“But you know, Michael. I was interested. I wanted to know those kids. I wanted to do good by them. They're just hanging out at a mall with nothing to do. And I got a purpose for them that can turn their lives around.”

“So that they'll be like yours.”

“They are lost.”

“And you?”

“So am I, I guess.” He blushed. “But I would not have been lost if I could have found them. Hah! Looking for them, I got lost. I just expected they'd be there and that a uniform and your country meant something.”

“But you were rejected?”

“Was I ever! Rejected! There was this one dude, you'd say, Derek, an industrial diamond ready to be fashioned into a precise instrument. I was on the brink with him. But I couldn't get in.”

“And it stuck with you?”

“He stuck with me. It's a little bit like an obsession. I recognize that. But there it is. I want to see that fucker in uniform, standing at attention. I want to hear him cry out, yes, sir.”

Michael lifted his eyebrows.

“He certainly made an impression on you.”

“I guess you keep thinking about the one that got away.”

“Yup,” Michael said standing. “Let me show you your room.”

* * *

“Put simply, I don't know what to do with myself. I don't know who I am.”

“What's the thing that bothered you the most about everything that happened?”

“I'm ashamed to say it, but not making a connection with that guy Derek.”

“Oh but you did. You did more than that.”

“Did what?”

“Make a connection.”

“What do you mean?”

“I'm not sure I should tell you.”

“Oh, come on, Michael. Don't play the guru with me.”

“You made a connection with yourself...”

“With myself?”

“With yourself, through Derek.”

“Through Derek?”

“Through Derek.”

“With myself?”

“Because of Derek you got in touch with a part of yourself you don't want to allow. That's why you feel blank.”

“Why?”

“Because you don't want to be who you are.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You never did.”

Chapter 4

"When's the last time you've lain in bed and held someone?"

"Lain?" Mason repeated laughing.

"Lain! When was the last time you've lain in bed and held somebody close to you?" Michael said.

"That's not a fair question."

"What's not fair about it?"

"It's personal."

"So?"

"So it's personal. People don't go around asking each other things like that."

"Oh, no. Right. But they do go around asking each other to go and kill somebody else or get killed themselves."

Scott Mason stared quietly at the ceiling as Michael lashed into him.

"What are you getting at, Michael?"

"No, it's what are you getting at, Scott? And how long is it going to take you to get there?"

"Why are you turning everything back on me? It's the same thing that Derek kid did. It makes me dizzy. I like things clear, plain, and simple."

"I wonder," Michael said. "But still the real question is what are you getting at? Where will this whole misadventure take you? Can you get yourself to the point where you can at least wonder that you were selling death to kids and then ask yourself how a decent

guy like you could do a thing like that?"

But Mason blocked the question. Turning on his side, he said with a show of mild exasperation, "You still have the same left-wing slant you always have."

"It's not a left-wing slant." Michael glared. If he did not get through to him now, he never would and Mason would remain hopelessly broken, lost to himself, with no foundation.

"People with immense power and tremendous financial interest," he said with slow emphasis, "fight with each other for the control and ownership of this or that and they get one group of people scared of or angry at another group of people so that they're willing to bring death and grief to each other. That's what's really going on. No left-wing slant. The president lies. The secretary of defense lies. Cheney's got a dirty hand in everything. There's been a fucking coup d'état in the United States. And it's still going on. And there's a plague. Everything is being consumed by war and brutality, death and injury. People are scared of each other and are harming each other. And they're made to think and feel it's noble. Everybody has a good reason. And there's you out there in some suburb of Chicago trying to convince the kids to go to war, to become seriously maimed, to kill, to die, to torture for these people and their interests. Wow! Meanwhile, coincidentally, the whole infrastructure of the United States is falling apart, bigotry is being written into a constitutional amendment, major rights and freedoms are being threatened in the name of defending freedom, there's fucking torture, for Christ's sake, and the mainstream culture is getting stupider by the minute."

Mike stopped.

Slowly Scott drew in a breath. It was hot in the room. He was stretched out on his bed. Michael was in the arm-chair across from him. Scott knew what he was talking about. It was beating inside him like a caged animal he was frightened of.

Scott sat up. He pulled off his shirt.

"Go easy on me, Michael," he said, pressing his palms into his eyes.

"Sure, Scotty. I understand," Michael said. "I don't want to make it tough for you. But it's time you see things you haven't been

able to."

Then Scott did a strange thing for him. He reached out his arm and offered his hand.

Michael took hold of it. Mason drew him to his bedside.

"Sit down," he said.

Michael sat beside Mason and Scott pressed his hand inside his own fist and brought it to his bare chest.

"I know, Michael. But you got to understand it isn't easy changing who you are."

"You don't have to change anything. You just have to accept...and everything will fall into place."

"To accept that I wanted those boys, especially Derek. And it excited me to..."

Michael waited.

But Mason veered suddenly from what he was going to say.

"You're queer for me?" Mason said, instead.

"I have always been," Michael responded quietly.

"But you never said anything."

"What's to say?"

"How you felt."

"I didn't have the right to do that."

"But what if I needed it?"

"You say that now after things have begun to be clear to you. But then, you would have run so fast. I wasn't interested in freaking you out but in keeping you steady."

“You were always so proper. I mean you were upfront about what you thought, but you were, I don't know, cold, like you had no feelings. I could not make it out. If you were friendly or what your motive was.”

“I had no motive. Or if I did, it was to keep boys like you, decent kids but misguided, from signing away their souls and their bodies to the military. I wanted to make sure kids I taught got a sense that there were better things that they could do. That was my motive. With you, at the time, I failed. You were bull-headed, and you wanted something you could believe in and give yourself to.”

“Instead of saying you were queer upfront, you insinuated yourself as a caring guru, but in the back of your mind, you were a seducer. You wanted us to think like you. It was your way of getting the feeling that you'd made a sexual conquest, that you existed, that you were important.”

Michael looked at him quietly. Mason knew what he was thinking. It was true. He was talking about himself. It fit as perfectly as Cinderella's shoe.

“Seducer. Recruiter. What's the difference?” Scott muttered.

He held Michael's hand tighter and pressed it harder to his chest.

“Do you know what I did when I got home the day I met Derek?”

Michael looked waiting for him to tell him.

“I took off my uniform, looked at myself in the mirror, and jacked off thinking about Derek standing at attention in front of me saying, yes, sir to me.”

At that point Mason broke down, but even in his softened condition he would not want us to watch him crying.

But we may talk about him when we are out of his presence and tell what discretion prevents us from showing.

It was not clear if Mason was crying at not being able to

caress Derek or at realizing that he wanted to or, most likely, a ridiculous combination of the two.

Michael rocked him in his arms and put his cheek against his temple.

It made him sob more powerfully.

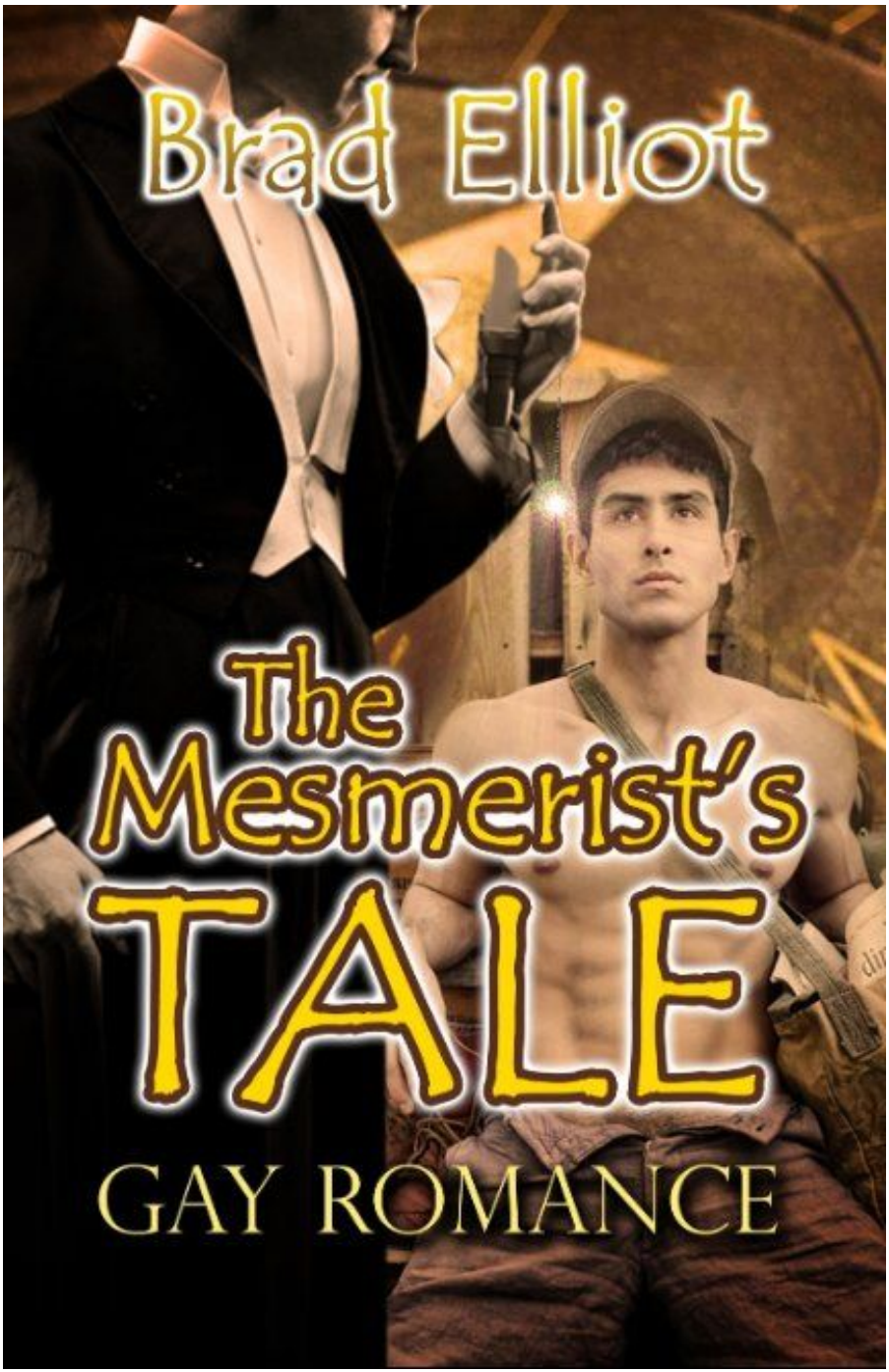
Michael held him tighter and felt Mason's tears on his own cheeks. He kissed his eyes gently. Mason tightened his grip on Michael and kissed the bend of his neck in response until their mouths slid together and met in a kiss that began tenderly and consolingly but soon became passionate.

Mason was lost in a sensation that was nothing like anything that he had known before.

“What have I been doing with my life?” he said, still crying, but softly, when he looked at Michael.

“What you had to do,” Michael said, gently. “That's all. Welcome home.”

The End


Brad Elliot
The Mesmerist's TALE
GAY ROMANCE

Margaret was arranging the folds of cloth to make billowing arcs in the ruby red velvet draperies Jonas had just installed over the grand window -- it gave out onto the garden and the fountain where frolicking pink marble nymphs poured water from buckets held waist high into a grand scalloped marble basin -- when Mrs. Farebrother entered the library, and clapping her hands together exclaimed, “Exquisite!”

Margaret blushed and curtseyed and in a birdlike voice said, “Thank you, ma'am.”

“And your work wasn't for nothing either, now, was it, Jonas?” Mrs. Farebrother continued, prodding the young man who was busying himself with sorting and putting away his tools in order to distract himself from her attention and to shield himself from any obligation to say anything. But now he must, and looking up at his mistress, said, “Yes, ma'am, thank you. We do our best.”

“And it is very good,” Mrs. Farebrother answered flirtatiously, extending her right hand, palm down, fingers drooping, with every expectation he would bow and kiss whichever of the diamonds his lips first met in his obeisance.

He stepped forward and stiffly obeyed. It was difficult for him to be so directly humiliated. He did not mind the enforced work very much. But these compelled shows of servility and worship nearly roused a sleeping rage, but not quite. So effectively had he mastered himself, they only made him stiff and awkward.

None of this was lost on Mrs. Farebrother, and she reacted with the arch of an eyebrow and a triumphant grace that became her delight in the power of her station as he stooped to her.

As he stooped to her, he was embarrassed by his workman's clothes, by the high boots over corduroy breeches and the leather apron covering them, and by his loose shirt of coarse oatmeal-colored cotton poorly woven, several of the buttons still undone, as he had unfastened them during the heat of labor, so that his smooth and powerful chest must fall open to her gaze now, even perhaps his nipples, as he bowed to kiss her fingers.

* * *

“It is more than I should have to do,” Jonas hissed in

suppressed rage.

“But do it nevertheless you will, or prove the disgrace and dishonor of me.”

“It is a bit strange to hear you speak of disgrace and dishonor as you've been bringing them on yourself these many years and have bequeathed them to me now as a dirty legacy.”

Simon with a swiftness that his age and years of insobriety might have made unlikely, nevertheless had his whip in hand and Jonas felt the sting of its shock against his thigh before his eye could register his father's gesture.

But with the same swiftness, he lunged at his father, one hand plastered to the smarting thigh, and with the other seized the old man's hand and grabbed the whip from him, and brandishing it in the air above his cowering parent fiercely spat, “If I were cut from the same filthy cloth as you, your life would now lie in tattered shreds upon the dirt of this damned cottage floor.”

Instead he lifted up the nearly empty whiskey bottle standing on the grimy table beside him and after making a quick threatening gesture at his father, threw it rather at the farther wall, and left the place quickly, the old man cowering and crouching on the ground.

Outside, he flung the whip into the tall grass and continued on up a steep road toward the venerable pile where Mrs. Farebrother exercised her authority.

* * *

Mrs. Farebrother was far wealthier than the members of the aristocracy who regularly found a place at her table. They were the progeny of men, or the men themselves, who had not been astute in the conversion of land into money when the one medium of wealth supplanted the other. What had once been a thriving and dependable feudal source of income through rents and yields, labor and services, was transformed for them, by the industrial revolution, Methodism, and Dissent, behind their backs, as it were, into a drain on a meager fortune through taxes and debts.

It was pleasant for Mrs. Farebrother to see a fallen earl like Willoughby or a threadbare marquess like Cumberland paying court to

a factory owner like Ebenezer Plymdale or a road builder like Harrison MacAdam, and even more so when she was the object of such courtesy, devotion, and all the ceremonial flourishes of past gallantry, which had little power now to effect anything on Fleet Street or Downing Street or even at Buckingham Palace, and represented market value only for arrivistes and snobs like Mrs. Farebrother.

They graced her table, played in her drawing room, strolled in her parks, listened to her gossip and braggadocio, and always flattered her, but behind her back lamented that it had come to that, and berated her for lacking, really, anything that might make their praises even halfway deserved -- excepting the great and questionably accumulated fortune her husband had left her by his success at -- manufacturing!

But more than they spoke of her, both men and women whispered together, or dreamed in solitary, about that servant of hers with the dark brown curls and the swooning and smoky brown eyes whom we have already observed in several of his incarnations, Jonas.

Nor less alluring to their errant tongues were the roots and terms of his indenture, the story of the fallen father, overseeing comptroller once of all his Manchester factories to the late Mr. William Farebrother. Simon Smallcap had been caught after a great embezzlement, and only through his pledge of his son's lifetime labor till his forty-ninth year, in service to his employer had he escaped the gallows outside Newgate.

Jonas knew nothing but the fate bequeathed him since his fourth year and bowed to it, for his father's blood upon his head would have been a curse more weighted than the daily burden of indenture that he bore. Bowed he was, but not under the weight of his own guilt as he would have been were he rebellious to his fate.

* * *

One evening, the company was graced by a mesmerist and table thumper just returned from Moscow and St. Petersburg. He had been the cause of much commotion because of the tales that preceded him everywhere of his spirit conjurations at the Princess Drubetskoy's gatherings, which it was rumored, had even been attended by the reclusive and bilious novelist, Ivan Goncharov.

He arrived in the afternoon by coach with a large trunk, which Jonas was summoned to carry to his rooms on the third floor, following behind Margaret, who showed the way after a curtsey and informed him that the mistress expected him for tea, after he had changed -- in an hour, please.

Dr. Orockneau, for that was the name the mesmerist went by, was a tall and lean but powerfully built man who cultivated a walk which suggested the ease and stealth of a cat. He did, indeed, have, as would seem requisite for his profession, keen and piercing, altogether intimidating, green eyes set at some distance apart over an imposing nose and a large mouth with wide Cupid's bow lips and perfect teeth. His eyebrows were thick and straight, and he wore his thick hair long, in the manner made popular on the continent by Franz Liszt. He was not conventionally handsome, but he was nevertheless compelling, and his numerous sexual conquests, not restricted to either one or the other of the sexes, attested to it, and were a matter of public bruit.

“You will stay a few minutes,” said he, as Jonas set the trunk down at the foot of his bed, “and help me with some things I cannot do alone.”

As was expected of him, Jonas bowed his head and said, “Yes, sir,” and waited for instructions.

“Good,” the mesmerist said, separating from the rest a brass key on the end ring of the gold chain hanging from the pockets of his waistcoat in a graceful crescent, and handed it to Jonas.

“Open, if you will, the lock there.”

Jonas stooped before the trunk and turned the key in the latch; a spring gave, and he lifted the lid revealing a sienna colored damask cloth covering whatever was within.

“Very good,” Dr. Orockneau, said. “Now, if you will,” he indicated with a sweep of his arm for Jonas to rise and back away, “I want to show you something I think you will find quite fascinating.”

From under the cloth -- executing an easy plié rather than bending forward -- he extracted a small wheel on the end of a silver chain.

“This!” the mesmerist exclaimed.

Effortlessly resuming his full height, he held up before the poor boy's eyes the contraption and started swinging it slowly back and forth through the action of his thumb against his index finger.

"Look how the light glints at the center of the wheel, how it seems to be spinning, spinning, spinning. Now follow the arc of the wheel as it swings back and forth and feel how heavy your eyes are becoming and how light your body is becoming. So light, your body is becoming lighter and lighter until your body disappears."

Jonas was seized by a strange and alien pressure that suddenly bound him to the spot and just as suddenly dissolved, and the confusion at his changed condition had momentarily wrought in him dissolved, also.

"There! All sensation of your body is completely gone, and you, my boy are in a deep sleep. You can hear my voice and you will obey my commands. Only I can return you to your body. I am your master. Do you understand?"

"Yes, master."

"Good. Now when I count to three you will wake and recall that you have helped me open my trunk, but you will remember nothing else. Only, whenever I say, Open My Trunk, you will return to this state of deep hypnosis. Is that clear?"

"Yes, master."

"Very good, Jonas. One, two, three."

Jonas looked at the open trunk and at the new guest.

"Will there be anything else, sir."

"No, Jonas, thank you. I will call you again should I need to open my trunk."

Immediately the servant was, just as the mesmerist knew he would be, in a deep trance again.

"Good, Jonas, now, one, two, three."

“Thank you, sir. If there's nothing else, then.”

“No, Jonas, thank you.”

* * *

There was a fire in the library, and the green-gray sky, congested with billowing cumulous clouds, pressed against the windows and threatened any minute to break into a storm. The more unwelcoming the weather outside, however, the cosier it had become within as Mrs. Farebrother herself handed round the strong tea in cranberry and gold Limoges teacups which stood in their fine porcelain saucers on four tiny feet.

“I don't think so, no, you know, I don't think so,” Mr. Haverland, the local curate was saying, addressing Dr. Orockneau. “Free will is fundamental. Without it, chaos is come again, and, thanks to a divine providence, that cannot be. We were made, you know, as Milton said, ‘sufficient to stand.’ We do have reason, yes, just for that purpose, to support, to support that sufficiency.”

“My good Mr. Haverland, while I have no desire to contradict you,” the mesmerist gently responded, “it seems you are leaving off the other half of what your great English poet said. We are made, if I recall, ‘sufficient to stand but free to fall.’ Free to fall! No!”

The curate did have to concede that, and to fortify himself for the concession took a little swallow of tea.

“There is about us something”, the mesmerist continued, “that disposes us to surrender our reason to a force perhaps more attractive, sweeter than reason, which allows us to be guided by a voice directing us from outside ourselves, something, if you will, that overmasters us, rather than to be always bound by some carping -- crippling, actually, -- inner voice of conscience and constraint.”

“You make it sound like there is something wrong with conscience or with a conscientious view of our duties and responsibilities to ourselves and to our neighbors.”

“Do you think so? You clergymen are always so awfully prone to look at things in a moral -- or, shall I term it? moralistic -- light. But I was speaking only of phenomena, from observation, without making judgment.”

“But perhaps it is essential that we do make judgments. Making judgments is, after all, what makes us human,” Mr. Haverland said, “rather than bestial.”

He defended his ground with a certain thrust of the voice, introducing just a tinge of the stained-glass tone with which his voice was colored when he delivered a sermon.

“Well, well,” the mesmerist responded, “nicely put, but there may be other considerations. Perhaps it is our natural sympathy with another, the ability to be in harmonious accord with another will, which makes us human. Perhaps the greatest mark of our humanity is that we are governable, that we recognize the majesty of authority and bend our knee in submission to it. Where would Her Majesty's government be without that aspect of our humanity?”

“Indeed, Philip,” Mrs. Farebrother intervened, “he seems to have you checked there. You would not want to speak in the cause of anarchy now would you? All that Godwinian cant that ruins Shelley's otherwise sublime verse!”

While not an irreligious woman, Mrs. Farebrother was seduced by Dr. Orockneau's argument because she imagined herself on the receiving end of the homage due to majesty, not among those who bent the knee, but among those to whom knees were bent.

“Well, well;” hesitating, Mr. Haverland, who enjoyed riding with the hounds or standing in a good fishing stream more than dialectics, retreated good-naturedly.

At which point in the conversation Margaret came in bearing a silver tray of watercress sandwiches, and Splash, the spaniel, raised her head from under the crimson settee where she had been curled and yawned.

* * *

“Let me see if I understand you,” Mr. Haverland picked up the earlier conversation despite himself, as they were leaving the billiard room later that evening and going in to dinner.

“You are saying that you can put someone to sleep, as it were, and redirect his mental processes so that later on, when he is awake,

he will behave as you have determined he will behave?"

"Precisely."

"Oh," said, Mrs. Farebrother, turning to the Earl of Willoughby and the widowed Lady Hyde. People are sitting at the table, but they ***seat*** themselves at the table, unless a maitre d' **seats** them., "they have been arguing like two schoolboys all afternoon. It is a fascinating topic, something, you know, pitting determinism and free will against each other. Perhaps you will be so kind as to offer a demonstration of this mesmeric art you speak of later on this evening dear Dr. Orockneau."

"With pleasure, Mrs. Farebrother. If there will be anyone good enough to volunteer to trust himself to the power of my art," he said with an inviting smile directed at Mr. Haverland, who shrunk, however, from it.

"Perhaps we may use one of the servants," the Marquess of Cumberland suggested.

"Oh," said Mrs. Farebrother with delight. "Jonas, why not Jonas?"

"The young man who helped me to my rooms this afternoon, no?" the mesmerist asked in an off-hand manner.

"Exactly!"

"An excellent idea," the mesmerist concurred, and Mrs. Farebrother felt a current run through her -- as did several others of the guests at the idea of seeing that young man enthralled -- which she attributed to the recognition of her own cleverness.

* * *

The god of sleep shunned Mrs. Farebrother that night, perhaps jealous that she preferred someone else's embrace to his, feeling in his eternal bones that the place reserved usually for him in her canopied and curtained bed was already occupied by the phantom of the servant Jonas as he had appeared, blank-eyed and submissive to the mesmerist's commands earlier that evening in her drawing room.

More tormented would her waking hours have been had she

known as she lay divorced by Morpheus and with her mind churned by waking dreams of a disturbing erotic force that the original of her phantom was just then plunged once again into his dream state and not embraced in metaphor by a mythological god but actually by the compelling mesmerist whose lips were pressing his and meeting rather than resistance a soft and yielding counter pressure.

The hypnotist's eyes were fastened on Jonas' and had drawn him deep within his sphere and now himself was undulating deep within the handsome servant's sphere, calling him ‘slave’ and ‘beloved slave’ and ‘my own beloved slave’ and hearing his evocations met with reciprocal cries of ‘master, beloved master, my beloved master’ until the rapture of their union exploded in an endless bursting of fireworks over the Thames orchestrated by kettledrums and trumpets.

* * *

Dawn's rosy fingers did not reach outside the coverlet of night, but morning broke with a stormy frenzy of rain that looked more like the grizzled beard of an angry Zeus already storming against Hera's imagined reproaches as he staggered to his mountain home after a long night of debauch and dissipation.

Mrs. Farebrother was haggard, too, and setting her porcelain floral Wedgwood cup of chocolate lightly on its saucer and both down upon the marble top of her dressing table, summoned Charity, her maid, to make the best of her, for it would not do to appear before her guests, the entourage she supposed in awe of her, in, as it appeared reflected back to her from her glass, such a frenzied and dilapidated condition.

* * *

“Believe me, now,” Margaret said to Mrs. Sandridge the cook as they were preparing the breakfast, “it was all of the most spooky thing I ever saw or felt, too, besides. The mistress calls me in to fetch Jonas to the drawing room instanter, and here I go to get him and when he enters, first thing, that strange man the doctor someone with the funny name says, ‘Ah, is not this the young man who helped me open my trunk today?’ or something like that, and before my very eyes, a shudder went through Jonas' body and it was like he was not awake or asleep anymore but somewhere in-between.”

“And then the stranger says to him, ‘It's hot in here Jonas.

Would you not be more comfortable with your shirt off?' And there we are in Madam's drawing room -- well, I was by the doorway anyway but the rest were all there, the gentry, and sipping tea or holding port in crystal, and here he was, the lad, without a shred of modesty, taking off his shirt and standing naked but for his breeches before them all.

And I was afeared he'd soon be quit of them, too, if that strange doctor with his feline air could have his way."

Mrs. Sandridge was stopped with a kettle in her hand about to pour its content into a pot but caught frozen in the middle of the action as if she too were a victim of mesmerism, when she came to and cautioned Margaret, "Hush, lass, here's the boy himself, now."

"Good morning Jonas."

Jonas greeted them each brightly. "Good morning, Mrs. Sandridge, Margaret."

"And you look plucky this morning," Mrs. Sandridge said. "Sleep well?"

"Sound as a bairn all night long," he answered, stretching himself like a healthy cat. "Turned in early."

"Not disturbed by noise from the drawing room?"

"Not a bit."

"Indeed," Mrs. Sandridge said, glancing knowingly at Margaret.

"Well, there is nothing for it now," said Margaret. "Breakfast is expected. Afterwards there are some loose stones on the path to the stable mistress said need replacing, Jonas."

* * *

"Indeed, it does concern me, my good lady," Dr. Orockneau responded to Mrs. Farebrother's rebuff when he observed she looked not quite herself this morning.

"It is nothing," she reiterated, "nothing of any consequence,

and yet…”

It was not possible for her to maintain her reserve in the face of his continuing solicitation, and it was gratifying to yield to attention which she felt was rightly owed her.

“And yet?” he prodded her.

“And yet,” she admitted, as if she were seeking within for just the right phrasing to describe the delicacy of her condition, “and yet, I do feel, as it were, a bit peaked.”

“Peaked, Mrs. Farebrother?”

“Yes, peaked, without the robustness of my usual genial spirits, you know. Drawn.”

“Ah, perhaps you will allow me to offer…”

“Oh, I am not sure that…”

“Why, Mrs. Farebrother, there is nothing about which to be apprehensive. You will feel as if you have enjoyed a refreshing nap, and once you are awake, I think I can assure you that your genial spirits, as you so aptly describe your usual condition, will be quite happily restored. Now if you'll only look at this fascinating jewel I picked up at a bazaar when I was traveling through Tashkent, I think you'll find it most intriguing. It is a sort of diamond with a most intriguing power.”

He swung the chain as he spoke, and simultaneously guided his hostess to a walnut Queen Anne armchair, and sat her down.

“Easy now. You hear my voice and nothing else. You will be guided by what I say and even now begin to feel your genial spirits return. When I count to three you will awake and feel refreshed and quite renewed, delighted at my skill, but whenever I say Carnations and Chrysanthemums you will fall right back into this delightful sleep. You will awake now and remember only that you have momentarily slipped into an invigorating, revitalizing sleep. Now one, two, three.”

Mrs. Farebrother opened her eyes and looked up at the mesmerist.

“Why, my good Dr. Orockneau, that was a treat. I feel, I must say, expansive, as if a great weight has been lifted. How can I thank you?”

Oh, it is nothing, dear Mrs. Farebrother. Being in such a lovely house presided over by such a brilliant hostess as yourself is reward enough. Why even just to be able to look at such an admirable piece of furniture as that Queen Anne chair upon which you are seated with its brocade of woven carnations and chrysanthemums…Perfect. Can you hear me Mrs. Farebrother?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent. Every time, remember, when I say carnations and chrysanthemums you will return to this delightful state, but now one, two, three.”

“No, but I must do something to express my thanks,” resumed Mrs. Farebrother. “Perhaps you will allow me to give you a trifle, perhaps this ring in token of a friendship I am sure must grow between us.”

“Only because it is you offering it do I accept,” he said, bowing as she took a sapphire from off her finger, and as she extended it to him, he kissed the hand that gave it.

* * *

The intermittent storm that gathered in the afternoon of the previous day and broke sporadically, without entirely losing its fury and therefore spending itself and giving way to sunny skies, unleashed itself again. Jonas returned wet and muddy from his road repairing and taken with a bitter chill.

After putting him to bed in his attic room, Margaret announced to her mistress that he had been taken ill, and Mrs. Farebrother, looking at Dr. Orockneau, wondered if there might not be something he might do.

He looked in upon the boy, but as he was already sleeping, there was hardly room to exercise his skill, and it was Margaret's ministrations throughout the night and during the succeeding days with tea and lemons, mustard plasters and compresses that took Jonas through his illness.

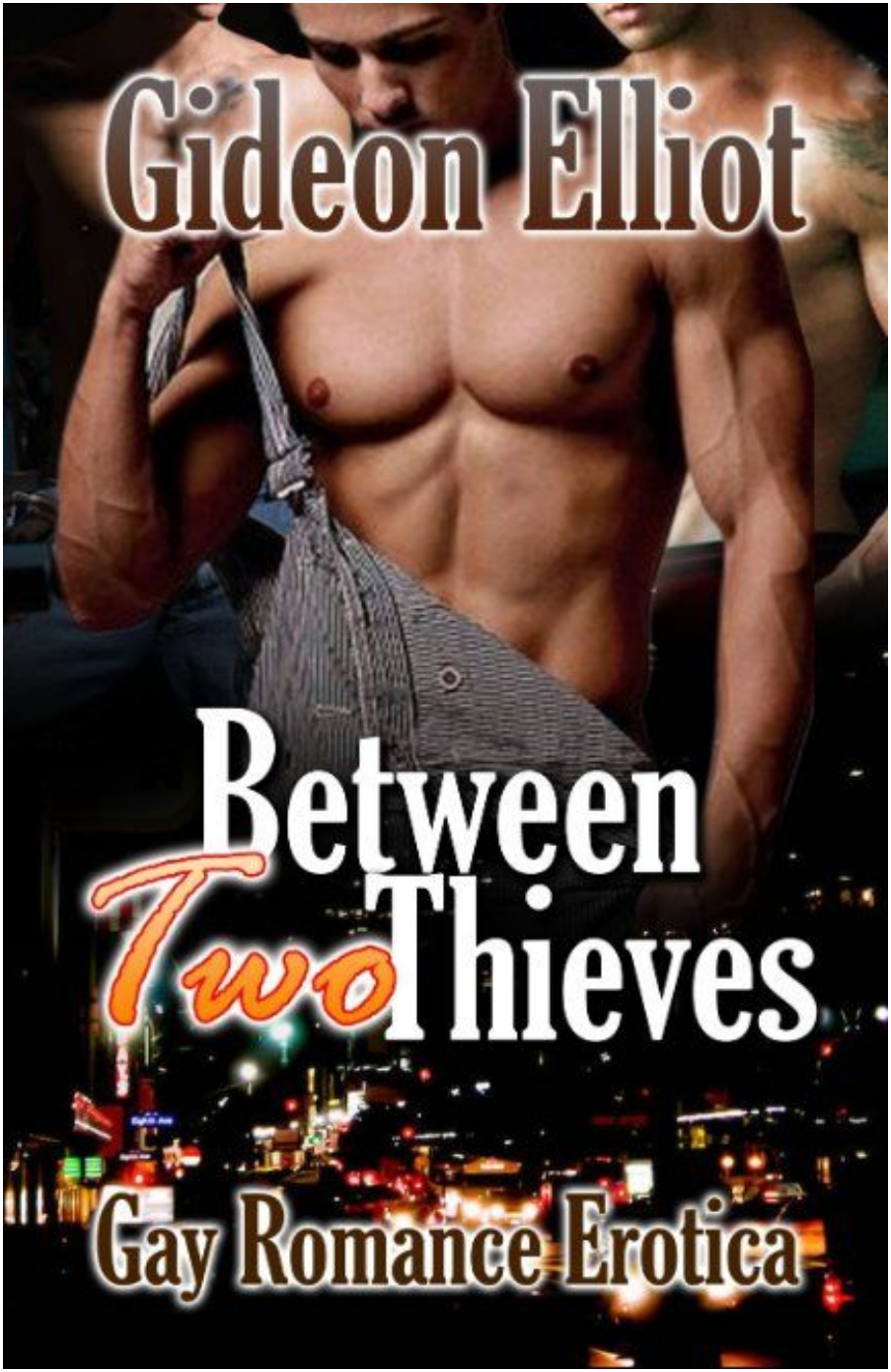
When the lad was recovered, Dr. Orockneau revealed that he had been invited to a chateau in Brittany where he was needed, although he said that professional considerations did not permit him to say for what.

He promised that he would, his gracious hostess permitting, return to her estate when he returned to England, and she said, “by all means, of course,” and she would feel slighted if he did not.

Then he bowed and kissed her hand, and said perhaps he might take Jonas with him because this time of year the carnations and chrysanthemums were beautiful in Brittany and it would do the lad a world of good to see them.

Mrs. Farebrother, of course, offered no objection.

The End


Gideon Elliot
Between
Two
Thieves
Gay Romance Erotica

It began unsought and without warning. I did not meet Ben in a leather bar or out on some dark street beside the river after midnight, but in a well-appointed ballroom at the Hilton Hotel in mid-town Manhattan. It was the afternoon of the third day of the mid-winter meeting of the Modern Language Association. He was chairing a panel on Shakespeare's Last Plays, and because I had written about some of those plays in my doctoral thesis – although since I had become an adjunct at CUNY I had only taught freshman composition – I thought I'd go hear what the people who had the luck actually to be teaching Shakespeare had to say.

As usual, I was disappointed, and I may have been a bit belligerent when, during the question period I pushed one of the panelists to find a connection between Lear and Prospero that seemed obvious to me, about how Shakespeare had transformed Lear, a hero who was destroyed by the mystery of tragic forces, into Prospero, a hero who triumphed because of his mastery of magic forces.

“You oughtn't be so hard,” Ben said to me without preamble as I found him walking beside me as everyone was leaving the room.

“I'm sorry,” I said. “I forget where I am sometimes when something is important to me.”

“You can't let things get to be that important,” he said with a generous smile.

“That's easy for you to say,” I responded.

“Do you feel like explaining that?” he said, but without belligerence.

“Well, you've got tenure,” I said before I could think, “a professor at Columbia. Everyone in the field knows your name.”

And in my voice – even I could hear it – there was an edge.

“Oops,” I said. “I'm sorry. I think I did it again.”

“It's okay,” he said, placing a strong hand on my back. “I understand.”

“No hard feelings?” I asked.

“None whatsoever,” he said. “And to prove it, let me buy you a drink.”

“Have you been to the place across the street yet?”

“No.”

“Well, what say we go?” he said. “I wonder,” he added, holding the door on to Seventh Avenue open for me, “if they didn't deliberately choose a hotel that would have a gay bar across the street from it.”

“Are you!” I exclaimed.

“Isn't it obvious?” he responded with a laugh.

“Nothing is obvious to me,” I remarked.

“Well,” he said, his palm still pressed against my back, “we'll have to do something about that.”

I must confess that during the panel, and especially when I was speaking from the floor, I hardly saw Ben – or anything else, for that matter – and would be at a loss had I been asked to describe him. But now, standing with our sides pressed against the bar and as I was taking it slower with a second vodka martini than I had with the first, I got to look at him and register what I saw.

Unlike me – I was wearing jeans, brown loafers, a black turtle-neck and a three-button grey, blue, and brown herringbone jacket – he was wearing a suit and tie and looked like he had stepped out of a men's fashion magazine – or was ready to be photographed for an ad in one. It was a charcoal brown suit, pleated trousers and a three-button jacket tapered at the waist. The shirt was a pale plum color; the tie a pale pearl. His eyes, however, were anything but pale. They were of an intense and disconcerting blue that I found myself unable to look at even though he fixed them easily upon me.

“Did you intend to go to the plenary session this evening?” he asked.

“Probably,” I answered.

“Why don't we skip it," he said. “I'm hungry and we can have

dinner together instead."

"Okay."

"You sound reluctant," he said with a smile. "Is it me?"

"Oh, no," I responded. "But, I'm afraid we travel in different circles and my budget would not allow me to go to the kind of restaurant I imagine you are accustomed to eat at."

"It's on me," he said, touching my cheek.

"No way," I said, smiling.

"Ok, ok," he said, withdrawing his hand.

"Look, I know a great falafel place on Seventy-Second Street," he said, and then we can go over to my place on Central Park West, for coffee and brandy, if you like."

"Deal," I said.

***

"It must get frustrating," he said, sitting across from me in a dark brown leather deco club chair the twin of the one I sat on in his study, "term in, term out."

"I take what I can get," I said with a shrug.

"A little more brandy?" he offered as he handed me the joint we were passing back and forth.

"Sure," I said, eager to go where I thought he was taking me but unable to make the first move myself.

"So where do you see yourself in five years?" he asked with a laugh.

"You sound like a job interviewer at the MLA," I said.

"I know," he laughed. "Answer the question anyhow."

God was he handsome.

“To tell you the truth,” I said, “I don't look that far ahead. There's no job security and I live frugally. I try to save as much as I can.”

He raised his glass to me in a silent toast.

It was late and when I stood up to leave, he took me in his arms.

“I knew when I saw you this afternoon, that I wanted to have you,” he said in my ear and then kissed me.

His kiss broke something in me then, and I knew that I had been trying not to see what had been perfectly obvious from the start. He was my heart's desire and I had been afraid to acknowledge that. But now that he held me in his arms and pressed his lips to mine, everything changed. The world was a new world. I was a new man. I gave myself to him because I wanted to, desperately, because he had already taken me. I gave myself to him because I knew I was, in fact, his. He was everything I wanted. He was everything I wanted to be and knew I wasn't.

He had already loosened his tie earlier and taken off his jacket.

“Unbutton my shirt,” he said, and my fingers obeyed as he probed my soul with his tongue.

My hands held on to him, feeling his smooth chest, his muscled stomach, his hard nipples, his washboard ribs. Had I let go, the earth would have swallowed me. I fell to his feet and kissed his ankles.

He squatted; taking me by the chin with his thumb and index finger, he lifted me back up with him and kissed me gently on the lips as we rose, and brushed them with his tongue. Through my turtle neck he softly tortured my nipples.

“Let's shower before we go to bed,” he said.

I pulled off my turtle neck and shivered when I saw, by how he was looking at me, that he liked how I looked shirtless.

“I think I'm never going to allow you to wear a shirt again,” he said, and gently caressed my nipples, gazing into my eyes. It was

exciting to look at him and to get lost in locked eyes.

“There's a big difference between the way tenured faculty members with a rank of professor live and the way adjunct lecturers like me live,” I said, pulling myself back from the edge. “This is all dazzling.”

“Relax,” he said. “|It's just the beginning.”

We climbed a winding marble staircase inside the apartment from his study up to the bathroom.

He caressed the back of my neck.

“You don't know how turned on I am by your innocence,” he said.

“Not as much as I'm turned on by you,” I responded. “Forgive me,” I said.

“It's okay, Julian,” he said. “I like it. I want you to be turned on. I want you to feel that I have a power over you like no one else ever had.”

***

I stayed with him that night and he made love to me. He made love to me. Understand the emphasis. He took me. He accepted me. He brought me to life. He made everything happen. He overwhelmed me.

He held me under him and delicately opened me up until I was writhing in an agony of need begging him to take possession of me.

He entered me with a steel cock sheathed in velvet and touched me deep so that I cried out in rapture.

As we sat at breakfast, he told me he wanted me to move in with him.

“But we just met. We hardly know each other,” I said; but as I said it, I felt it was irrelevant.

“This has nothing to do with knowing each other,” he said.

“It's about who we are. I know enough to know exactly what you are, and I want you, and I know that you want me the way you've never wanted anyone. And I know,” he said, smiling, “that you are a submissive.”

I repeated the last part of his sentence as if to deny it simply by repeating the words.

“A submissive,” I said.

But he stopped me.

“You don't need to deny it, sweetheart. There is nothing to be ashamed of, and you know it is true.”

As he spoke I was fascinated by the strength of his jaw, how it was both square and angular. I wanted his mouth on mine.

“You see,” he said, “that I,” he continued, “am naturally dominant. I have known it since my childhood. Instinctively, people are drawn to me, and they want to do what I want them to do. I've seen it working all my life. I get what I want. I always do.”

“If that's the case,” I asked, “why me?”

“I never,” he said, “demand reasons of myself. When I sense I desire something, I do not question why. I simply satisfy my desire. And that is what I am doing now. If you wish to continue teaching a few classes,” he added, “I have no objection. But it is not at all necessary. As you have yourself noticed, my income is more than adequate to allow me to keep you. If that makes you uncomfortable, you might think of yourself as my assistant. It will be a lot more interesting for you than marking freshman themes. I usually publish one book and half a dozen articles a year. I can use the kind of help I know you can give, from doing library research and proofing for me to bringing me coffee and brandy.”

It was useless for me to resist him; I was flattered; and I did not want to resist. He was right. It was in my nature to submit, to obey. And he had touched my nature. This is what I had been daydreaming would happen for years. Now it was happening.

The western sky stretched outside. He stood and came over to me. I stood. He slipped his hand inside the long, thick terry robe he

had given me, and cupped my chest and I felt his palm against my nipple.

We kissed with exquisite gentility, slow, largo kisses. Great fields of sky unfolded in my inner vision.

I moved in with him, gave up teaching at the end of the fall term – a matter of weeks – and became his assistant.

***

"The importance of ritual," he said as we walked through a snowy Central Park one late Friday afternoon, "goes unrecognized in secular society and has been robbed of its vitality and been rendered soporific in ecclesiastical contexts."

It was obvious, too, he said then as he had said more than once, that I was a submissive, eager to serve a master who could reach into my heart and reveal my identity to me.

It was not difficult for me to realize that he was my heart's master, my perfect image, my guiding force, the direction my heart yearned to follow.

But it was difficult for me to contain the overflow of love I felt for him. It was like being on the brink of an explosion, always about to burst. The world was rich and full and the illuminated towers on Central Park West in the twilight all seemed to be mine. The city itself was embracing me.

Through the cold night air of January, I told him that was how I felt.

"That is why discipline and ritual are important," he said. "That is why I am going to put a leather harness on you. It symbolizes the restraint, the control you require and that I am able to provide."

I was dizzy. This was about power, the love I felt for him; our relationship. It was about the greatness of his power and how it dominates me. I began to feel a vital strength directing me – his; I knew it – that I had never experienced before.

***

It was not marriage, and yet there was a frenzy preceding our new arrangement that must be like that which marks the time leading up to the social ceremony of a marriage and the private encounter of the two beings thus locked together as they confront each other as naked sexual beings traveling through their mutual erotic territory in their first complete embrace.

He bathed and shaved and anointed me, and led me to his bed-chamber. I had to wear a black silken robe loosely tied and showing my naked chest, my vulnerable throat, my well-muscled, lean legs, and the black, skin tight, mini boxer briefs he gave me to wear. The room was illuminated by a dozen wax candles; it was scented with the exhalations of a multitude of cut flowers. As I lay stretched out, my arms above my head upon his bed, naked but for the narrow leather bands that served for a collar round my throat and bracelets for my wrists, slowly he caressed my flesh, at first with the greatest gentleness, gradually increasing the strength of his touch until finger tips became nails and kisses became vampiric bites, and indeed, my lips did bleed, and I screamed in ecstasy when his teeth pierced my nipples. But he muffled my scream with his mouth over mine and penetrated me with his fingers, pulling me upwards towards him and then piercing me deep inside till he was buried all the way in me. I yielded to him with great sobs as he entered me and withdrew and entered me again. I throbbed and pulsed, begged for him with my body, drew him in, released him and then drew him in again, panting in frenzied undulations.

He pushed himself so deeply within me that I was transformed into him. I felt the beginning of becoming as his spirit pulsed within me and drowned me.

***

“Pain is as necessary as pleasure,” he said, between kisses, as we lay on the hot soft sand, and he gently brushed my lips with his tongue.

The sun beat down from a cloudless, boundless blue sky. The turquoise Caribbean stretched to an infinite horizon and broke to pieces in white flakes of foam against the beach.

He was dazzling: his long muscular body, bronzed, extended beside mine; his face like the face of a divinity.

“Pain,” I said.

“Pain,” he repeated. “Agony and suffering. I want to take you to the edge. I want to feel you writhing and suffering, needing to come and not being able to. I want to hear you scream and beg and plead with me to let you come and feel you clawing my skin and biting me in your agony. I want to keep you in that condition for days until you beg me to do anything to you, but to release you from your agony.”

I couldn't breathe. I was painfully hard. I grabbed him by the shoulders with hands that had become claws and kissed him as if I wanted to devour him.

“Oh, yes,” I said.

“No matter how much intellect and sensitivity,” he said, holding me away from him and smiling, “underneath there's always the greedy whore.”

It struck a discordant note. I was taken aback. Did he mean it?

“You're only a greedy whore, aren't you?”

His tone was changing. He wasn't smiling. It sounded like he was serious. There was a threat in his voice and something frightening.

“You're just a greedy whore who needs to be fucked.”

I looked at him in confusion.

“Say it, damn it. Admit it,” he said. The other couples on the sand around us were looking now as he slapped me.

“Say it,” he said, “I'm just a greedy whore who needs to be fucked.”

I couldn't believe this was happening. I felt another slap pull me out of the daze.

“Say it: I'm just a greedy whore who needs to be fucked.”

I began to cry, but I saw in his eyes it would be impossible to defy him.

“I'm just a greedy whore,” I said, “who needs to be fucked.”

It was true.

***

“What right do you have to torture me like this?” I spit out in rebellion, that night when we were in our hotel room.

No sooner were the words out of my mouth but I realized my mistake.

The blow was swift and sharp and stung on the cheek. It came from a thin wisp of a reed he played with. I was mortified.

“Kiss it now and say thank you,” he said, for keeping you in your place.

I knew it was more than a game. It had been going on since that afternoon on the beach.

I glared at him unbelieving.

He understood me, but would not explain, and would not tolerate resistance. I felt another whiz of the stick upon my cheek. It burned.

“Now,” he said, holding it to my lips, “kiss the stick; or would you prefer another kiss from the stick?”

I could see from the blackness in his eyes that he was serious. The threat was real. I was shivering, although it was hot in the room, and, to my shame, my cock was standing stiff.

I kissed the stick he held to my lips, waiting for him to relent, to end the game. But he didn't.

“Say ‘Thank you, sir.’”

The words broke out of me in painful fragments.

“Louder,” he commanded, touching the stick to my shoulder.

“Thank you, sir,” I said with tears in my eyes.

Scratching the edge of the stick against my bare skin, he dragged it from my shoulder down to my nipple and then pressed my aroused nipple with its rough point. I gasped.

“Silence.”

I bent my head in submission.

Again he pressed the stick into my nipple and twisted it.

A wave of electricity shot through me. I kept my breathing even; my belly contracted.

“Do you like the pain?”

I could not speak.

“Answer me,” he said, with another prod of the stick against my nipple.

“No,” I said.

Without warning I felt the cut of the stick against my rib cage.

He repeated the question. “Do you like the pain?|

“Yes, sir,” I said, hoping that response would prevent another blow.

But one followed immediately.

I understood.

“Sir, thank you, sir,” I said.

Gently, as if rewarding me, he pushed the stick into my nipple.

And then he touched my penis with its point and slid its length along my shaft as if measuring something. And then I clenched my eyes shut as the swift whip of the stick cracked the hard bone of my cock. And then a second blow.

To stop it, I say, “Sir, thank you sir.”

“Ask for more,” however, is what he answered.

“No,” I cried.

Another blow.

And another.

With each blow the bone of my cock grows harder; the skin, hotter.

This will go on forever until I am cringing on my knees and bent to his will.

“More, sir, please, sir, more,” I cried as he struck me.

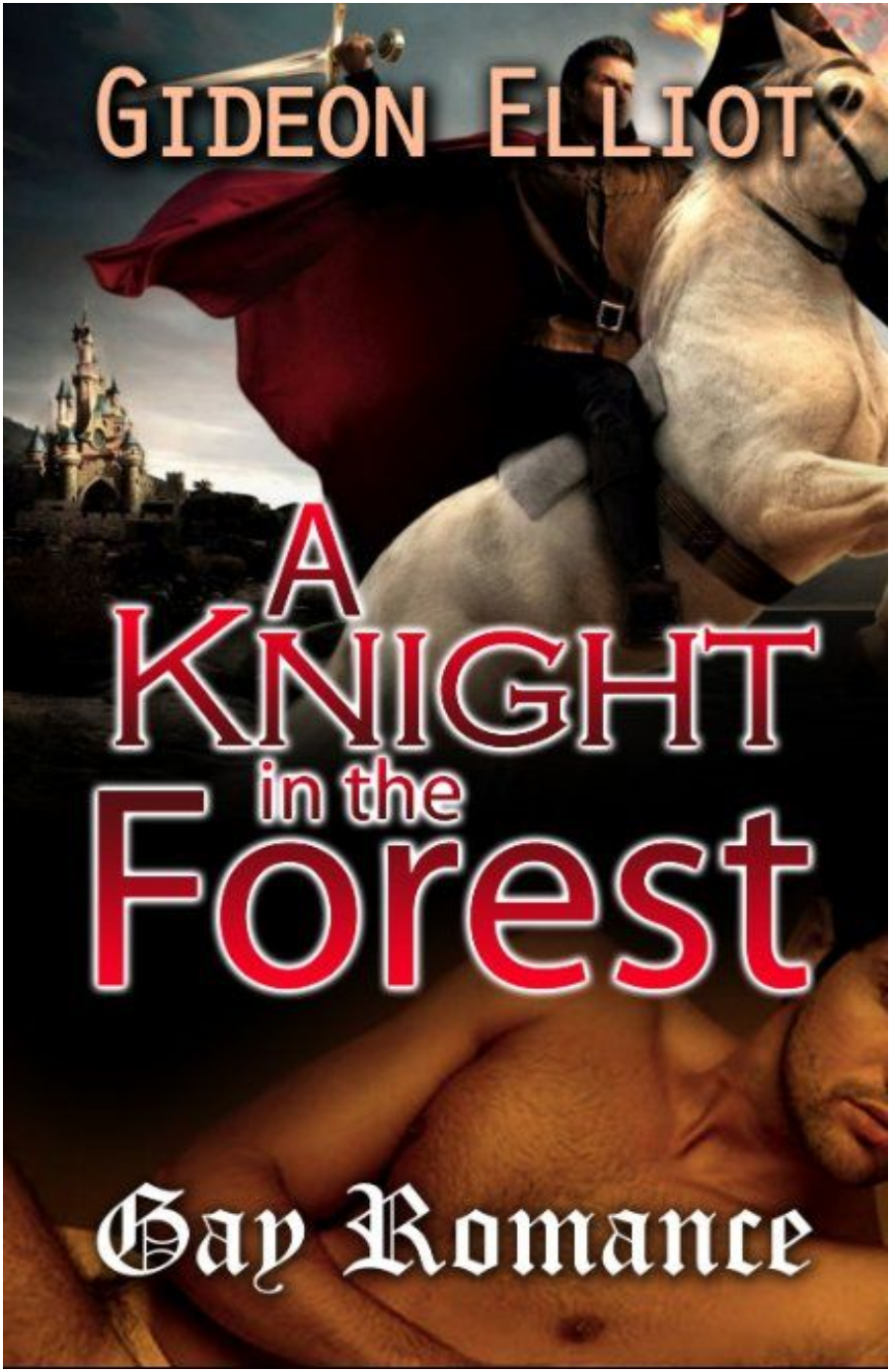
I thought I said that as a ruse, as a way to get him to stop, but as I heard the words coming out of me, they sounded genuine, and I knew, with certainty, that I meant them.

“With all your heart, you will see, you will beg me to hurt you,” he said, finally stopping, touching the stick to the tip of my chin and raising my head with its point so that I was looking up into his eyes.

I breathed deeply, more in fear than with relief.

Later that night, I lay sobbing in his arms as he kissed me gently and told me how much he loved me. My heart melted and I told him I loved him, too, as I had never loved anyone, and when I kissed him I felt myself evaporating.

The End


Gideon Elliot
A Knight in the Forest
Gay Romance

Chapter 1

The king's forest was shrouded in a humid morning mist. The knight's dapple gray steed trod wearily along a path cut out amidst a congestion of venerable trees. Their heavy and moist verdant limbs sagged and blocked what little light there was spreading through the bleak heavens.

The brown beaten earth, muddy from the morning's vapors, wrought upon his spirit. Heart-heavy from the battles he had fought and because of the bodies pierced with lances and arrows he had watched bloodying the Arabian sand he had fled, and with a countenance scarred by pain, the knight made his way to his father's decaying castle where the old man lay in his never-ending paralysis, this day now seven years.

He was hungry and he was thirsty, and from a tree hung with ripened apples, he tore off one. He bit into it and the tang and snap of its sour-sweet nectar made him shudder. The memory of something he would rather have been forgotten passed through him like a current of lightening through a disturbed sky. The loss of a smile -- the absence of a caress. Then everything was dark again and he could not remember what it was that he had -- was it thought or felt or only wished for?

He bit again into the apple. For just such an act Persephone was locked in hell with a man she feign would not have had as her husband. But the knight could not imagine such a fate would be his. For just such an act were our first parents cast out from paradise to spend the rest of time lost in the serpent's spell.

Slowly his horse took the hill outside the crumbling castle wall, crossed over the lowered drawbridge spanning a dry moat, avoiding the rotten planks, entered beneath the old portcullis, never now lowered, and made his way through the dusty and deserted alleys surrounding the principle structure, a building of ill pointed stones, until, entering the stable yard he saw the seneschal and the groom sitting at a plank drinking ale from pewter flagons and eating mutton flesh.

“It was a dreary night to return,” the burly seneschal remarked by way of greeting, looking up at the knight without

standing.

“Better business might have brought you back. But it didn't. This is what we've got. You've come too late.”

“Too late,” the knight repeated, understanding.

* * *

The burial was frugal. Spades turned the rocky earth in the graveyard, and no processional accompanied the casket, which was lowered into the hole. The knight and the seneschal cast clumps of thumping earth upon it and then it was covered over and trod upon. A rough stone slab marked the place.

* * *

“The lands are barren; the rents, unpaid; the stables, empty. There is nothing here for you. I shall not remain,” the seneschal said adjusting the crupper on his burdened horse.

“Barren, not only the land; barren and gloomy within the great hall; no fire roaring in the hearth at the far wall -- where fire had always been. Cold, barren, dark, and dreary.

“Paralysis for the man; a curse for his demesne. Paralysis lifted by death, the domain is yet damned. And now it is yours. Heed my counsel if you are wise, and get you as far from here as land and water may allow, for all that will grow here are incapacity and debt.”

* * *

Leaving the castle standing like a blighted oak, as he had come so the knight left and dined in the forest on nuts and berries and drank from the bubbling springs. In the evening he roasted a swallow his arrow had pierced in flight and slept blanketed in the threadbare caparison that covered his horse.

A checkered shade fell across his slumbering form at sunrise. A ghastly old man leaning on a stick hobbled on the path alongside which the knight camped. He sang:

Avoid the forest of no-bird-singing,
Says an old man with matted hair.

Young man, with trials beginning,
There is no way to grace but through despair.
In times like these beware.

"What means this rhyme old man?" the knight said.

"The meaning of a rhyme will penetrate with time. I must be gone. Doubt not that you saw me."

Indeed the air was empty. The knight shook himself as if returning from a trance.

He thrashed on through the forest, now no path to guide his horse along, into a depth he did not know. The blare of old battles blasted his ears with echoes from a past that no longer was. Loss was here by its presence.

At midnight under a golden copper moon he reached the hut he had not known he had been seeking.

"You come upon your hour," a savage, dark-haired woman wrapped in a jade green mantle said in greeting.

He looked dazed as he dismounted.

"No cause for confusion," she said. "Tired and hungry you come without victory from a useless quest where nothing has been gained. You are sick with the disease of men. You will eat and you will sleep and the world will renew itself. Don't ask me when."

"As you say," the knight muttered, "I am sick with the disease of men." The ground became unsteady beneath his feet and he collapsed even before he might enter through the door to take a seat at the table prepared for him or lie in the bed turned down for him.

Wet and muddy in the morning, battered by rain drops and covered with earth he staggered to his feet.

"Like Adam rising from the clay," the woman said laughing, handing him a cup.

"Drink," she said.

Eagerly he quaffed and could not tell if the brew were

sweet or bitter, quenched his thirst or endowed him with a thirst that never might be quenched.

But not restorative, the draught brought him down, shaking and sweating. Chill scraped his bones.

With strength drawn from the barks of trees and herbs buried deep in the forest, she led him to her bed. He saw her as a blazing blurry figure shrouded in a fog sending off the icy colors of diamonds struck by the rays of a winter moon.

When he was drained of poisonous infections, she mounted him and gazed upon him till he rose and straight inserted him inside her and pulled from him what little life was left to fertilize her barren womb with laughing hope.

He wandered through her cavernous depths afraid and aggrieved with a loneliness that picked at the bones of his soul.

Five years in the form of a broken man he labored as her slave, snared rabbits and gathered firewood, blank-eyed and obedient, but from their union nothing grew.

“I have used you now these five years and you have given me nothing. I have held your body and directed your thought. I have made you rise at my will and decline as I willed it also. I have tamed your flesh and enslaved your spirit. You have performed your task like a prisoner, never for love, never has love grown in you, and for that reason I am barren, and for that reason I cast you out with this bitter curse: you will wander and often you will seek love from those who will cast you out, shame, use, and humiliate you, but never give you the love you will crave and pitifully demand and never realize.”

As she had in the beginning, now at the end she offered him a cup from which he drank, and haze, which had settled with his first drinking from the cup, now lifted, and he looked at the woman and did not know her. Mounting his horse as if it were the morning of the night before, not five years later, the knight set out to find a world where everything had not been lost.

Chapter 2

In the distance, a settlement appeared carved out in the center of the forest: a set of buildings on a rising piece of ground girdled by cultivated land, all encircled by a low stone wall, say, half a man's height. On the pathway to the settlement, under an entrance formed by branches pruned to make an archway, a young man with the intense eyes of one who has seen what other men do not know, kept the gate.

“Good day to you,” the knight in greeting spoke.

“And to you, sir, may the day be fair and fairer yet the ones which follow.”

The knight bowed gently in response to so sweet a blessing so courteously wished from one so fair and pleasing, and courteously returned it.

“What place is this?” the knight inquired. “Among what men am I come?”

“It was the monastery, formerly, of a Roman brotherhood, but the order was dispersed when land taken by Rome was restored to the crown. This little patch is so out of the way, as you must know, and of such insignificance that it lay unused and ready for the taking by any who might squat here.

“We are a brotherhood of once lost souls. Slowly we have gathered here, and grown in numbers. Slowly by our work, by our cooperation, and by the mixing of our spirits in the discovery of ourselves and of each other, we have cast our spell upon the place. Together we have worked a magic on it which in return it works upon us. By surrender and discipline we have achieved a stillness of the spirit and a corporeal joyfulness which we had not, before we gathered here, imagined to be possible.”

“How do you sustain yourselves?”

“Mornings we work. We grow vegetables and herbs and flowers in the gardens, fruit in our orchards, and wheat in the surrounding fields. In pastures, we graze our cows and goats and sheep. We make furniture in the workshops, and we keep the buildings in repair and continually add to them decorations, for beauty is a co-ideal with labor for us. Beauty and labor are the two elements which combined are at the root of our devotion, and all our discipline is in the service of devotion.”

“Devotion, to what?” the knight asked gently, “or to whom?”

“To each other,” answered the youth, “and to our brotherhood.”

The knight was silent, and the lad continued, “You look a well-knit, although a humbled, soul. Enter and observe us, join with us as you will and perhaps you will decide to become one of us and stay among us and partake in our labors, our services, and our pleasures.”

The knight, surprised, thanked the fair-spoken youth and was guided by him to a stable where he left his horse to a gentle groom who lightened it of its load and led it to a stall and water and oats.

The knight he took to a small cell, gave him a hooded robe of oatmeal color woven cotton that covered him from head to foot, bade him exchange it for his travel-worn garments, wearing it only over his naked form, and left him by himself.

A tallow candle lighted the cell, and above a small brazier, leaves and flower petals dried and shriveled, and as they did the cell was filled with a mind-absorbing smoke.

Unable to keep his heavy eyelids open, the knight began to slip into a miasmic lethargy and flames undulated behind a wall of broken stones and the forest path fled beneath his feet as the night sky filled with a honeyed golden moon and the onerous drone of monks chanting in a brown chapel swam in his mind like clouds across a primaveral azure.

He caught himself falling and gasped when he felt a man crouching beside him wrap a firm and gentle arm around his

shoulders.

Not moving under his own will but guided from without, as a pulse in the hand that was fixed on his shoulder became his motor, the knight rose and was led through a stone studded path carved through an orchard to what had been the monastery's chapel.

Dark within but speckled by the colored sunlight patterns cast upon the floor through the stained glass windows of yellow, ruby rose, and cobalt blue, the knight felt a heart's ease previously unknown. Guided by the fair youth, he sunk to his knees in a place inside the circle.

A sweet and viscose luminosity coated the thoughts of the knight's mind. He shuddered and fell upon his face and was left to lie there as the others, their choral chanting done, filed into the daylight from within this transcendental gloom.

Naked later in the evening the knight rose up from his supine position on the stones and went into the night to seek his brothers, for he longed to serve.

“Look he comes now with nothing in his eyes,” the others remarked as he approached, and when he was near they welcomed him saying, “What would you have?”

“I would learn to serve and to dwell in surrender.”

“As we all do, so you shall do and be one of us.”

“As you all do, so shall I do and be one of you.”

* * *

They slept in pairs in one great hall, and he was partnered with the youth whom first he saw upon the path before the gate.

Naked in the summer's night, lying atop the bed, not yet asleep, his mate beside him took him in his arms and whispered in his ear before kissing him upon the lips and joining spirits at the mouth, “This is how it is with us and so it shall be, too, with you. Yield and be among us as a brother.”

The knight shuddered as a current pulsing through him

taught him of a power not his own, which he had never known, to which he now, surrendering, capitulated. Stiffening in his bedmate's arms he felt his soul embraced and spent his seed in fellowship before the night was out.

The morning glow upon his face brought gladness to the eyes of others and before the heat of noon, with others, nearly naked in the garden he pulled up weeds and tended beds with careful watering and caring nurture.

The noon hour come, the fellowship assembled in the cool refectory, sat at one long board together, moderately quaffed of mead and cut from dark brown loaves and aged cheese judicious portions, and shared in vegetables red and green, almonds and dates, lemons, figs, mangos, cashews, and prunes.

And many months the knight among them lived like this and spent himself in gladness with them.

Always with one, though, whose gaze had penetrated his, he did not join.

There was a lake, cool and gently flowing towards a low stepping falls which filled a pool, scarce higher than a man might stand, and afternoons on summer's days they stretched along its margins and sported in its waters and dallied with each other in twos or larger groups.

Emerging from the water, one among them, the one he had not known, but who was lodged within his soul, saw the knight recumbent by the verdant edge. Uncommonly well-knit was he and his grace smote his seer's eyes with lustful wanting more than for the others of the men.

Naked and bronzed with beads of water glistening on his sun-polished skin he approached the knight and making slight obeisance, began in this way to speak: “Knighthood's flowers do not grow more fair than I see yours to have bloomed. I hope I may be the sun that has prompted your blossom.”

Blushing slightly, now risen to his feet, and with a bow returned, the knight responded, “Fair knight, whom I have often humbly looked upon, it honors me to gather praise from one who might claim it all as his own.”

The other took the knight's face in his palms and gently on the lips planted so sweet a kiss that the knight in rapture caught himself or would have fallen in a swoon. He returned the kiss with a sweetness no less enchanting, and hard they were together lost in each one's strange divinity.

Evening after dining and chanting, they met alone in a small room in a wood beside the garden. It had been a chapel, and the knight's new companion said, “I would have you as my own to cherish, my steady bedmate and my heart’s slave. Feel how my spirit works within your heart, how my will usurps your mind, how your senses have been opened to my influence, how your pulse quickens at my touch, how my gaze commands your flesh, how everything you are is mine.”

The knight shone upon this other knowing it was true. His heart was light, his senses eager. Transfixed by priapian splendor, he yielded to the one authority his mind beheld in a dazzle of submission.

But the others when they saw the exclusivity of this bond were vexed.

“It is in contradiction to the rules of our order,” they said with indignation, and sets one higher than the other, upsetting the decorum of devotion.

Chapter 3

They went under cover of night alone in the darkness of the forest without a guide but their own instincts. The morning light showed a bowed stone bridge arching over a swiftly rushing stream. The lane, once the bridge was crossed, opened into the town square, and in the dawn the journeymen were setting up the stalls, and market women and farmers were converging on the square carrying the yield of the earth and driving the culled of their flocks and herds.

The knight upon his horse, his fair companion, upon his, rode past the market, for the life these people led would not be theirs. They had gone too deeply into each other's souls in a forbidden way, removing themselves from mankind's diurnality with the love they had chosen.

Passed then this village and back through the forest, they made their way once more to the crumbling castle which had once commanded wealth and pageantry before the old knight, the knight's father, fell into paralysis.

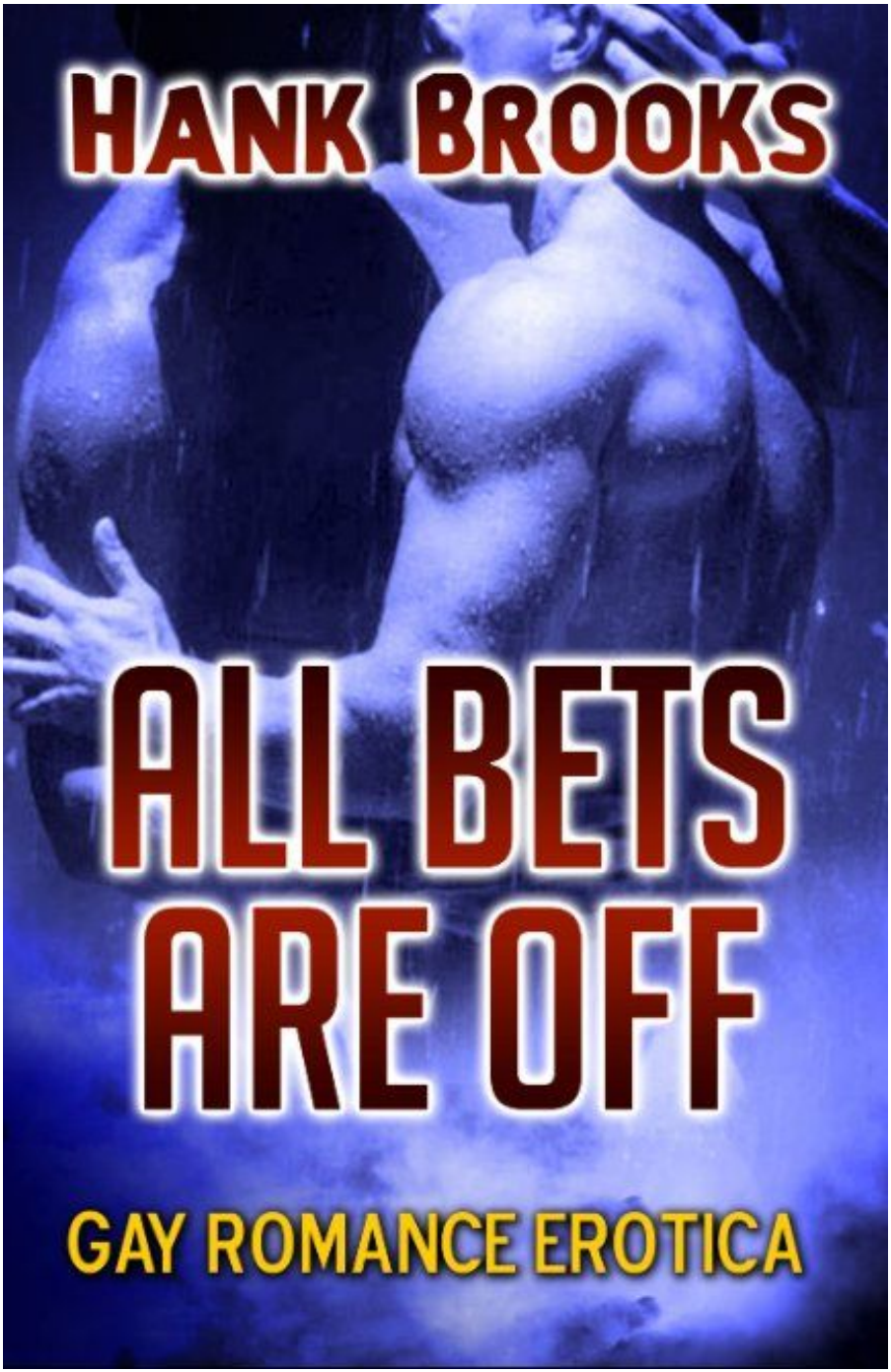
Stable and hall were empty. The groom and seneschal had disappeared.

“Here,” said the knight, “is what I have to give.”

They scoured the forest around and brought much wood back for a fire, and in the large hearth at the end wall of the great hall, they kindled a great blaze.

“Here is a place,” his dear companion said, extending his hand and indicating the landscape, “where we can garden, grow, and graze, exploring the mysteries we have begun.”

The End



"I'll betcha that I can get any straight guy to have sex with me as long as he doesn't have to suck cock or take it in the ass."

Bill Hansen's posture was exuding arrogance. His chin was slightly elevated, and he looked like he was defying anyone to doubt him. "If I suck him," he continued, "and let him fuck me, without asking him to return any favors, it'll be a sure thing. I'll bet I could even get some of them to reciprocate out of pure gratitude. After all, I'm that good."

His pal, and sometime fuck buddy, Ron Karlin, threw back his head and laughed. "What makes you so certain?" he asked.

"Because I firmly believe that all men are born innately homosexual. It's religious and societal views on homosexuality that force men to hide their feelings. Some guys can't pretend, like you and me, but others go through life suppressing hidden desires, even condemning them."

"Nice theory," Ron sniggered, "but there's no proof of anything you're preaching."

"Bullshit! God can prove it."

"Whadyamean?"

"He gave men a prostate gland, didn't He? And when it's stimulated by a stiff prick, the guy being stimulated can have an orgasm. Women don't have a sex organ in their asses."

"Well, I'll give you this," Ron said, sounding a little defeated. "It's something to think about."

"So are you gonna take my bet or not?"

"What does the winner get?"

"A dinner, a movie and a nice, hot blow job."

"You're on, but I get to pick the straight guy, or all bets are off."

Bill laughed, "I hope you don't think you're frightening me. Choose your target, or I should say, *my* target."

Bill and Ron had conversations like this almost every day on their lunch hour. They were both lawyers, who worked for a fairly

large firm in Ft. Lauderdale, FL. The firm consisted of five senior partners, three junior partners, and fifteen associates, with varying degrees of experience. Bill and Ron had been with the firm for almost two years. John McIntyre, another associate, had joined the firm a year after they did. The first time they saw him they both began to drool.

John had to have been a college jock. He stood six feet, two inches tall. His shoulders were broad, and his torso tapered down to a slim waist. Then, continuing to move downward, he began to expand outward again. He had the most delicious looking bubble butt either man had ever seen. His ass was always perfectly framed by his trousers, which were a wee bit tight in the rear. They could see his bulging muscles trying to rip through his shirts. His hair was a light brown and always looked tousled but not unkempt. His eyes were dark brown and very seductive, thanks to extra-long eye-lashes. He had a straight nose, and a very square chin with a cleft. In short, he was one handsome dude.

Both Bill and Ron had ample chances to check John out in the men's room. They actually followed him in when he needed to go. Bill knew that he was cut, a good five inches flaccid and fairly hefty. He lusted for that cock to enter him…anywhere, so when Ron said, "I choose John McIntyre" Bill actually grew lightheaded.

"You'll never seduce him," Ron stated assuredly. "He's all man, straight, macho, and married."

John had come to the firm right after his honeymoon. He spoke often about his gorgeous wife, and the two gay co-workers were deflated to learn of his sexual preference. No matter! It did not stop them from lusting after him…secretly, of course.

"You're on!" Bill said. He stuck out his hand for Ron to shake on their bet. "But I'll need some time."

"I'll give you six months," Ron said graciously.

Looking arrogant again, Bill said, "Thanks, but I won't need all that time."

"In the meantime," Ron said, "all this talk has made me horny. Wanna play some tonight?"

"You can bet on it. Come home with me after work. I've got a pork loin in the fridge that I cooked up last night. I'll roast some potatoes and we'll have a feast."

"You're on, buddy."

That night, after dinner, all either guy could think about was fucking John. They were both so horny, they came too fast while sucking each other's cocks. They were actually disappointed that they didn't save anything for fucking, and both were disappointed in that night's results.

Ron stayed the night, and in the morning, they skipped a lot of foreplay, and fucked each other straight away with their morning woodies. Bill always found that he had a more intense orgasm when he had to pee. That morning was no exception, and both men went to work with a grin on their faces and a spring in their steps.

All the associates at the law firm were casually acquainted, but few were close friends, Ron and Bill being the exception. As a first step toward seducing John, Bill determined to bring him into the close friend category.

After that, whenever their schedules coincided and they were both in the office, Bill would ask John if he wanted to go to lunch with him. Secretly, John was flattered. He hadn't made any close friends in the firm, and he actually envied Bill and Ron's friendship. He accepted Bill's invitation immediately, but he was surprised when Ron did not go with them. Ron didn't mind eating alone at all. Even though he wished his friend well (who wouldn't want to have sex with John McIntyre?), he didn't think Bill had a chance in hell of scoring with John.

During the very first lunch they had together, Bill learned a vital piece of information. He found out what fitness center John worked out at, and what nights of the week.

"Hey, I belong there too," Bill lied, "but I only work out on weekends. I wouldn't mind having muscles like yours. I'm going to switch to your nights, if you don't mind." With that, he felt John's biceps, and John obliged by flexing his muscles.

"Hell, I don't mind at all. It'll be nice to have company. Actually I have dinner out after my workout, all by myself, so my

wife doesn't have to keep dinner warm for me. It would be great if you joined me."

"Gee, John, that'll be my pleasure."

It occurred to Bill that if John went out to dinner after his workout, he must shower at the gym and not at home. After work that day, Bill stopped at the gym and joined up. That night, he packed a gym bag for everything he would need for his workout, and the shower to follow.

The next day after work, he and John shared a cab to the fitness center. John reiterated how pleased he was to have company. Bill was terribly out of shape, but his youth rescued him. He was able to nearly keep up with John, and not poop out too early. What really kept him going was the thought of the shower to come. He was not going to be shy about exposing himself to his "prey."

Bill was not muscular like John, but he was six feet tall and very lean. He had ash blond hair, blue eyes, a pug nose and a solid chin. He was cut and about four inches flaccid. He grew to seven inches when aroused. When they entered the shower he was slightly plumped up in anticipation, so he was about the same size as John was when flaccid. Bill felt they were good enough friends that he could ignore the every other shower-head rule. He stepped into the shower adjacent to John and was pleased to note that John didn't show any surprise or displeasure. He seemed, in fact, to have expected it.

There were two other men in the showers, so Bill thought nothing of it, when John asked him to soap his back. As long as there were other people in the shower it was an innocent request.

The shock came later.

When Bill soaped John's back, he discreetly stopped at John's waist, but when John soaped Bill's back, he went all the way down to Bill's testicles and even soaped Bill's crack. Bill didn't know what to make of it so he decided to make nothing of it, and he just ignored the whole thing. Unfortunately he started to get hard, and John had to notice it.

They didn't have much to say to each other until they reached the restaurant and were seated. It was John who spoke first.

"This is so nice," he said, "having a boy's night out. I love my wife, but we haven't given each other much space since the wedding."

Bill was speechless. He was beginning to suspect that he might be the hunted and not the hunter. He told himself not to jump to conclusions based upon a few innuendos, so he muttered inanely, "I'm glad to be the one to help you out."

John smiled at him, and Bill thought he might cum in his pants. That made him bold. He determined to steer the conversation to sex.

"So tell me," he said, his voice falsely pleading, "What's married sex like? I mean getting it every day, whenever you want, without having to go on the prowl. I can tell you it's a battle for us single guys. I'm lucky to get laid once a week, and only after a lot of wining and dining."

"You're handing me a line," John said. "You mean a good looking gay guy like you only scores once a week?"

Bill turned ashen. He and Ron were in the closet at work. How did he betray himself? Did Ron out him to win the bet? He had to ask.

"How did you know?" he asked simply.

"I'm not sure. Maybe it's a form of gaydar, but I've had my eye on you and Ron since I got to the firm. I am nearly certain that you're both gay, but you're not a couple."

"You're very good. When I need a lawyer you're hired," Bill laughed. "It's okay with you then, being friends with a gay dude?"

"It's very OK, especially if that friend is single and as handsome as you."

"What the fuck is happening?" Bill demanded to know. John's hand had somehow placed itself on Bill's knee under the table.

"I've got a secret too. I'll keep your secret, and if you promise to keep mine, I'll tell you."

"Promise," Bill mumbled meekly. "Talk."

John reached into his wallet and took out the picture of his wife, which was beginning to wear. "You've seen this picture before?" he asked.

"Only a million times."

"This woman lives with me, but we aren't married."

"That's hardly shocking news these days," Bill stated matter of factly.

"We have separate bedrooms."

Now Bill did look surprised. "I get the feeling that you are beating around the bush with me. What are you trying to say?"

"She's my beautiful sister. She's also my cover. Next year when she gets married, I intend to tell everyone that I'm divorcing her."

"Your cover???"

"Yes, my very handsome friend. I'm gay, and I have been lusting after you from the day we met." His hand squeezed Bill's knee. Bill didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but he did know that he had to come clean also. He placed his hand on John's under the table.

"Promise not to hate me, but I have a confession to make also."

"There is no way I could hate you. Now, you talk."

Bill told John all about his theory that all men are born homosexual, and about his bet with Ron. "I can't prove my theory now, and I don't want to. The thought of making love, or even having sex, with anyone else but you, doesn't sit well with me." John squeezed harder. "Will you come home with me tonight, please?" Bill pleaded.

John whipped out his cell phone and dialed a number. "Hi, Sis," he said. "You know that guy at work I keep telling you about? We're having dinner together, and then I'm staying at his apartment,

so I won't be home tonight. I'll come home early in the morning to put on fresh clothes for work. The wonderful thing is, I think he might feel the same way about me." John looked at Bill, who was nodding and smiling.

"Yes," he continued, "you'll meet him as soon as we can arrange it. A double wedding? That's a little premature, don't you think? Love ya." He hung up the phone and exchanged a smile with Bill.

They entered Bill's apartment and did not waste a minute getting undressed, and admiring each other's nude bodies. John was too far gone for preliminaries. He fell to his knees and engulfed Bill's throbbing cock in his mouth. His tongue went to work immediately.

"Not here, please," Bill begged. "Let's shower and take it to the bedroom." John agreed. The shower was long and relaxing. They soaped each other sensually and with love. Bill seemed intent on not going further until they were in bed together.

They lay wrapped up playing sixty-nine in Bill's bed. Both were moaning and purring like kittens until they came, screaming. The bed was never messed because they both swallowed every drop of cum. Afterward they switched positions, and now they were wrapped up, kissing each other with lots of tongue, and fondling their cocks. They both kept murmuring how happy they were, and how much they loved each other.

"If someone had told me this morning that we would be making love tonight, I would not have believed him," John whispered in Bill's ear. "How would you feel about us fucking when we have recovered?"

"I would feel very positive about it," Bill whispered back, as he reached into his end table to retrieve condoms and lube.

Early in the morning, they showered together and John called for a cab to take him home to change. While they were waiting for the cab, they hatched a plan to tease Ron a little.

"I just thought of something awful," Bill said. "I won the bet, so Ron owes me a dinner, a movie and a blow job. I can't do that now."

"Technically you didn't win because I'm not straight."

"But I want him to think so, until we're ready to reveal all."

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. As long as you and I are together, I wouldn't mind a threesome."

That morning Bill engaged Ron in conversation at the water fountain. "How was dinner?" Ron asked.

"Awful, all he did was talk about his wonderful wife."

John came over from out of nowhere and said, ""Thanks again, Bill, for what you did for me last night. I'll be forever grateful."

"Would you like a repeat performance?" Bill smirked.

"You bet. How about next gym night? I actually feel like I'd like to try to reciprocate." John walked quickly away. Ron's mouth was hanging open.

"What was that all about?" Ron asked. "I thought he was so totally into his wife."

"Well, I got bold and asked him if she ever went down on him. I told him that I knew that most women wouldn't do that. He reluctantly admitted that it was the one thing missing from his love life, and he was really aching for a good blow job. I simply offered to make his dream come true, no strings attached. The next thing I knew we were in my apartment, and he was gushing down my throat."

"I guess you were right. I owe you."

"I told John about my theory and about our bet. You know what he asked me to ask you? He said that since he was one half of the winning side, would you treat both of us to dinner, a movie and a blow job?"

Ron's face lit up like a Christmas tree. "You bet your fucking ass. I'll blow that Adonis anytime, anywhere."

"Good, I'll let him know, and we'll set a date when he can get away from his ball and chain."

"How about your next work out night?"

"I'll ask him."

Instead of going to the gym, they went to dinner, and Ron picked up the check. They voted to forego the movie, and went directly to Bill's apartment where Ron went down on both of them simultaneously, switching back and forth, prolonging their orgasms as long as possible. Both men came in Ron's mouth and he swallowed everything with great delight.

After they recovered, John said, "Gee, Ron, I hate to leave you unsatisfied and with blue balls. Let me take care of that." He went down on Ron, who looked at Bill with great big question marks in his eyes. He couldn't say or question anything at that point, because he was cumming, and cumming like he never had before.

They were sitting around the living room naked and sipping sodas when Bill told Ron the truth. At the end he thanked Ron for dinner and informed him that John and he were going to be a couple, even if they had to stay in the closet at work.

"Well you really didn't prove your theory," Ron said.

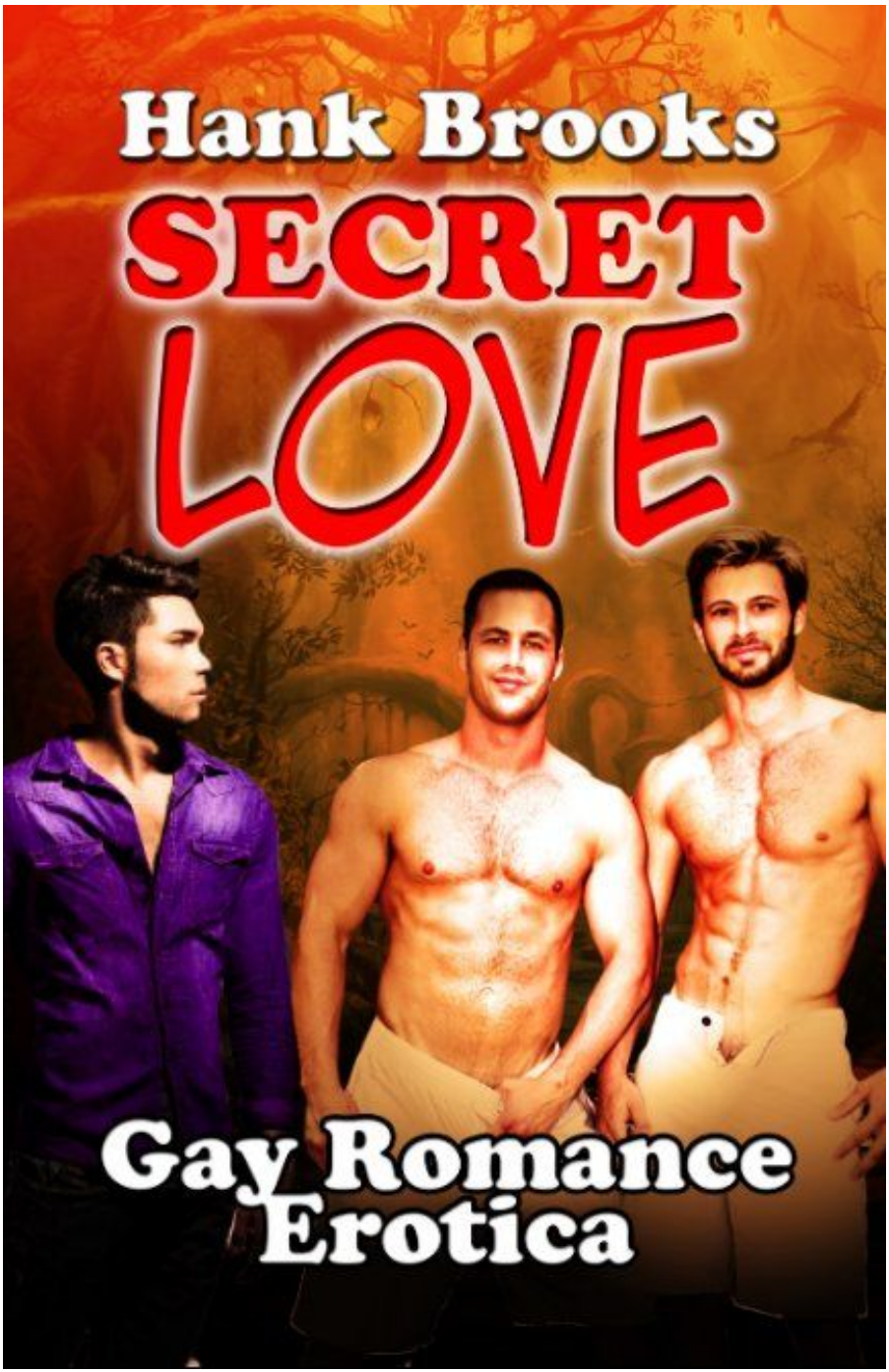
"Right. I'm counting on you to prove it now, but John and I will pick the prey. John's gaydar is infallible, and apparently mine stinks."

"It's quite a challenge you're handing me, but a really great one! I'll give it a try."

After John's sister got married, Bill moved into John's house. John, Bill and Ron left the firm and started their own practice. It was a struggle at first, but they all came out of the lavender closet, and advertised in the gay press. It didn't take long for them to jump the hurdle of starting a new business, and to see the beginnings of a very successful partnership.

Ron fell in love with one of his gay clients, so he never had a chance to prove Bill's theory. Nevertheless, Bill still feels strongly that it's true.

The End


Hank Brooks
SECRET
LOVE
Gay Romance
Erotica

Chapter 1

A miracle happened last night. At least it was a miracle for me. I saw him again after ten years. Ten years of dreaming about him and wanting him, and jerking off constantly to dreams of feeling his cock up my ass. There he was, live and in person, Sam DePaulo, tall, dark, handsome and Italian.

I was attending a fund raiser for The American Cancer Society with my best friend, Corey Lewis. As I approached the buffet table for a cup of punch, I did a double take. There he stood, even more handsome and muscular than I remembered. He was standing next to another handsome guy (not as handsome as Sam). They looked very much like brothers, but the other guy was a couple of years older, about an inch shorter, maybe only about 6'2" and unlike Sam he had a few extra pounds on him. You could clearly see his love handles, which I found kind of appealing. They certainly were not a turn off. Be that as it may, my eyes were on Sam.

Sam DePaulo was the quarterback on my high school football team. I didn't attend our high school until my junior year. When I was sixteen, we moved to a new community as a result of my dad's job transfer. Sam was a junior also. I saw him at the first football game I attended with Corey.

I met Corey on my first day in my first class, trigonometry. God I hated trig. Corey and I knew immediately that we were both gay, and we became great friends within the week. When I saw Sam for the first time, I told Corey that I was going to make it my life's quest to someday bed Sam. Corey broke out laughing. He was laughing so hard, I barely heard him say, "Fat chance."

After that I put myself anywhere I thought I might bump into Mr. Hunky Wonderful. I myself am not bad looking. At the time I was about 5'9" but I grew to six feet even. I'm not bulging with muscles nor am I very athletic, but I am lean and my body is solid. I have blond hair and blue eyes which is kind of stereotypically all American. I am cut and well enough endowed in the groin area, about seven inches when hard.

Try as I might, Sam never even noticed me. Once he dropped a book in the school hallway. I ran over at superhuman speed and

retrieved it for him. He thanked me politely without even looking at me. Needless to say I never met him before graduation, and we went to different colleges. Now all these years later, he stood before me. My cock throbbed, and I desired him beyond reason. I didn't care if he had married or not. I needed to be fucked so badly by him that I ached.

"Hi," I said as I approached him. "Aren't you Sam DePaulo? I'm Richie Stern. We went to the same high school, remember?"

Sam looked at me blankly. "Sorry," he mumbled, "can't say I do?" Can you imagine how my heart sank? I also wished that the floor would open up and swallow me. Did I make a complete fool of myself? After all, ten years had passed since high school graduation. I was now a successful attorney acting like a love sick teen ager. I had totally reverted to my high school days.

Then when my heart sank to rock bottom, Sam's companion held out his hand, smiled broadly at me, and said, "Hi Richie. I'm Sam's brother Tony. It's a pleasure to meet you." I hardly looked at Tony as my eyes were riveted on Sam who turned away and left the buffet table. I remained shaking Tony's hand and still not looking at him. Sam's proximity had stolen away my social graces. Finally my etiquette kicked back in. I looked at Tony. He was smiling at me and I liked him immediately. It was obvious that he wanted to be friendly.

Suddenly a bell went off in my head. If I could work up some sort of friendship with Tony, maybe I could finally become a friend of Sam's and then who knows what could happen. So I smiled back at Tony. "Nice to meet you," I said, turning on a bright smile and all my charm. I remembered Corey and introduced him to Tony. I could see the lust in Corey's eyes and felt I had to defuse the situation, so I asked Tony if he and Sam had any affiliation with the Cancer Society which might have brought them here.

"After our mom died of cancer last year, we gave them a very heavy donation. I guess that we are here as members of their heavy hitters' list."

Sam and Tony must be loaded, I thought.

"How about you?" Tony asked.

"My firm represents the local chapter in all their legal work,

and I'm the guy in charge," I answered simply.

"So you're a lawyer," Tony said. "Sam and I are financial advisors. We inherited our dad's business. My uncle is still a partner, but he isn't active in the business anymore. He prefers to hang out in Palm Beach." Tony laughed heartily at the thought of his uncle languishing in Florida. He reached in his wallet and handed me his business card. "Maybe we can do business together. At any rate let's do lunch sometime soon." My heart began to pound. Lunch with Sam's business partner, and brother, was definitely a step closer to getting to know Sam.

"I'd like that," I said. I carefully placed his card in my wallet and gave him one of mine. When he put it in his wallet, he turned to me and smiled. He bowled me over when he said, "I hope this will be the beginning of a beautiful friendship, Richie." We shook hands and Tony left to join his brother.

When he was gone, Corey said, "He's gay you know."

"You think everyone is gay," I mocked.

"You'll live to find out. He's hot for you. I was drooling all over him, and he didn't know I was in the room. I'd call him ASAP and have lunch with him if I were you. He's really a hunk."

Chapter 2

When I got back to my ever empty, lonely apartment that night, I looked long and hard at Tony's business card. His office was just down the street from mine, so I vowed to make a lunch date with Tony as soon as I could. I concluded the day by whacking off and dreaming of Sam. Even I knew that I was obsessed. I either had to have sex with Sam or put him out of my mind once and for all. Hah! That's easier said than done. Both solutions seemed impossible.

The next day, at about 10 AM, I was just reaching for my phone when it rang. As a result I picked it up before the first ring was finished. I was very pleasantly surprised when in response to my, "Stern here," I heard a very cheery voice say, "Hi Richie, this is Tony DePaulo from last night."

The first thought that went through my mind was, *Oh God, its Sam's brother.*

"Hi," I said trying not to sound too eager. "I was just going to call you to see if you are free for lunch."

"Yes, I am, and that's what I was calling you about, so I guess we're both free, but I wanted to ask you something else. I have two tickets to the football game on Sunday. Would you be able to go with me and have dinner afterward?"

My heart started to beat so fast, I thought I might have a stroke. I collected myself and asked. "How come you're football playing brother isn't going with you?"

"Oh," Tony answered, "he's going too, but his fiancée will be with him. We bought four season tickets for our firm. We usually give the tickets to clients, but this is the last game of the regular season, and a place in the playoffs depends on a win, so we decided to use the tickets ourselves.

"The answer to all your questions is yes," I said. We then set a time and place for lunch, and I hung up with a grin on my face and a

hard on in my pants. I kept picturing me at the game sitting between the two brothers, and with my hand constantly slapping Sam's knee pretending to be excited about the game. Dream on, counselor!

At lunch I let Tony do most of the talking. I hoped to glean some information from him which might help me in my impossible quest to bed Sam. Tony hardly talked about his brother so I asked boldly if he and Sam had a good relationship.

"Definitely," Tony said. "I graduated high school when Sam was finishing his sophomore year. (That's why I never knew there was a Tony.) I came out to him at that time and told him that I was gay. He is a 10 on the scale of heterosexuality so I was really worried. I trusted him more than anybody else in the world to stand by me, and I was right. He helped me tell our folks. Nothing could ever drive a rift in our relationship." I wondered where that left me.

I didn't wonder long, but asked instead. "You're gay? Corey said you were, but I didn't believe it."

"Believe it," he said. "You and Corey are gay also, aren't you? I can tell that you aren't a couple?" Much to my surprise he added, "I hope."

Foolishly I said, "No, we aren't a couple. We've been friends forever and we are more like brothers."

"I'm glad you're single then," Tony stated. He put his hand on my forearm. "You see, to be perfectly honest, I've got the hots for you."

I was stunned. How could a hunk like this desire me? "Give me a minute to digest that," I said.

"Sure! Take all afternoon if you'd like. I don't much feel like going back to the office anyway."

I did take a minute to think. My sensible side said, *Richie, you jerk, you are never going to have Sam, but here's his brother, who looks a lot like him, who is gay, and who has the hots for you, so what are you waiting for?*

I was about to speak and then I thought, *If I get involved with Tony, I'll be around Sam a lot. I don't think I can handle that.* Finally I

said, “Tony I really like you. I like you a lot, but to sound corny, this is all so sudden. Give me some time to breathe and to think. Let’s talk about it again at dinner Sunday, after the football game.”

“Fair enough,” he said and he gripped my forearm tighter. “Would you want to come over to my place tonight and see what I have to offer?” he asked.

“Please Tony,” I answered. “Go slower.” All I could think about is what kind of relationship I could have with Sam if I started dating his brother, and I had no answer to the dilemma of my own making.

We parted and I was useless at work the rest of the afternoon. That night, alone in bed, I conjured up my usual visions of Sam DePaulo fucking me and I started to whack off. When I was done and my breathing was steadying out, I suddenly realized that by the end of my fantasy, Sam had turned into Tony. I fantasized that I was being fucked by Tony. I was shocked, but I smiled to myself. Maybe, just maybe, my obsession about Sam was ebbing.

Tony came by my apartment and picked me up for the game about noon on Sunday. I had hoped that Sam and his fiancée would be in the car, but we were alone. “Where’s Sam?” I asked, hoping we would pick him and his fiancée up next.

“They are going in a separate car. I told Sam I had a hot date who I was taking to dinner after the game.”

I blushed. “I’m not so hot,” I mumbled.

“Have it your way,” Tony said.

I sat down beside him and he rubbed his hand on my knee before he started up the car. I must admit that it felt really good. I smiled at him and shifted in my seat to accommodate my swelling cock. Somehow I had a strong feeling that I was going to have sex with Tony that night. I was a little frightened at the thought. What if I should call him Sam in the heat of passion?

At the game, I did indeed sit between the two brothers, but I was too afraid to slap Sam on the knee. I did put my hand on Tony’s knee a few times. It seemed a natural thing for me to do. Our team lost so there was little cause for knee slapping anyhow. The best part

of the day was that Sam seemed to like me. In fact, I sensed that he was judging me as an apt mate for his brother. I further sensed that I had passed muster. When we parted, both Sam and his fiancée, Marla, hugged me. When Sam put his arms around me, my knees buckled. His hug was nowhere near my fantasies, but my sensible side accepted that this was as good as it was going to get.

Tony took me to a very family oriented restaurant where the food was not fancy, but it was healthy and plentiful. He noticed that I was a bit surprised and he explained, "We aren't dressed for anything fancier." Of course we weren't. We had dressed for a football game.

During dessert, he popped the fateful question? "Will you spend the night with me?" I knew it was coming, but I still wasn't sure it was a good idea and I hesitated. "Look," Tony continued, "if you aren't ready to be intimate with me, I won't press you. However, I'd really like the company. It would be wonderful to have someone in the house when I wake up in the morning, and someone to have breakfast with as well. That having been said, that doesn't mean I'm not pining to make love to you, because I am, desperately!"

I noted that Tony said *make love*, not *have sex*. The distinction did not escape me, and that prompted me to say, "Sure. I'd like that too, but could we stop at my place first, so I can pick up a few things I can wear to work tomorrow?"

Tony had a one bedroom apartment and the bedroom had one queen sized bed. "You got me here under false pretenses," I said. "There's only one bed."

"I promise not to touch you if you don't want me to," Tony pleaded.

"Don't be a jerk," I said. "I'm a healthy gay male who's always horny. You are a handsome stud, and you expect me to spend a chaste night in the same bed with you and not touch you? You must be mad."

Tony looked confused so I took him in my arms and kissed him. He melted into me and kissed me back. His tongue found mine and our embrace became more and more passionate. It took a mere few seconds before we were fondling our cocks through our trousers.

"We have too much clothes on," Tony said. He pulled away

from me and started to undress in the living room. He left his clothes in a heap on the living room floor, so I did the same. Glory be!!! His uncut, very fat cock was a good 8" and Tony started jabbing me in the thigh with it. One look and I was a goner. I fell to my knees and started sucking it. I ran my tongue up and down the underside of that gorgeous throbbing dick. A bead of precum appeared and I drank it up hastily.

Suddenly Tony pulled away. "Oh God," he yelled. "I didn't want to cum so quickly." He started gushing all over my face. With his help, we drank and licked up his cum as fast as we could. "Damn!" Tony continued to berate himself. "You see what you do to me?" He lifted me to my feet and led me to the bedroom.

He pulled down the cover on his bed and asked me to lie on my back. I obeyed him and closed my eyes so that I could pretend that he was Sam. He lay prone on top of me and I could feel his now flaccid cock rubbing against my hard one. He started to slither down my body, lingering here and there. He nibbled my ear lobes, my tits, my belly button, and finally he started to lick my cock. I moaned in pleasure. Once I almost said, "Suck me harder, Sam," but just in time I said, "Tony." I came rather quickly also and he swallowed everything that I had to offer.

Afterward we lay side by side. He had his hand on my cock and I had mine on his. "When we recover a little," he said, "will you fuck me please?"

"It'll be a pleasure," I said, and again I nearly called him Sam.

Tony and I saw more and more of each other after that, and I looked forward to our love making, but I always fantasized that I was with his baby brother. Sam and Marla began to think of us as a couple, and when Tony began to plan Sam's bachelor party, I naturally fell into the role of co-planner. This may have been a big mistake.

Chapter 3

The night of the party came all too quickly. I was elected to be the designated driver. Actually I am not much of a drinker, and I volunteered. So I picked Tony up first and then we went to Sam's place. He wasn't ready so we went inside to wait for him. Sam had recently moved into a large three bedroom home that he would share with Marla, but she wasn't moving in until after their honeymoon. Tony asked me, "How would you like a place like this for us, babe?" I could only shudder. Tony saw us as a couple also and I was too weak to dissuade him. I remained silent and Tony looked hurt.

Tony, Sam, and most of the guests were pie eyed drunk before the dancer even got her act going. Tony had hired a prostitute, who shook her booty in what simulated some Latin rhythms. Then she lap danced some of the guys, saving Sam for last. She must have aroused him because in the middle of her routine she got on her knees, and kneeled in front of Sam. She removed his uncut cock from his trousers. I nearly fainted. He was at least an inch bigger than Tony. The prostitute took it in her mouth and started sucking. I had to restrain myself from pushing her away and taking over.

I was in a near faint, but I do remember that I heard Tony whisper in my ear, "I'll do that to you when we get home." At least I think that's what he said. He slurred his words so badly, I can't be sure of what I heard.

I needed help loading the two brothers into my car, but I had to handle them by myself when I got to Sam's place. I knew that we weren't going any further that night so I sat Sam on a chair in the front hall, and laid Tony down on the guest room bed. I removed his shoes. Otherwise he was fully clothed.

I went back to the hall and found Sam on the floor. I managed to pick him up and walk him to his bed. I laid him on his back and I got lost in my lust. I undressed him slowly and fully. After awhile he lay prone on his back, naked as the day he was born. His beautiful body was mine to savor and enjoy. I began to rub my hands gently up

and down his chest. Sam sighed, and I stopped. I waited a few minutes and I resumed petting him. This time my hands ran through his pubic hair and he started to get hard. Now I was getting excited.

Tentatively I stroked his cock and he got fully hard. I listened to his breathing. He was definitely asleep. I wondered what he might be dreaming. Did I dare suck his hardening rod? I had lost my reason hours ago and bent down to take him. I stopped to savor his aroma. He had been drinking heavily and he was hot and sweaty. He smelled musky and he could have used a bath. I pulled back his foreskin and he was all sweat underneath his sheathe. Some men are turned off by smelly, sweaty cocks. Not me! I got even more lustful. I bent down further to take him into my mouth.

He'll never know, I thought, *and my dreams will come true.*

Before my lips touched the luscious prize, Sam stirred slightly and I heard him mutter, "Marla darling, I love you." He thought I was Marla. This would be easier than I thought. Once again I bent over to devour him, but I stopped again. Just as Sam had always popped into my head as I began to have sex with other men or start to make love to Tony, so now Tony popped into my head. I recalled so many glorious hours of love making with him, and suddenly my heart burst with love for him. I backed away from Sam and I began to cry. I realized that I was in love with Tony. Maybe I even loved him as much as he loved me.

I could have blown it all. My lust could have ruined me. I nearly went down on Tony's drunken straight brother. What if Sam had awakened while I was sucking his cock? What if he had socked me in the eye? What if Tony never forgave me for my one rash act? The thought of that saddened me deeply.

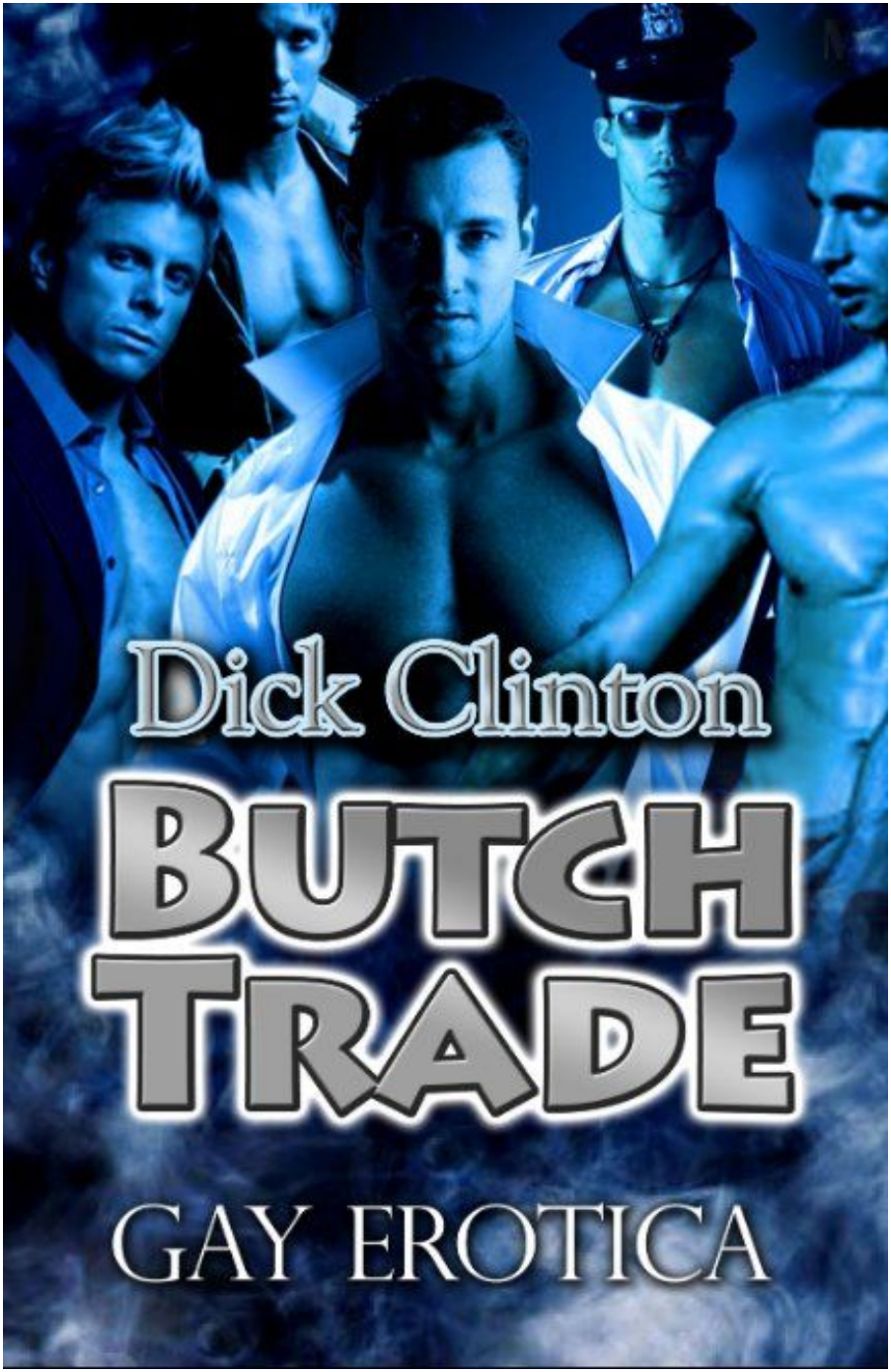
I covered Sam's naked body with his bed sheet, and I ran from his room directly to the guest room where Tony was sleeping it off. I undressed him fully, as I had undressed his brother. Then I got naked and crawled into bed with him. It was a very tight fit. I nestled against his bulky, beautiful body and pinched his love handles.

"I love you," I whispered in his ear.

I could see Tony smile in his sleep, and he muttered, "I love you more." I determined then and there to prove to him that if I didn't love him more, then I loved him at least as much as he loved

me. I had never been happier in my life.

The End


Dick Clinton
BUTCH TRADE
GAY EROTICA

Chapter 1
Soccer Player John

I'd moved into an apartment near the college where I'd planned to continue my education. I found a part time job and would attend college during the week, and work on the weekends.

The apartment wasn't anything special, but was large enough for me, and it was cheap. It had a nice size living room, dining area combine, a small size kitchen, a bathroom and one bedroom. At one time it had been a motel and had a small pool. The other people living here were single male students and working men.

I'd moved here from a small town were my dad boarded horses. He had some good people working for him, so I didn't worry about him.

I could have commuted, but thought it was time I went out on my own. My dad insisted on paying the rent and utilities, so all I had to do is study. I only took the week-end job so I could have a small amount of spending money.

The first day when I was moving a few personal things into the apartment, one of the men living in the building ask if he could help me. I only had a few personal items to move, but welcomed the help. My apartment was on the second floor overlooking the patio and the pool and I only had to climb one flight of stairs. My apartment was at the top of the stairs.

He introduced himself as John and said he lived in the apartment right down the hall from me on the same floor. He was a rookie ball player for a local Soccer team.

He was wearing a boxer type bathing suit and an open beach shirt. He was handsome, well-built and looked like he worked out. He had a small patch of hair on his chest and showed a nice bulge in his suit.

I was thankful for his help, and invited him in for a beer. He told me he had been working out in the small 'workout room' at the end of the building, and would be happy if we would work out together. I gave him a beer and offered him a seat on the couch.

“I guess I don't have to apologize for my messy apartment since I just moved in. The only room I have made up is my bedroom where I spend most of my pleasure time.”

“Yeah I know what ya mean. I'm married but my old lady is living with her mom in Seattle because of illness, and we're not sure how long that will be. Damn I miss having sex, but I promised her I'd be faithful and not have any other women.”

I didn't know if I was coming on too aggressively but might as well give it a try.

“How about having oral sex with a man? Is that off your radar too?”

He looked at me a bit curious, took another drink on his beer and said.

“Hell. I've never thought about that.” He laughed nervously then looked directly at me.

“Why? Are you into guys?”

“Well yeah. I've been known to swing both ways and was told I give a great blow job. Would you like to check out my talent?”

“You got to be kidding me. Ya mean you're a cock sucking fagot?” Then he grinned and said. “Are you propositioning me?”

“Come into my bedroom and I'll show you how serious I am. You don't have to do anything but 'kick back, relax and enjoy'. I've got a hot sex DVD for you to watch: besides, it's not like you're cheating on your wife. It just one of the guys helping you get off. Come on. I know you'll enjoy it.”

He stood up from the couch already displaying a big hard on in his swimming suit.

“Gawd. I've never....done anything like this. You know I'm straight, right? I won't have to....do anything to you, do I?”

“No. You can just be my 'butch trade' today. Okay?”

I led John into the bed room, put on a sex DVD, and pulled his swim suit off, dropped to my knees to taste his flowing uncut cock. I ran one hand over his hairy torso and caressed his low hanging balls in the other. His crotch was musky from his work out, but smelled and taste so good. He let out a sigh and slightly trembled.

"Oh my Gawd." John said as I went down on him.

I was afraid he'd cum too quickly so I slowed my movements. I ran my tongue under his lacy foreskin and savored the salty pre-cum that had developed. His cock was not huge, but just the right size for deep throating without gagging. I went down on him and he gasps again. I held his cock in my hand while I licked on his balls.

His hands were now caressing and pinching his nipples while I sucked and made love to his hard dick as he stood before me. I paused only long enough to lick and kiss his hairy balls again. I directed my finger under his balls to explore the hairy opening of his anus. The tip of my finger slid into his warm tender spot. He sighed again with pleasure.

I looked up at his handsome face. His eyes were closed and his head thrown back into a prayerful look of heavenly bliss. I continued sucking and giving him pleasure then he started to 'face fuck' me faster. He gripped my head then started talking under his breath.

"You hungry cock sucker. Suck my fuckin' cock..... Suck it bitch!.... Yeah..... Show your man how much you love that cock..... Yeah. Keep it up, cock sucker. Keep sucking my hard fuckin' cock. Oh gawd. I'm gonna cum in your slutty mouth. Gonna cum....gonna cum. Aw shit. Aw fuck. Drink my cum fag! Suck the juice out of my cock. Awwwww, yeah, awe yeah. Ohhhhh gawd."

His knees buckled but he stayed vertical. I continued to lick and savor his generous load of man vigor. I guided his body around and set him on the bed to rest. I kept my mouth over his semi-hard cock and continued to lick and clean the last of his juices. I ran my tongue around his sensitive cock head.

"All I can say is, 'I needed that!', as if you couldn't tell. Man. My wife never gave me head like that. Fuck man. That was unbelievable. I heard some of the men in the locker room talking about good blow jobs, but never knew what they were talking about until now. Damn man. That was awesome."

“I told you, you'd like it. Shall we do it again?” I said as I continued to suck on John's cock as he lay back on the bed.

“Am I still your cock-sucking bitch?”

“Yeah. Am I still your butch trade?”

I blew John three times in that session. He returned almost every day for more of my blow jobs. His cock was so great to suck. I added rimming to our activity, and knew some day I'd get him hot enough to throw him a good fucking, but for right now, John was just one of my 'Butch Trades'.

Chapter 2
Garage Mechanic Ralph

It was time for me to take my car in for a check-up and oil change. I saw 'Sam's Garage and Filling Station' just a few blocks from my apartment, so I dropped it off to be serviced. The owner Sam took all my information and said I would have to leave it for a few hours but someone would be glad to give me a lift home. I agreed, and he called on one of the mechanics to drive me home.

The mechanic's coverall name tag said 'Ralph'. We hopped into my car and Ralph was to drive me to my apartment. He was a tall rough looking dude with a small beard, large hands and feet and something flopping around under his coveralls. He wore a wedding band, so I assumed he was married. I told him my address and we headed out.

“Hey Mister, you live right across the street from me. I live in the condos with my 'Ole lady'. I thought I'd seen ya before. I guess I recognized your car.”

“Small world huh? You have to come over and have a beer with me sometime.” I said politely. I never assumed he'd take me up on it, but it was an opening.

Ralph dropped me off and said the garage would call me when it was finished. I went back into my apartment to catch up on some of my college studies.

A few hours later I got a call from the garage and Sam said Ralph would drop the car off within the hour.

Soon there was a knock on my door and I knew it must be Ralph. I opened the door to see he had changed out of his coverall and was now wearing a pair of tight jeans and a white undershirt or 'wife beater shirt' as it is sometimes known. He handed me the keys and then asked.

“Ya gonna invite me in for that beer? I'm off work and not in

the mood to go home yet."

He said as he stepped into the entry of my apartment.

"Ah, ah...,sure. I was just finishing up my studies and was about to have a beer myself. Come on in, Ralph. Make yourself comfortable and I'll get us a beer."

"Nice place. Got any fuck films? I'm horny as hell this week. Haven't had sex for some time now. My 'Ole lady' and I aren't getting along."

"Oh boy!" I thought to myself. This dude is sure aggressive, not that I minded, but wondered if he knew I was a 'cock sucker'.

When I returned to the living room with the beer, he was already looking through my DVD collection on the nearby book shelf.

"The 'fuck films' are in the drawer right below. Pick out one if you like. Do you want to look at one right now?"

"Sure do man. I saw you checking me out today and knew you were a 'fag'. I thought you'd like to swing on my dong. Would ya like to drain my hot Italian sausage? I've got a big one, and need to get off." He said as he grabbed his crotch.

He handed me one of the straight DVD's he wanted to watch. As I was putting the DVD into the player he was lowering his pants, flopped down on the big chair and kicked off his boots. He spread his legs and was searching for his cock through the opening of his boxers. Damn! This dude was not only aggressive, but horny as hell.

I pushed the coffee table aside and dropped to my knees between his lanky legs to remove his jeans. He lifted his ass as I took off his boxers. Out flopped one of the biggest cocks I've seen in days. His balls were round and firm and certainly full of his man sperm.

"I haven't showered since I left the garage. I must smell oily like a garage mechanic working man. I figure you'd like to lick my balls and dick and give me a tongue bath."

Ralph really had me pegged. I did like the natural scent of a man's body. I was anxious to taste him. I took his big thick cock in one hand and caressed his balls in the other. I gave his balls a quick lick

and then buried my nose in his warm musky crotch and took a deep whiff of this hot sexy body.

“Oh fuck yeah, cock sucker. I was hoping you were a cock slut. Lick my balls clean pig. Lick ‘em clean. I've been searching for a cock sucking fag for months. Man, am I glad to have run across you. Suck it, man, and drain my nuts.”

He watched the fuck DVD while I ravished his nuts and cock. His thick cock had a big round head with clear sweet pre-cum oozing from his wide piss slot. I slurped down every sweet drop. His body did have the hint of oil and gasoline. It was like an aphrodisiac to me. I continue to lick on his ball and then lifted his legs to explore his hairy perineum and tongue my way to the tender aperture of his ass hole. He gasp and placed his feet on the flat part of my legs so I could spread his legs for better entry. I lifted his legs and had full access to his sweet anus. I tongue fucked his anus as he moaned and talked dirty to me.

“Eat my ass, you fucking pig. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. Goddamn that's good! Eat my ass. Man I never had a tongue licking my asshole before. Fuck that's wild.” He said as he started jacking on his cock.

I licked him and tongue fucked his ass until I thought he was gonna cum. I wanted to take his load so I licked my way over his balls and up his eight-inch cock shaft. I put my warm mouth around his cock head again and started giving him a well-deserved suck job. He was really getting into it and I knew he'd shoot soon. He gasped, moaned and once again started calling me his cock sucking pig.

“Oh Gawd. Oh Gawd. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I'm gonna pop my nuts. Gonna shoot. Take my load cocksucker. Drain my cock. Drink my man sperm, fucker. Oh yeah. Here it comes fag. Here's your lunch. Ah! Fuck.”

Then he grabbed the back of my head and held me down on his gushing cock. He shot several loads right into my welcome mouth and down my throat. I didn't gag but held on to his balls and guided his gushing load into my mouth. I swallowed and swallowed until he stopped cumming, then I took another deep breath and went down on him as far as I could. He quivered a few times after the final climax then started to relax. I looked up at my Mechanic. He had his eyes closed and looked so content. I knew I had complete control of him. A man thinks he has control of his cock sucking fag, but I knew better.

He was mine. He fell asleep in the chair.

Ralph would stop by my place many times after work without calling or even before he went home to his wife. He said I was the best cock-sucking pig he'd ever met. He was always hot to go and always shot a huge load of cum. I enjoyed the way he used my mouth to dump his load. I was considering letting him fuck my ass, but he was so rough I was afraid he'd injure my asshole. I'm just happy to have him as my 'Butch Trade' for now.

Chapter 3
Hard Hat Hank

I didn't have an early morning class today, so I promised myself I would sleep in. That was quickly interrupted by the sounds of heavy machinery, motors and the loud sounds of men talking. What the hell? I got up from my bed and looked out the bedroom window but the sounds must be coming from the front of the apartment in the street. I went to look out the front window and there were six or more construction men and several pieces of heavy duty equipment right in front. They seemed to be tearing up part of the street and the sidewalk to do some repairs.

I might as well get up now. How could anyone sleep with all that noise going on? Well, there went my early morning sleep-in. I put on some coffee and headed to the shower. I promised Bill at the Book store I'd stop in before the noon day rush.

Bill is the straight owner of the Adult Book Store a few blocks from my place. I met Bill about a year ago and he took a liking to me. He took me into his private office and I gave him a blow job, and I've been sucking his cock ever since. When I stop off at the book store, Bill always handed me a handful of tokens so I can go to the back room to my favorite booth, where there are three big glory holes. I usually have my fill of about five sweet loads of cum right after school just before I go home. Bill is always ready for a private session with me in his office but, it is always too short. I want more activity from him. He is such a sexy dude, with tattoos and all.

I'm very fond of Bill. He's a good looking redneck kind of guy. Smokes a cigar now and then and has spent some time in Jail. He has a couple small tattoos on his arms and one on his left butt cheek. He's kind of a rough talker and most guys are leery and cautious of him. He has a nice firm hairy body and a rather large eight-inch uncut cock and an outstanding set of balls. I've never gotten him completely naked. I keep trying to persuade him into coming over to my apartment and spend the night. I'd love to work him over from head to asshole. Perhaps someday when he's had an argument with his wife, or she's out of town, he'll be giving me a call.

I had a light breakfast and headed out to the Adult Book Store, but on the way out I had to take a closer look at the hard hat construction men that were working on the street and sidewalk. I spotted my landlord and he told me the water lines were messed up going into a couple of the nearby houses and our apartment. They would be working on it for a couple of days or more. I headed on up the street to the Book store and detected one of the Hard Hat Construction men close by. Gawd, what a hunk of a man. He had arms on him like a weight lifter, but the slim firm body of a young man. He had a broad rugged face with deep set eyes, blondish brown hair and a wide large chest. He was poured into his warn tight jeans. The back pocket was torn off and a small hole bare his naked butt cheeks. The knees of his jeans were torn half way across. He wore a worn cut off Levi shirt with no arms and most of the buttons had popped off. He had on steel toed heavy black dirty work boots with white socks pulled up over the tops. I was surprised they let him dress like that. He would be King at a Gay Leather Bar in San Francisco. He looked like he'd been on the road for a week without changing clothes....but he was all man and sexy as fuck. He could sit on my face anytime. Now off to school.

I stopped off at the book store to service Bill and to suck down a few more loads of man cum in the back room. Bill was training a new clerk and had him wait on the store customers while he directed me to the back office where I gave him one of my good blow jobs. He gave me a handful of tokens for the back room and told me to go have my lunch before going to school. He was like a caring father. I did as he instructed and before long I had swallowed four nice loads of local stud juice before going on to school.

I had a good day at school with one of my favorite professors. I swear he was a 'look alike' for Professor Jones in the movie series ‘The adventures of Indiana Jones’. I'd love to get him in his office sometime and blow him. Perhaps I would get a better grade next year. All day long I would flash back to that hard hat dude that was working outside my building this morning before I left for school. Yes. I'm a horny cock sucker always thinking about sex and searching for new adventures.

When I got back to my apartment I realized I had put off doing my laundry over the weekend, so I was going to throw in a load of dirty clothes in the basement laundry. I always hated to do the laundry but I discovered later it was going to be interesting. I put the

clothes in the tub and started to go back upstairs when I heard a man's voice behind me. It was the hard hat hunk who was searching for a water turn off connection in the basement.

"Hey man. Do you know where the water turn off connection is for the building? My boss said they were down here somewhere." He said as he headed back towards the end of the basement. Whatever he was looking for, he must have found it and got behind the large laundry sink next to the washers.

I decided to stick around and let my clothes finish before going back upstairs, besides I wanted to check this hot looking dude out. I already had my clothes in the dryer so if he turned off any water it wouldn't interrupt me.

"Awe yeah. Here's the damn thing. You're not using the water right now are ya?"

"No. I'm using the dryer."

He stood and gave me the once over, looked around the empty basement and then started to unbutton his tight jeans and dig around for his cock.

Hey man. I've gotta take a piss in the worst way. Ya don't mind if I piss in this sink, do ya?" He said as he whipped out his big uncut cock. I couldn't help but stare. He looked at me again.

"Would ya like to tap it before I piss?"

"Tap it?" I questioned.

"Yeah. Ya know.. tap my dick, drink my piss. I saw you drooling when I pulled out my pecker. Ya one of them cock suckers, aren't ya? I don't mind. I've had my share of golden piss drinkers in my life. I must have that kind of look that makes guys want to drink my piss and suck the nectar out of my prick. Ya sure you don't want to 'tap it' before I cut loose. I've got a big load."

I was shocked but turned on to his suggestion.

"No. I'm not into drinking piss.....but I wouldn't mind sucking your prick and swallowing some of your ....nectar after you've pissed." I said without thinking.

“That's cool buddy, but you don't know what you're missing. Did ya ever piss in a dude’s mouth? It's a hot sensation. You should try it sometime. Ya might like it. Ya sure you don't want to put your mouth over my prick and take my piss? I can't hold it much longer.”

“Naw, but thanks. Maybe some other time.”

“I know you're curious so why don't you come closer and just hold my prick as I piss.”

I eagerly hopped off the top of the dryer and went over to the sink where he was standing. He loosened his work belt and put it on the nearby chair then continued to loosen the buttons on his jeans. I got closer to him to take a closer view of his cock. He took my hand and put it around his meat. His semi-hard uncut cock was starting to get hard. I suddenly felt the piss streaming from his cock. He released his hand and permitted me to hold and guide the piss stream to the drain in the sink. I was mesmerized for the moment and was tempted to put my mouth over his gushing piss, but just couldn't do it; instead I let my finger touch the stream of warm piss close to the opening of his cock.

He let out a sigh of relief as the final stream of warm piss exited his dick. Then he squirted out a few more drops. His cock started to get hard. He turned towards me and gripped the back of my head to pull me to his wet cock.

I dropped to my knees in front of this hard hat hunk. The soft lacy wet foreskin was still covering his cock. I leaned forward and licked the small opening and cautiously tasted the piss dripping from the opening. He pulled my head onto his cock. I opened my mouth and tried to take him all the way, but his prick was big even before it got hard. I eased my tongue under his foreskin tasting his smegma, sweat and piss.

“Go ahead, cock sucker. Taste that piss head and see what you’ve been missing out on. Next time you'll beg to tap my piss, but for now, punk, work on that prick. I've been need-en some good head lately. All my pussy boys are on the other side of town. Suck it. Suck it and lick my sweaty balls.”

This was a sudden but pleasant surprise, sucking off this hard had hunk in the basement of my apartment. I wanted to take him to

my apartment and work him over, but evidently he was in the mood for a 'quickie' before he went back to work.

I pulled down his jeans so I could get better access to his sweaty hairy balls. He had a musky smell and taste to him, but it was all man. I licked and sucked on his balls. I moved my hands up his muscular body to explore his rock hard abs, then up to his protruding nipples. I discovered he was sensitive to my touch and fuck faced me with more gusto. I didn't want him to shoot his load so soon but I could already taste his pre-cum juices beginning to flow. He pulled his cock from my mouth and lifted me from my kneeling position on the floor. He lifted his arm and shoved my face into his hairy armpit. I was forced to catch my breath, but started licking and tasting his body.

I had never explored a man's arm pits before but this was quite intriguing and sexy. I licked and inhaled his man aroma. I was really getting into it when he suddenly pulled my face to his and started kissing me hard and deep. He was jacking on his cock at the same time.

"Oh baby. If I had the time today, I'd bend you over this sink and fuck the hell out of your punk ass. I bet you'd like that bitch. I'm about ready to cum. Get down there and drink my juices. I'm ready to spunk your mouth, cock sucker. Now! Take me now!"

He shoved me to the floor and stuck his big prick back into my mouth where he shot a huge load of creamy spunk. I gagged but finally got control and guided the remainder of his prick into my mouth swallowing as fast as I could. Much of his cum ran from my mouth and onto my hand. I continued to lick and clean his soft cock into my mouth. He gripped the back of my head and held me there until I realized he was about to give me some of his piss. I struggled to get away but he was too strong for me. I was forced to swallow a small bit of his piss. Then he released my head.

"Okay cock sucker. That's all the fun you'll get for today. Get the fuck up and keep this to yourself. Understand. If you're lucky, I'll come by again and give you another load tomorrow. Got to get back to work."

He pulled his jean back up and grabbed his tool belt and left the basement. I remained on the floor still trying to figure out what just happened. I knew this hunk was just 'butch trade', and he was

worth it. Perhaps tomorrow I'll suck him off again....or let him 'fuck the hell out of my punk ass.'

Chapter 4
Busy Day for Trade
(John, Bart and the UPS man)

I didn't have any classes today so after I'd eat a light breakfast, I was going to lounge around my apartment and watch a few movies I'd recorded on my cable DVR box this week. Later I might go to my favorite Adult book store to catch the lunch time crowd and suck a few dicks. There was always some hot and horny married men needing some quick release, and a few young butch studs on their way home from the nearby college that would use my mouth as a 'cum dump'. I didn't want to disappoint my regulars by not giving them a blow job, or neglect Bill, the manager of the store of his regular blow job. I know, I sound like a cum slut cock sucking whore; well, I am. I love men's cocks and cum. Glory Hole action was like going to a sacred temple and receiving communion from the gods themselves.

I was just getting into one of the movies when I heard a knock at the door. I wasn't expecting anyone and I hadn't dressed yet, so I went to the door nude. I peeked through the door viewer but couldn't make out who it was. I slowly opened the door to discover a good looking young man about 18. I opened the door a small bit to ask what he wanted.

“Hi. I'm Andy, your landlord’s son. He asked me if I could get your permission to let the UPS delivery person to drop off a package here today. He has to appear for Jury Duty this week and he's not sure when he'll be home.”

I opened the door more to talk to him.

“Sure. I'm gonna be out around lunch time but I'll be home the rest of the afternoon, if that's okay.” I was into the conversation and had opened the door more, revealing my naked body and dong, which was starting to get a 'semi hard on' just viewing this hot looking 'stud muffin'.

“I'd ask you in but it’s kind of early and I haven't dressed yet.

Tell your dad to leave a note on the door for the UPS and have them bring the delivery up here." By this time I noticed the young man was blushing but taking a quick look at my well-developed body and larger than average cock. I rand my hands down my abs, adjusted my balls and gave him a quick smile.

"Okay, sir. Sorry to have bothered you." Then he turned to leave but took another quick look back at me as he went down the stairs.

"No problem. Come back when you can stay longer." I bravely said thinking I'd never see him again. Then I laughed to myself. What a handsome young hunk. I didn't know my landlord had such a hunky son. I'd like to take that dude to bed and work him over. He already seemed interested in my cock. Wonder if he was a virgin? Cute ass.

I went to the kitchen to get some coffee when the doorbell rang again. I hoped the young man had changed his mind....but that was too good to be true. I slipped into a pair of white gym shorts and went to see who was at the door.

When I opened the door, there stood my Soccer friend John from downstairs. He hadn't been here for a couple of weeks and I was happy to see him. He is such a nice guy and offered to help me when I was moving in last month.

"Hey John. How ya doing? Come on in."

"Hi my friend. I just got back from 'out of town' games. I was just about to do some 'work outs' at our downstairs gym and wondered if you wanted to join me. My wife's still staying with her sick mother and I'm not sure when she'll be home." Then he paused, looked down and said. "I was just wondering if you....or we could...ugh, ugh." He stopped short and looked away before I interrupted him.

"Wait. Let me guess. You haven't had sex with your ole lady for weeks, you're horny as hell, and were wondering if I'd suck your dick again." Then I laughed.

"Well...err, yeah. Something like that." Then he nervously laughed with me.

"You fucker!" he said and playfully hit me in the stomach.

"Don't sit down. Let me pull those shorts down first. Aw, don't tell me you have on a Jock Strap under there too. Cool, I love a nice sweaty jock strap. Save me one next time you play soccer with the team. I'll sleep with it under my pillow."

I slipped a DVD adult fuck movie into the unit and dropped to my knees in front of him to kiss and inhale his jock strap for a few minutes, then slowly pulled it down over his legs to the floor. His big hard-on popped out from his strap. He gently sat down on the couch as I put my mouth over the head of his oozing wet cock head to savor his sweet pre-cum juices. He let out a soft sigh. I licked his balls and jacked slightly on his throbbing cock. He was hot to cum, but I wanted to enjoy his fantastic perfectly shaped seven inch cock. I looked up at his handsome face to see his eyes were closed and an expression of contentment beamed from his face.

"Has this beauty been in any pussy, mouth or ass since the last time I sucked you?"

"No! But I've been tempted by one of the guys.. I heard from some of the mates on the team that one of our team players likes taking it up the ass, and has been asking about me. I wanted to talk to you about that later, but right now I need for you to get me off. My nuts are aching and ready to pop. Make me cum right now. You know I'm good for a couple more loads if you still want em."

I went down on his cock as far as I could and kept up the rhythm until he started to give me his first load. He was more relaxed with me this time. He put his legs upon my shoulders. I started fingering his hairy ass crack and touching his wet ass hole. That sent him off. He put his hands on the back of my head and held me on his gushing cock.

Gawd. He shot a terrific load. I could tell he needed this one. Man, did he groan and moan as he enjoyed his first blow job from me in two weeks. He was wild.

"Oh man, Dick. Getting a blow job from you is pure ecstasy. Damn that was sooooo good. I wish I could take you on the road with me so you could blow me two or three times a day. Cock sucking sex is more relaxing than doing push-ups on my ole lady… and you seem to enjoy it as much as I do. Wow!. Let me just sit here awhile, and then if you want, we can do it again. I like you playing around with my ass. Why is that? Do you think I am a candidate to get my ass

plowed by a cock?"

His question didn't surprise me because many a straight dude likes 'ass play' and many times 'hard rough deep fucking'. The 'butcher' they are sometimes, the more that like to get fucked, and fucked hard.

I kept licking his cock and balls while he continued to watch the adult movie. It didn't take long for his semi-hard dick to get even harder. I continued to suck him off again until he gave me another load of cum. He set on the couch and fell asleep. He was such a good looking hunk. No wonder one of his mates wants to be fucked by him....and that dick of his was so perfect to suck.

I went to the kitchen to clean up my morning dishes while John slept. I heard him moan and stretch. Then he stood and put on his jock strap and shorts.

"Hey, Dick. Ya ready to go to the workout room to exercise?"

I slipped on a body shirt and my gym shorts and we headed out. The gym had another dude working out. This guy was a real hunk. Not overly muscular, but well developed. His stomach rippled with hard muscles. He was about 40 to 45, nice tan, rugged face, with dark mustache and GI haircut. He had a few hairs on his chest, but not too much. He sat up from his bench and nodded to us when we came in the room. I think I'd seen this guy once before but couldn't place him right now. When he stood, he was about six foot four inches tall. A tall and muscular stud. Wow. I was impressed and excited.

John and I did a few routines then I noticed the other guy headed to the double shower in the back of the gym. I was dying to check him out in the shower. I looked over at John, he smiled and said. "Go for it!"

I waited a short time then grabbed my towel and headed for the shower.

"Mind if I join ya?"

"Naw!, just don't drop the soap. I'm horny today." He grinned and said. "My name's Bart. I'm in number 3, by the pool. Just moved in last month. I don't think I've seen ya here before." He gave me a high five, then continued to let the water run over his hard rippling abs. Then he continued.

“I understand they have a roof top garden here. Do ya know how to get to it?”

“Sure. I've only been there a couple of times. It has a picnic table, bar-b-q oven, lounge for sun bathing, and a small garden, and very private.”

“Why don't I go grab us a couple of beers and you show me where it is.” he said as he shook his head, turned off his shower and wrapped a towel around his waist. “Be right back. Don't go away.” then he left the gym to go to his apartment to get the beers.

It was not a request but a demand. Hum. I think I like this man all ready. I dried and went back to the gym where John was on the motorized walker.

“What did you say to him? He sure left in a hurry.”

“Everything’s okay. He asked me to take him to the roof garden and went to grab a couple of beers. Boy. Did you see how big and tall he was? He's a giant including his meat. I hope he's not 'rough trade' and beat me up if I make a pass at him.” Just about that time I looked up at Bart who was standing in the hall way with two beers and still wrapped in his towel. He motioned for me.....and I followed. We went to the stairwell and opened a door that went up to the roof. He followed and I noticed he locked the door behind us. We found a comfortable spot on the deck padding cushions, he handed me a beer, leaned back and gave out a sigh.

“What was your name again? I just remembered where I saw you before. I was picking up some 'pussy magazines at the Adult Book Store when you came from the back room where they show the movies. My old friend Bill, whom I've known for several years, manages the store. I was his 'Parole Officer' for about a year when I was with the city police force, but now I'm an Instructor at the 'Police Academy.”

I paused and took a deep breath. “My name's Richard, but most people call me Dick. You're a police officer?” I stuttered.

“Yeah! Does that bother you?”

“A bit. I've known a few police officers in my day and spent a

summer at a Ranger station in Colorado when I was younger."

"Bill had some nice thing to say about you and recommended you highly."

"Recommended me? How?" I questioned cautiously.

"Bill said you were a cool dude and one of the best cock suckers around."

I should have known Bill would blurb out my secret to someone., but to a police officer? I sat quietly and took a long swig on the beer.

"Bill also said I should let you suck my dick, now that I'm a bachelor again. So what do you say? You wanna suck my cock? You must understand, I'm just considered what you might say as '**Butch Trade**', if that's what you're looking for."

I assumed it was okay for me to suck his cock; at least he hasn't bashed me over the head with a beer bottle. I just sat there in a state of shock. This stud was asking me to suck his cock. He was a cock sucker's dream.

Bart stretched out on the cushion, adjusted his balls, closed his eyes, and pulled the towel from his midsection revealing his full naked body. I hesitated for about 30 seconds then got between his long powerful legs. He spread his legs even further. There was his giant, partially uncut cock and big set of hairy balls, ready for me to service. I was nervous and shaking from the excitement of pleasing this hunk. He was about 20 years older than me and old enough to be my father, and so desirable.

I eased my hands up his firm muscular thighs, up his lower body and across his abs. I rested one hand on his stomach and leaned forward to kiss his ball sacks. His cock was still semi soft but was larger than most men at full mast. I reverently caressed his love staff and licked the clear nectar from his piss slot. The foreskin hadn't fully uncovered his tulip shaped cock head. I enjoy going down on a dick when it is still soft enough to swallow the whole thing....and his was going to be hard to swallow without gagging when it was hard.

I held his cock with my right hand and slowly guided his cock into my mouth and started to swallow it down to the base into his

pubic hair. I could feel it getting harder. My mouth salivated with the wonderful flavor of his penis. I let his growing cock slip out slowly before I gagged. It was now getting firmer. I ran my tongue under his foreskin to flavor the smegma, but since he had showered earlier I could only imagine the taste of day old juices. He sighed and uttered.

"Fuckin' shit! What a feeling. Ugh huh. Bill was right. You're a devoted cock sucking slut. Dude, you're my kind of cock sucker. Keep going, but take your time. It's been a while since anyone ever appreciated my cock like that. Oh fuckin' yeah. Take your time. Mum huh."

I knew then I had him hooked. I continued worshiping and loving this desirable man's cock and body. Men love to be taken care of and loved just as much as women. That's the reason men go to other men for sex because a good cock sucking man knows how to make another well-deserved man happy in sex.

I continued to give him all my attention with my expert cock sucking methods. I had him ready to cum anytime I was ready to take him off. He had one of the biggest cocks I'd seen in a long time.

When it was hard, I could barely reach my hand around it, and when I was admiring the length of his manhood, he quietly looks down at me and proudly said, "It's eleven and three quarter's inches long."

Then he smiled, kicked back and let me continue. I gave his big 'baby making balls' a good working over, and when I parted his legs and started searching for his ass hole, he let out another sigh of contentment.

I didn't get the chance to eat and rim his hairy ass this time, but I knew he was mine to service whenever. I was really excited about this hunk and intended to keep him well drained whenever he needed my services.

After I had sucked and made love to his body, balls and precious cock for over 30 minutes, I was about to get him off. I have a special thing I do getting extra big cocks to cum. Soon I had him on the edge of shooting his load. When he started to cum he gasped and moaned so much that I thought he might pass out. He gushed out the most perfect stream of sperm I'd ever taken. I swallow and drank

down every drop until we were both exhausted. It was better than good.

I laid between his legs and rested my head on his thigh with his soft cock still in my mouth. I finally started to move away when he placed his large rough hand on the back of my head and rubbed it. It was so tender that I felt like his young son.

“Young man. You're under house arrest for assaulting and raping a poor defenseless police officer. Your punishment will be to service me at any given moment, day or night. Your mouth is mine. Do you understand?” He gave me another rub then laughed. “Do you understand?”

“Yes sir!” I responded.

“Did I say you could take your mouth off my cock? Keep it there until I say you can leave.” Then he added. “Dude that was one of the best blow jobs and orgasms I've had since one of my grade school teachers sucked me off in the boy’s gym locker room when I was fourteen, but you know what, I think this was even better. We better get back downstairs.”

“Oh yeah, I told the landlord I would accept a package for him this afternoon, being delivered by the UPS. It’s too late for me to go see Bill and thank him for his recommendation. Never had better. Bart, I know this won't be the last time we do this so I'll come by later and give you my phone number and room number so you can visit any time.....and thanks for the beer and the excellent load of nectar. You coming?”

“No I just did.” Then he laughed again, “I think I'll just get some more sun then head for the showers. See ya later, buddy. Thanks again. Oh by the way, would you like to spend some time with me at the Police Academy next month, if so let me know. I'll have to get approval from the main office. I think you might enjoy watching some of these young studs in training.”

“Oh my God yes. Please let me know ahead of time so I can adjust my school schedule. Wow! That would be so cool. Thanks for asking. I'll drop by later tonight with my phone number. See ya later, big daddy.”

I headed back down stairs to my apartment to shower and wait

for the UPS man's delivery. I was still in a daze thinking about my Policeman stud that I had just serviced.

I was just drying off when I heard footsteps on the stairs. It had to be the UPS man. I toweled off quickly and wrapped my towel around my waist to answer the door. The doorbell rang as I was heading for the door.

I opened the door quickly and there stood a hot looking UPS man with a box for my landlord and his electronic signing pad in his hands.

“I understand you'll sign for Mr. Smith for this delivery.”

“Yeah, sure. Won't you step in? As you can see I just got out of the shower and I'm not dressed. Put the box on the floor and shut the door.”

I took the pad and signed my name and looked him over at the same time. He was a good looking man about 30 and looked even hotter in his UPS shorts. I was always a sucker for a man in uniform anyway.

“Would you like a bottle of water? You look kind of hot.” and I meant that in both ways.

“I'd love some water. This is my last delivery for today. I have some time of my own before I check in. When I'm in this area I like to go to the Book Store and pick up some 'pussy books' before heading home.”

“Ya ever visit the back room and watch the movies?” I said as I was checking him to see if he was open to have some action.

“Yeah. I try to go there once a week. It's a good relief station.” Then he nervously laughed.

“You go to the back to get your dick sucked?” I asked

“Yeah. I love a good blow job now and then, but I always have to hurry and hopefully find some cock sucker to take my load. I admit I love to get sucked. I'm a bad boy, Huh?”

“Damn Man! Get your shorts down and let me suck your fuckin

cock. I suck a mean dick." I said as I reached for this crotch to feel his hard cock.

"You've gotta to be kidding me. Fuck yeah. I have some time today and would like to get some head. You're not kidding me are ya? I mean I come by this way several times a week and would love to have some regular cock sucking dude drain my nuts. You want to do it right here? Oh fuck. This is more that I could ask for." He continued to unbutton his brown UPS shorts and let them fall to the floor. His big dong flopped out like a spring pole. He didn't have on any underclothes and he was already getting hard.

He was setting on the kitchen stool by the bar and leaned back, pulled up his shirt and let me have at him.

Damn. This was too good to be true. Another tall good looking man with a big hard cock ready to be drained. His cock curved down at a nice angle. Sweet pre-cum juices were already easing from his cock. He was partially cut and just right for sucking. I was on my knees in a second. I gripped his cock and licked his warm balls. He sighed.

"This is fuckin' unbelievable. I've been dreaming about having a regular cock draining along my route, and here you are, ready and willing. Damn this is fantastic. Suck my cock, cocksucker, and drain my nuts. I am so ready to cum. Suck it man. Oh yeah. Oh yeah. My very own cock sucker. Go for it man. Drain my fucking hot cock."

My towel had fallen off when I knelt before the straight UPS butch trade. The 'cock gods' have been good to me today. I may never have to go the book store again to seek out more cock, except for Bill the manager.

I loved this man's cock as much as the other two I had today. Every cock is different and every load has a different taste. I continued to suck him and make love to his tasty cock. He moaned and soon shot me a fantastic load. I drained every drop of his cum and licked his balls. I turned him around, bent him over the bar stool, spread his ass cheeks and started rimming his warm sweaty ass. I buried my face in his ass and found his tight brown hole. I reached under and felt his hard cock. I turned him around and sucked on his cock until he gave me a second sweet load.

"I can't believe how great that was. No one ever ate my ass out

before, not even my wife.... and she doesn't suck cock either. That was different but I loved it." He paused and looked down at me as I licked his cock clean and dried his balls with my towel.

"You sure like sucking cock, don't you? Well, I guess I'll have to drop by again next week if that's okay with you. I'm in this area Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday. When can I stop by?"

"I'd love that. How about Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays?" I said as he laughed and pulled up his shorts.

"Okay. Should I call or just drop by? I am a horny s.o.b., and I need draining all the time, as you can see. I gotta check in. I'll see you next Monday about this same time? You've got a nice body there fellow. Perhaps sometime I could fuck your ass, if you're into that. Bye now. Take care of yourself."

I guess I had myself another *Butch Trade* to drain each week. Life has been good to me, especially today with three butch trades at my door step. I have to run down to Bart's apartment to give him my phone number. Perhaps he would let me suck him off again before the evenings over.

Chapter 5
Banged by Jarred and Bill at the Book Store

Today after my classes at school, I stopped by the Adult Book Store to suck a few cock before I came home. When I went to the back room film area, I found a few new faces and a few new cocks to suck. I had a strange stare from one hot guy. He looked like a leather biker dude, covered in tattoos and an awesome body.

I went in an empty booth and he quickly followed me in. He immediately undid his pants, pulled out a nice size cock, pushed me to my knees and told me to suck his cock. He didn't have to say it twice and soon I was slurping down his beautiful eight inch cock.

He let me suck him for a few minutes then told me to stand and pull down my jeans because he was gonna fuck me. I didn't have time to think about it, and soon I was bending over the bench in the booth. He spit on his hand, wet his cock, and after finding my dry ass hole, he shoved his cock deep in my ass.

It hurt like hell and before I could convince him to stop, he started rough fucking me. I wanted him to stop, and yet, I didn't. After the initial shock of his eight inch cock being shoved up my ass, I leaned against the wall and let him have his way with me; as if I could do otherwise.

He gripped my buttocks and pounded away. Each time he would pull almost all the way out of my hole, then shove it back in hard. I liked being rough fucked but this was almost unbearable. He seemed to be enjoying my fuck hole, and soon he gave out a grunt, called me a few degrading names, slapped my ass hard, gave out another moan and emptied several streams of warm man sperm deep in my ass canal.

He only stopped to catch his breath, leaned over my abused body and said.

“You'll do bitch!”

He roughly pulled his cock out of my ass followed by a stream of overflowing cum. He forced me back on my knees to suck and clean off his cock. When he thought I cleaned him well enough, he pushed me away with his booted foot. While I was sitting on the dirty cum stained floor, he pulled something from his leather jacket pocket and handed me a piece of paper with a first name and phone number.

"Call me sometime this week, asshole."

Then he put his cock back in his jeans, and walked out of the booth without even saying a thank you.

I kneeled there on the dirty cum stained floor reminiscing of the rough, yet pleasant fuck I was forced to receive. As I looked to one of the Glory holes in one wall, a big dick was dangling from one of the holes, ready to be serviced. I didn't cum while being rough-fucked and I was still horny, so instead of jacking off on the floor, I stood, gripped the hard cock and guided it to my cum filled asshole. I had never been fucked at a hole before, but I needed to get fucked again so I could cum. His cock was bigger than the eight inches of the biker, so this might take some effort.

I backed up slowly and guided the big dick to my wet hole. It slid right in as if it belonged there. I heard the guy on the other side of the wall moan out with pleasure. I fucked that big cock until it swelled even bigger and started to cum deep in my man pussy. When he started to cum, I came at the same time. I thought I would pass out 'coz it felt so good. I shot a huge load causing some of it to drip inside my jeans. The Glory Hole cock slowly pulled out of my well used hole. The man on the other side of the hole passed me his card and told me to call him.

I cleaned myself up as much as I could, and headed out of the back room. Bill, my owner friend was at the front desk. When he saw me he motioned for me to go into his office. I figured he wanted his blow job for the day. I was always willing to suck Bill off because he was such a manly hunk, and had such a great dick for sucking.

I followed him into the office and he shut the door. "Hey buddy. How ya been? You look a little beat. Did you have a rough time in the back room today? I thought I heard you moan out a few times."

"Hey Bill. Yeah. I had an unusually good day back there. Met

a real hot biker type dude that 'fucked the hell' out of me. I usually reserve my talents for cock sucking, but this guy was hot and demanding. A little rough, but I liked it."

"Oh yeah I know the guy very well. So you enjoyed the fucking he gave you huh?"

"Like I said Bill, he was rough, but a good fucker."

"How about me giving you a good fucking now that you're lubed up? I've never had the pleasure of fucking you. I'm in the mood to fuck, so drop your pants, bend over my desk and let me give you my load up your ass along with that other load. "

"Sure. Anything for you Bill. I have more than one load up there today. I let another guy fuck me through one of the holes. Never done that before but I was so hot I couldn't resist another big cock.

"I've wanted you to fuck me ever since we met, but didn't think you were into that." I said as I dropped my jeans. I got on my knees to suck on Bills cock to get him wet before he fucked me.

Bill had dropped his pants and was ready for me. He was already semi-hard but growing fast. I turned back and bent over the desk ready to receive another dick and another load of cum up my ass. I was really starting to enjoy getting fucked again. It had been several weeks since I had been fucked and now I remembered how much I enjoyed giving my body to other men. I loved the taste of cum and still preferred sucking a nice cock and drinking down the 'nectar of the gods', but getting a big load of cum up my ass from straight guys was exciting too.

Bill aimed his big cock to my hole and gently shoves it in. I was a bit sensitive from my other two fucks today, but I wanted to please Bill. He was such a nice guy.

Bill took his time fucking my ass and when he was about to cum, he hit my special spot and I came at the same time. I shot all over his desk as he shot up my love canal. He moaned and groaned more than he did when I sucked him off. I think we're going to do this more often.

He leaned over me and rubbed my head before slowly pulling

his cock from my hole. I turned to clean his cock and lick his big hairy balls. He was sensitive but let me suck him clean. He started to get hard again. I continued to suck him until he came again. Man. Bill was horny today. I like this guy.

"Damn. You're a fucking sex machine. Where were you when I was younger? I could go half a dozen times in those days. It's been quite a while since I came two times in such a short time. Thanks Dick. That was great. Oh, by the way, how did you enjoy meeting my Cop friend, Bart? I've heard he's hung like a horse. Has he fucked you yet, if not you're both in for a treat."

"I met Bart just this week. He's a hot daddy, and yes he is hung like a horse. I haven't had the privilege of being bred by him yet, but don't think I haven't thought about it. He's invited me to go with him to the Police Academy training classes next week. He said he wanted me to meet a few of the young cadets being schooled there. I don't know what he had in mind. Perhaps he wants to use me to train the men how to fuck a fag. I wish." Ha! Ha!

"So you like that biker dude that fucked you today? You got to watch out for that asshole. He runs around with a dozen other young bikers and they can get pretty rough when they want. They have a wild party about once a month in a warehouse on the north side of town. They like to take a person, man or woman, tie them up and use them for a day or so before they turn them loose. All of the men use them over and over until they've had enough. So I'd watch out for them."

"Wow. I don't know if I could handle that or not. It might be fun trying. He invited me to call him this week. How do you know so much about him and the gang?"

"I should have told you before I fucked you. He's my younger brother, Jarred. He asked me about a hot guy that can take a good fucking now and then, and also a good cock sucker. I told him about you, so when you came in today, I sent him to the back room to give you a try."

"Damn Bill, You mean you dumped your load up my ass along with your brother's? Isn't that considered incest or something like that? Ha. Ha."

"No fucker. I don't think so. But it was hot fucking you

knowing my younger brother's cum was being used for my lubrication. I'm such a pervert. Huh? I've got to be closing the store now but I want to see you again soon so we can fuck some more. And be careful of Jarred. He's a hot 'son of a bitch', but wicked. See ya later this coming week?"

I said farewell and headed on home. It was Friday night and I had the week end off. When I got home I jumped in the shower, douched 3 loads of sweet cum from my fuck hole. I was going to relax and watch some TV. I had thought of going down to see Bart, my new Cop friend, but I wanted to rest my fuck hole before I tried to get fucked by his eleven and one half inches of pure man cock.

Chapter 6
The Mechanic's next Visit With his Brother-in-law

I'd just returned home from a good day at College because I'd discovered an outstanding men's room near the Library. It had two large glory holes drilled through one inch of solid marble. It looked like they had been there for a long time, and no one had attempted to cover them up. I didn't have much time to visit today, but during my thirty minutes at one of the holes, I sucked off three hot young college students. I realized right away this was definitely gonna be on my list of places to visit. The library was about to be closing for today and, I reluctantly had to leave my new found communion holes, and headed on home.

When I arrived home, I quickly showered, ate a small snack for dinner, and was going to settle down to read a new book that arrived in the mail today. I slipped into some clean boxer shorts, set in my favorite chair, and was ready to read when I heard a soft knock at the door.

“Who the heck is coming by at this time of the evening?” I said to myself. I knew my soccer friend, John, was out of town and Big Bart was still at work, so who could it be?

I slowly opened the door to find Ralph, my 'butch trade' mechanic friend leaning against the hall-way wall. He looked as though he'd had a couple of drinks too many.

What's with my friends coming to my place inebriated? First it was John, now Ralph. I gestured for him to come in. He swaggered in; bumping against the door sash as he entered, then he headed to the nearest position and flopped down on the couch.

“How you doing Dick? Want some dick, Dick?” Then he groped his crotch and laughed.

“Sorry 'bout this. I was out drinking with my brother-in-law, and thought I'd come by to see my favorite cock-sucking friend. I need some 'head', as you might guess. My ole lady went out of town,

and I'm one horny son-of-a-bitch, and fuckin' ready to dump a big cum load in your cock sucking mouth. What do you say cock sucker, can you give me some relief?"

Ralph had stopped by my place a few times after work at the garage without calling, or even before he went home to his wife. He said I was the best cock-sucking pig he'd ever met. He was always hot to go and always shot a huge load of cum. I enjoyed the way he used my mouth to dump his load. I was thinking about letting him fuck my ass, but he was so rough I was afraid he'd injure my asshole. I'm just happy to suck his dick and have him as my 'Butch Trade' for now.

"I think you need some Coffee first. I'm surprised at you Ralph. I've never thought you'd drop by like this...and what's happened to your brother-in-law? Did you leave him at the bar?" I questioned Ralph. "Wait here and I'll get you some coffee."

While I was going to the kitchen Ralph kicked off his boots, then stood to pull off his pants and unbutton his shirt. I wasn't sure if he's sober enough to even cum. He's still a hot attraction; with that sizable cock and sweaty suckable balls.

I liked being used by him even though I considered him as 'trailer trash' material. Secretly I like the vulgar manner he verbalizes me as his cock-sucking fagot. No matter how earthy I thought Ralph was, he was still a hot man.

I set the coffee on the table for Ralph, but he was more caught up in rubbing his balls and manipulating his semi-soft cock. I was admiring his rippling abs and his well-developed chest and arms. I hadn't noticed a small tattoo on his chest before because he'd always kept his work shirt on while I blew him. I pulled back his shirt to read the tattoo which said 'Navy Seal, USA'. He looked up and grinned. "Ya want to lick it, baby?" Then he suddenly grabbed the back of my head and pulled me to his body tattoo.

I fell on the couch and found my lips pressed on his tattoo. I adjusted myself on the end of the couch to lap on his tattoo. I was conscious of his manly arm pit aroma nearby. He oriented my face to his arm pit and forced me to groom his pit. He smelled good. Very often he'd arrive un-showered from working at the garage all day. He still had that 'motor oil scent' from working at the Garage. I idolized it.

I noticed his cock was getting hard. I liked going down on him before he got too hard. I left his savoring arm pit, went down his firm rippling stomach, and guided his cock into my warm mouth. His cock taste was a combination of beer, piss and dried cum, but it was decent. Once again, all man.

As I lay on the couch, he set his left arm over my rearmost side, reached under my boxer shorts, and ran his big callused finger down my ass crack to my sensitive anus. He slid one finger deep in my hole. Thank goodness I always put some lube in my hole right after I shower. I always come prepared for a good penetration from my visitors. I learned that from my Boy Scout days. 'Always be prepared'. That also brought back good memories of my Boy Scout Boot camp nights, when my Scout Master positioned his finger in my virgin hole. But that's another story for later.

I liked Ralph exploring my ass, but I needed to get him harder than he was right now before he could try to fuck me. I moved to the floor and in between his firm legs. This was my favorite position for sucking a man. This way I had more control of his cock, balls and ass.

I caressed his big hairy balls with one hand while I gripped his hardening cock with the other. He was definitely getting harder. I went all the way down on his full manhood; right to the pubic hairs. He sighed with pleasure.

Meanwhile as I caressed his balls, and eased my middle finger to his moist asshole. I knew I had him in my control. Now I would make love to his manly cock and prepare to drain his 'baby makers'.

I would take my time with him tonight. He needed to be satisfied sexually. He was one of my favorite 'Butch Trade', and I enjoyed sucking the cum from his cock as much as he enjoyed using me as his cum dump.

“Oh yeah, fuckin’ cock-sucking pig. You know what I like. Take your time and worship your man’s cock. Lick my balls and eat my ass like you've done before. Dick. You are my main man, and cock drainer. Let me lay here and enjoy the pleasure you give me. Oh, man. There's nothing better than having a 'cock worshiper' tripping on your cock. Fuck. That's the way. Make me feel good. Shit. I love this man.”

Ralph kept talking to me as I continued to please him. I had

him almost climbing the walls a few times when I was about make him come, then I'd move to his balls or his ass just before a climax. He ultimately held me down on his cock so I couldn't move away from his climax. He appeared to enjoy my cock sucking more than any other time, and when he did cum, he groaned and shook like he was having a seizure.

I drained every last drop of his beer tasting climax. He finally relaxed and fell asleep just like he does every time he'd cum. It was his way of enjoying and relaxing his body. I cleaned his cock, balls and ass crack of all moister and let him rest. I lifted his legs and placed them on the couch and placed a pillow under his head. I took another lingering gaze at this hot body resting before me. I was tempted to jack off and cum on his lustful body, but I decided to let my 'Butch Trade' rest before I attacked him again.

I rested in a nearby chair and almost fell asleep, but was distracted by Ralph's deep breathing. I still had the desire to suck on that fantastic cock as it rested softly across his thigh. Even though I had cleaned his penis carefully, I could see a large amount of pre-cum juices seeping from the opening of his foreskin. I knelt on the floor beside my sleeping hunk, took his soft wet cock in my mouth and licked off the juices. Ralph didn't stir as I stuck my tongue in the opening and sucked out more clear white pre-cum.

I noticed he was starting to firm up. I was hoping he would get hard so I could straddle his body and slip his hard cock up my ass. Ralph had never fucked me before and this might be the opportunity to give it a try. I'd taken bigger cocks before, but Ralph's cock was still gonna be a challenge.

I guided his cock to my ass crack and to the opening of my anus. He didn't stir as I pushed down on his hard member. I could feel it slowly easing in the opening, then deeper until it suddenly slipped all the way in. I flinched with some pain, but Ralph didn't budge. I relaxed for a few moments before I lifted up and set back down. I was ready for a good fuck. Ralph was awake now and placed his strong rough hands on my hips as I eased up again, then back down.

“Oh fuck, babe, your pussy is so tight. You are full of surprises. Uh huh. Nice warm pussy. Let's fuck.”

It didn't take long for us to get into a good rhythm. I was

really getting into it. I looked down at Ralph to watch the pleasurable expression on his face. Now and then he'd open his eyes and look up at me and grin. I could feel his big cock rubbing against my 'spot' and I detected any minute I was going to cum. Ralph must have sensed it also because he started fucking me harder and faster. I groaned and shot my load all over his rippling abs just as he started to shoot his gushing sperm in my male pussy. I came so much that some of my cum landed on his face. It was an awesome climax for both of us. I leaned forward to lay on his chest and lick the cum off his face, but he pulled me towards his lips and kissed me.

"Thanks babe. That was more than awesome, just damn good sex." As I rested my body on Ralph, a soft knock, then a man's voice was heard at my door.

"Damn! I forgot about my brother-in-law setting outside in my truck. Can I let him in? He's a cool dude. I know you'll like him. He younger than me and has a bigger cock. You interested? I know he'd like to get one of your blow jobs."

I grabbed my bath robe nearby while Ralph slipped on his boxers. The knock continued again, then a man's voice.

****Paul, the Brother-in-law****

"Ralph? It's me Paul. Please come to the door. I need to talk to you."

"Yeah, Yeah. I'm coming. Hold on." Ralph continued to the door and opened it. "Come on in you fucker. I want you to meet my Bud, Dick, and Dick this is my asshole brother-in-law, Paul. Come in, come in. What you in such a huff about?"

"You let me fall asleep in your truck, and when I got up I found your note about coming up to Dick's apartment. I was going to your apartment, but you took the keys to the truck and the apartment. So here I am. Give me the keys and I'll go to the apartment."

Meanwhile, I went to the kitchen area to make some fresh coffee. I could hear the conversation between the two men until Paul lowered his voice while talking to his brother-in-law.

“Ralph. Is this the cock-sucking fag you were telling me about? What the hell are you doing?”

“I'm getting my cock sucked, you asshole, by one of the best cock suckers in town. Even better than your sister, and I might add, the tightest and best damn male pussy I ever fucked.”

“What? You’re fucking this punk as well? Well I'll be damned. You Fucking a fag? Doesn't that make you a fag too?”

“No you stupid shit. I'm just using this punk to get my rocks off now and then. He worships my cock even better than Sally. I can't even get her to jack me off anymore. He knows and appreciates a good cock when he sees one. Why don’t you give him a try and let him blow you. He even swallows your cum, your Fuckin’ cum.”

“No shit?”

The men hushed as I walked into the room with the coffee.

“Hey Dick, tell this asshole how much you love my dick. In fact, let's show him.” He pulled his white boxers down and grabbed his dick. “Come here punk and show Paul how much you like sucking my dick”

I was a little taken back at Ralph's suggestion, but I liked being his personal cock-sucking fag. Ralph stood at the end of the couch and motioned for me to suck him. I got on the floor and offered my mouth for him to use as his cum dump again. I could see his brother-in-law, Paul stare in disbelief.

“See Paul. He loves sucking my cock. Why don't you strip down and show him your big prick. He'll go 'Ga, Ga' over that eleven inch cock of yours. Go ahead Paul, strip. It won't turn you 'Gay'.” Ha. Ha.

“I might shoot another load down his fuckin’ throat and then 'fuck the hell' out of his sweet ass while he sucks your salami. Oh yeah. This cock-sucking fag can really make a man feel good. Keep sucking Dick while Paul takes his clothes off.”

I saw Paul nimbly taking off his clothes and tossing them on the other chair. He was partially hard before he removed his whites. I knew he was turned on by watching me suck Ralph's cock. I

motioned for Paul to come closer so I could feel his growing prick. He slowly moved towards us until I could reach him. I placed my hands under his soft low hanging balls and pulled him closer.

"That's it Paul. Get that 'hunk of meat' over here so he can get a sample of that king size prick. I need to go to the 'head' and take a piss. Meanwhile Dick will give you a sample of his expert cock-sucking talent. Go for it Dick, Work it, babe, work it."

I pulled Paul closer and placed my tongue to the head of his uncut cock. He was seeping sweet pre-cum juices from his piss slit. His cock started to grow harder and bigger. He had a beautiful cock, and I was going to show him how a cock-sucking, cock worshiping fag can make a man feel good.

I was going to take my time on this hunk. Not only was he a good looking and well-built stud, but he had a prick on him that any man would envy, and a gay would die to suck on. I wondered if his wife was even aware of his proud awesome, sizable dick and appreciated his manliness.

I directed Paul to sit on the couch to be more comfortable and I could position myself between his strong muscular legs so I could caress and make love to his large testicles and big prick. I ran my hand up his tight muscular abs to one of his nipples. He put his hands behind his head, leaned back and relaxed. I could hear him softly moan as he enjoyed my cock worship.

I heard Ralph flush the stool in the bathroom and quietly enter the living area again. Paul didn't take notice of Ralph because he was already in a state of Nirvana. Ralph keeled on the floor behind me, patted my buttocks and kissed one cheek. One of his hands was exploring my moist butt hole while the other hand was manipulating his dick. I realized he was serious when he said he was gonna 'fuck the hell' out of me while I sucked on Paul's dick.

Ralph parted my butt cheeks and guided his hard dick to my anus. He slowly entered until he was part way in, and then shoves it to the hilt. I moaned and slightly lurched forward causing Paul to open his eyes to see Ralph using my ass.

"Fuck man! You ARE 'punkin' this dude, aren't you? If his ass is as good as his cock-sucking mouth, I may try some of that male pussy myself. Save some of that pussy for me. Punk him, brother, punk him

and lube him with your cum so my big prick will slide in nice and easy. Oh yeah. That looks good, almost as good as his cock-sucking mouth. Now let's get into a feeling good mood."

I was getting fucked by one big prick, while sucking on another even bigger eleven inch prick. I don't know who was enjoying this better, my two 'butch trade' studs or me. I know if Ralph continued fucking me this way for very much longer, I was going to cum.

As I sucked on Paul's prick I would go from his dick to his balls and then back again. I had lots of sensuous territory to cover, and I hadn't even explored his hairy ass crack yet. I wet my finger and teased the entrance to his anus a couple time, but not so much, that he might cum too soon.

Ralph was pounding me harder and faster: a sign he was about to fill my ass with another big load of his cum. Paul was getting close to cumming as well, and I knew any minute I was going to cum because the way Ralph was banging my love chute.

I was the first to moan and shoot my load on the floor without even jacking on it. As my ass muscles tightened it gave Ralph an even better sensation, and he started to cum.

Paul got caught up in our orgasms that were taking place and he was about to cum. He placed his hands to the back of my head powering me over his cumming prick. He was gonna make sure I would drink down his huge gushers of organic liquid.

He came so much I couldn't hold it all in my mouth and some of it ran down his big prick and onto his ball. As Ralph was starting to cum he moaned and called me some of his favorite degrading fag names. I think it was the best sex I'd had since I got gang banged by my basketball coach and team mates when I was in high school.

Slowly the sexual sensation subsided. Paul relaxed as I licked and cleaned up all the overflowing sperm that I could not swallow during the orgasm. I wanted it all. Ralph laid across my back side and rubbed my back and neck. I could feel his overflowing juices slowly easing out of my love canal. I knew I had enough lube deposited in me now to take Paul's big monster in my love canal. I don't think any of us were ready for another round this minute, but I was still fantasizing about getting fucked by Paul later before they left.

Ralph was the first to pull out of our threesome. He reached for the towel nearby and made one swipe at my wet butt crack, then wipe his cum coated prick. He stood and headed back to the bathroom to clean up. I could hear the shower running as I continued to clean and worship Paul's god given penis. I felt him looking down at me as I kissed his prick again and again.

“You really are a cock worshiper, aren't you? Not that I'm complaining because I love it. You are the first person, woman or man that seems to appreciate my big prick. Most women, especially my wife, think a dick is ugly and nasty to suck on. Dick I'm telling you now, that was the first and most satisfied and perfect blow job I've ever received. I'd like to make you my 'official cock-sucking dude'. Now let me take a quick shower and we'll try out that outstanding ass of yours that Ralph recommends even over his wife's pussy.”

Ralph came back into the living area with a towel over his shoulder. His naked body still wet from the shower, enhanced his solid muscular body and his eight inch dick. I had a couple beers to offered them while I took my shower and douched out some of the overflowing cum Ralph had deposited, but saved enough cum for lubrication so Paul could fuck me later.

When I returned from my shower and cleansing, the guys were sitting on the couch naked, watching Porno sex movies. Even after our hot three way sex happening, they both had a full hard on. I had to have another taste of their dicks so I dropped to the floor and took turns sucking on both there cocks. I went from one cock to the other enjoying their manhood as they enjoy my cock-sucking and cock worship.

“Hey Dick, as much as I enjoy your awesome cock-sucking action, I've been looking forward to plowing that male pussy you promised me. How about it? I think you need to be punked by my eleven inch ass fucker. What do you say we go into your room and give it a try? I want to bury my dick in that warm cunt. I want to breed you and let my sperm swim around in that male pussy. Then let Ralph eat your pussy and suck my cum from your cunt. How's that sound to you Ralph? I know how much you like to eat pussy. You think you would like to eat some sweet male pussy and taste my cum?”

“You know... that sounds kind of kinky, but I love kinky stuff. Sure why not? I want to watch you plow that prick up this fag’s ass

first, so let's get this show on the road."

We talked for a few minutes more then I invited them into my bedroom so they could use my body again to deposit more cum in my ass. They were more than willing. I didn't realize Ralph was such a horny potent stud. He'd already cum three times this evening and now he said he'd join us again for sloppy seconds.

I was willing, so I stripped the bed down to the sheets and laid face down on the bed with a pillow under my groin section to raise my hips for better penetration of my anus. I had a DVR in the bedroom so I turned on the TV to let the men watch more movies. If it helped stimulate their testosterone and increase their sex drive watching big tits and female pussy while they fucked me, I didn't care. All I wanted to do is please them and get my male pussy fucked again.

As soon as I was ready Paul came into the bedroom and crawled in between my legs, felt me up and ran his hand over my hard buttocks and fingered my hole.

"I've never fucked a male's hard muscular ass before, but I assume it's much better than a flabby female ass. I've only fucked one other ass and that was my old girlfriend. We were only teenagers, and only did it once. I guess I almost tore her up, so she never let me fuck her again. I don't want to tear you up so, I'll start slow and if you can't handle it, you can blow me again. That was awesome. Okay. Let me give it a try so hold on buddy, I'm gonna guide my cock to your ass and we'll see what happens."

"Just 'shut the fuck up' and plow my ass. Remember you're fucking a firm hard butt. A man's butt, so plow me hard and deep. I'm ready for you stud, and I need this. Ralph stretched my hole big enough so I can take your dick. I also left some of his cum in my hole for lubrication. Now fuck me butch, and let's have a good time doing it again."

I was a bit apprehensive but Paul's eleven inch dick was an introductory challenge. I needed to prepare myself with his big dick if I was going to let Bart, the cop neighbor, fuck me this coming week. Bart was not only long but very thick around, and he was a hot man.

Damn? I've become an even bigger male whore than I ever was. What the hell? Enjoy life now while you're in good health and

can do these things. Both these men were really hot hunks, and I hoped this would become a weekly outcome.

Paul spread my legs apart, fingered my ass hole and was now placing the head of his cock to the opening of my hole. I tried not to shout out as he buried his eleven inches of manhood all the way to his pubes. I gradually took the whole thing, and it didn't hurt that bad. I could feel Ralph's moisture still inside me. Paul waited until I was accustomed to his rod, then he started to fuck me and fuck me hard as I requested.

As we became familiar with each other's likes and dislikes, we got better, and the fucking pleasure increased. We tried several positions and once he pulled his wet cock out of me, turned me over on my back and fucked me like he'd fuck his women. I wrapped my legs around his firm body and held him tightly.

He almost came a couple of times, but paused just long enough to keep from cumming. Then we'd start all over again. I lost track of time, but we must have fucked for a good hour or more.

I liked watching his handsome face and his muscular body as he fucked me. I could see the pleasure in his face. He looked into my eyes and blew a kiss to me. One time he leaned over and I thought for sure he was gonna kiss me. We were both sweating like two athletics running a hard race, only this was more pleasurable. I reached up and wiped the sweat from his brow. He nodded in appreciation.

Ralph had entered the room as we fucked. He got on the bed and closely watched his brother-in-law's big cock fuck me, his new pussy boy. It was nice of him to share me with Paul. Paul was a damn good fucker. I could feel Ralph's hands on Paul's balls and an occasional finger slipping into my hole next to Paul's dick.

I knew Paul was about to breed me and send his sperm deep in my male pussy. I was thrilled at the thought of his big cock enjoying me as much as I was enjoying him. I had already cum while being fucked earlier, but I felt I was gonna cum again. If you've never felt the pleasure of someone making you cum while they fuck you, you should try it. It's indescribable.

I started to cum! As my anus muscles tightened around his cock, Paul came along with me. I could actually feel spurts of his warm cum shoot against my insides. I thought at first he was pissing

in me, but I knew it was his strong manly sperm. He must have shot ten times before he came down from his orgasm. He leaned his sweaty body on top of me, and rested his head against mine. When the heavy breathing subsided he whispered in my ear.

"My fine-looking young man. Never have I experienced anything so exhausting yet so pleasurable at the same time. I want to lay here and relax before I pull my breeder from your male pussy. I feel like I'm a part of you now. It's a hard feeling to explain, but I feel love for you. Does that make sense to you?"

Before I could respond Ralph started licking Paul's dick as it slid out of my hole. Cum must have been flowing from me. Ralph had gotten so sexually turned on by our fucking that he was actually licking on Paul's dick to get all the cum. His tongue was lapping at my open hole and sucking Paul's cum from me. It was Kinky, all right, but exciting at the same time.

Paul rolled off me as Ralph lifted my legs and buried his face in my wet cum filled hole. You could hear him moaning and slurping away at my male pussy. He loved it, and so did I.

Paul looked over at me with a big grin on his face. As Ralph continued to eat my ass hole, Paul took Ralph's cock in hand and started jacking him off. Ralph suddenly moved into my body and quickly shoved his dick deep in my cum hole. He groaned and came almost instantly, filling me again with his cum. He laughed and said. "That was a quick fuck."

We lingered on the bed for a few minutes before returning to the living area. I gave the men a cold beer and some small sandwiches and chips I'd made for myself earlier. They turned on the porno. They wanted more sexual action.

As they drank their beer and ate the sandwiches, I would go from cock to cock teasing, sucking and playing with their balls. They were like sex hungry teenagers and I was like a kid in a candy shop. I got both of them off again in the living room. Needless to say the men were still horny again that morning. I sucked them off again and got fucked four more times before lunch.

What a night that was. I still see my two '**Butch Trade**' studs several times a month and get more dick than their wives. I heard them complaining about their wives and how they felt neglected

sexually. Then they looked at me and said. “No more! We have us a sexual release cock-sucking, male pussy boy, and we love him.”

Chapter 7
Surprise Visit from John.

I slipped in to some white cotton boxers, got a cool drink, and flopped down to watch TV. I had just set down when I heard someone lightly knocking at my door. I wasn't expecting anyone tonight but I was always ready to suck some juicy cock if I was offered. I opened the door and there was my friend, the soccer ball player, John.

My friend John was still coming around each week to chat and get his weekly blow job. We had become very close, but recently he seemed distant and disturbed. When I talked to him this past week he told me that his wife's mother had passed on and his wife, Peggy, was going to move in with her sister in Seattle after her mother's estate had been settled. She also asked John for an annulment of their marriage. It was no shock to him because he and Peggy had become distant during the time they spent away from each other in the last year. He seemed to take it well and said he would adjust. The marriage and the distance had become a burden, but now he could concentrate on his game better.

This was a surprise. He staggered in and flopped down on my couch. He muttered something and I knew right away he'd have a few drinks. This was unusual, because John never drank. Something must be wrong.

"Hi Dickey boy. You're my best fend..or friend. Ha! Ha!, I think I've had too much to drunk...I mean drink, and I'm drunk. He He. Can I stay here with you tonight? Dun't want to go home and sleep by me self....myself....Can I have some coffee? Dick. I love ya pal. You are so nice for me...to me. I'm drunk, aren't I? But I do love ya."

"Come on. Let me take you to bed so you can get some rest." I directed him to my bedroom where I sat him on the bed and started taking off his shoes.

"You want to blow me first? I love ya buddy. You suck me so nicely. Help me with my shorts. They seem to be stuck. Am I

drunk? Did I tell you I love ya?"

"Yes John. You're drunk and I love you too John. Now get up on the bed and get some sleep."

"But I want to be sucked on. Can you do that for me while I lay here? I don't think I can cum, but I love the way you blow me. Will you sleep next to me? I want to hold you."

"Yes John. I'll sleep next to you but I have to go turn off the TV and the lights in the next room. I'll be right back."

When I came back, John was passed out on top of the covers. He looked so fantastic, even in his drunken state. He had the most perfect body with firm abs. His dick was perfect and so was his soft, kissable balls. I took off my boxers and laid down next to him. He was quiet for an hour or two, then he stirred and threw his arm over my waist. I could never sleep very well if someone was touching me so I turned my back to him. He moved over closer and pulled my body next to his. He lay his head next to my neck and went back to sleep.

When I woke up a few minutes later, I felt his hard cock pressing against my ass crack. I spread my cheeks to let his cock rest between my ass. His penis head touched my balls. He moved again and kissed the back of my neck and rubbed his hand over my chest. His dick twitched against my ball sacks.

He backed away and moved his hard cock up to my anus followed by his finger. He was searching for my ass hole. Did he want to fuck me? We had never had sex this way before although he talked about fucking one of the men he played ball with, but never pursued it.

I moved back to him and guided his hard penis to my moist hole. He spit on his hand and returned it to moisten his dick. He touched my butt and guided his dick to the anus opening. He knew what he was doing. He was horny and wanted to fuck me.

My fuck hole had rested for a few hours and I think I was ready to be fucked again. I spread my ass cheek and moved back up to John's cock. It started in slowly. He pulled me closer and suddenly went in about half way. He gasps, waits, then moved all the way into my ass hole. I moved back to take the whole cock right down to the

balls. He gasps again and started kissing my neck again.

"Fuck me John. My body is ready for you to use as you please."

"Buddy. No offense, but you feel better than the best pussy I've ever fucked. Even my ex. Why didn't we do this before? If I hurt you, please let me know. I can get pretty wild when I fuck."

"Hell no, John. Fuck me hard. I'd be insulted if you didn't get manly with me. Fuck me dude. Fuck me like a man to man fuck."

John fucked me in this position until we got use to each other, then he turned me over and fucked me while I was on my stomach. He'd fuck for a few minutes until he was about to cum, then he'd slow down and start over again. Then he couldn't hold out any longer then he really started rough fucking me, slapping my butt a few times and holding me down like he was raping me. I loved it. He started to fuck faster and faster until I knew he was about to cum. He whimpered like a young boy then he came. Even though we had fucked for some time, I could feel his warm cum shooting up my fuck track. That is one reason I hate to be fucked using a condom. When I am bareback fucking I can feel the warm manly sperm shooting into my body, the way it should be.

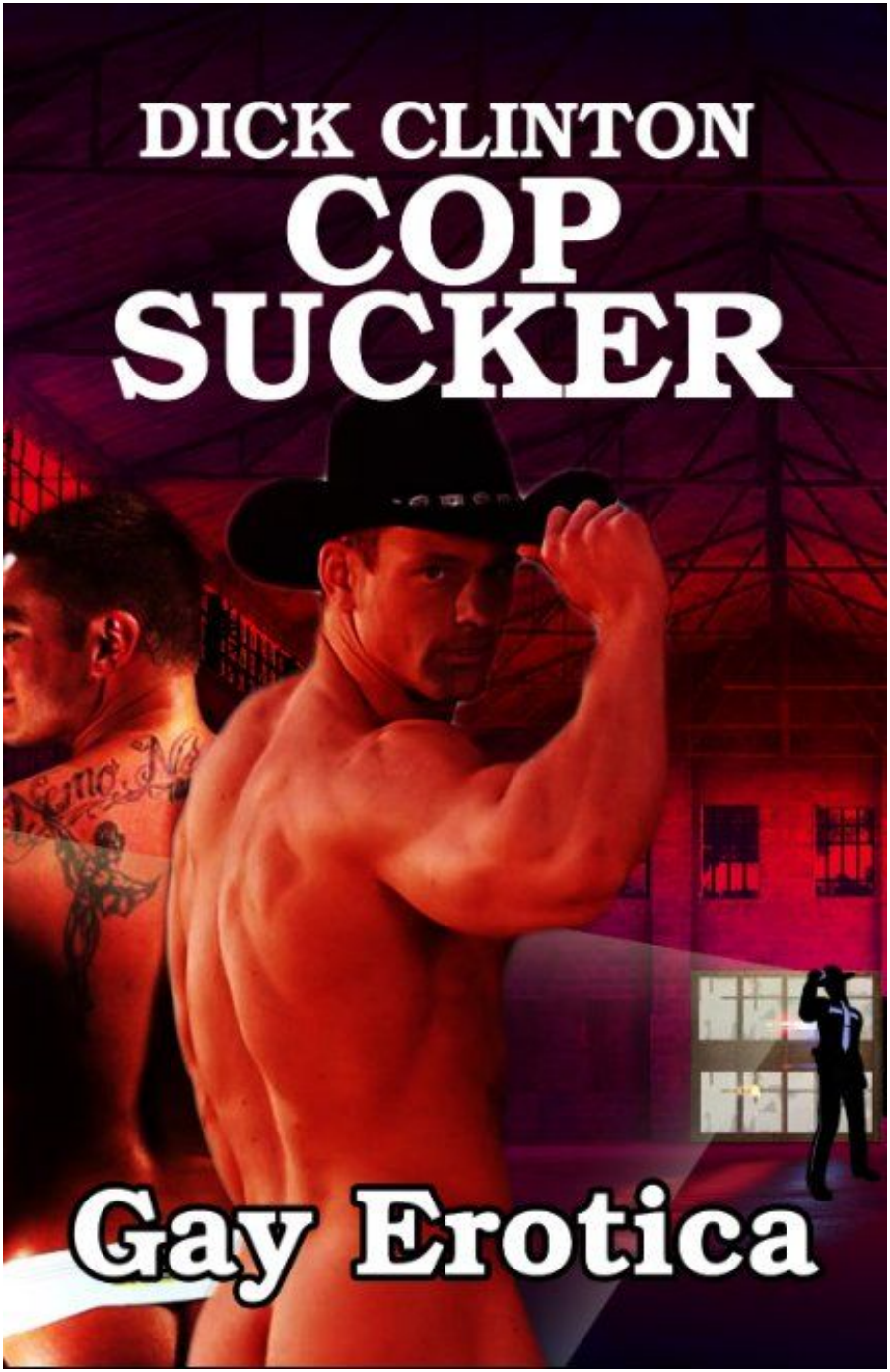
After John came in me, we lay there for a few minutes. He sat up with his semi-hard cock still in me. He rubbed my back and buttocks then slowly pulled out and collapse on the side of me and gasp.

"Damn it Dick. Why haven't you let me fuck you before? You are a great piece of ass, not that I've fucked that many asses before. In fact you are my first male ass to fuck. I was tempted by one of the mates that I play ball with, but I'm glad you were my first."

John looked over at me, smiled and pulled my face towards his and gave me a sweet loving kiss. First ever between us. "You do know I love you, don't you Dick?"

"Now let's rest up and we'll fuck again if you want. I'm gonna jump in the shower and when I come back you can blow me if you want. You're still my favorite cock sucker and I'm still your **Butch Trade.**"

End, for now…


DICK CLINTON
COP
SUCKER
Gay Erotica

Chapter 1
Forced Entry

I had always been attracted to a man in uniform. When I was a youngster, all military men had to wear their uniforms when on leave or shore duty. I always admired the firemen and policemen as well. I assumed it was the "hero" effigy we all looked up to.

When I was living in an apartment building in Oakland, there were two or more city policemen living in the same building. I would witness them tracking in or out of the building nearly every day. They seemed friendly enough, but either they were always in too much an importance to stop and chat, or just not interested in conversation with me.

One day I went to our steam room to relax after a long day at work. There were two men sitting on the redwood bleachers enjoying the sauna. When I entered, one of the men left and went to the showers, leaving me alone with the other one. He looked rather familiar, but sometimes people look different when you see them without any clothes on. I spoke to him; he nodded and said "Hi."

We rested quietly for a while until he slowly pulled his towel from his midsection, **exposing his firm naked body to its** fullest. He looked unbelievably sexy. The sweat and steam rolled down his firm abs to his crotch area. He displayed a nice tan, except where his bathing suit had covered his thighs and buttocks from the sun. He had a full head of black hair and a small amount of body hair growing from his chest to his groin. When I came into the steam room earlier and he had flashed a quick smile at me, I noticed his teeth glimmered in the semi-dark steam room. He was a handsome stud.

I was sitting to one side and had a good view of his big, low-hanging, moist cock and balls. He sat back and relaxed as the steam filled the room. He adjusted his balls and cock and then withdrew his hand.

I was admiring his tasty looking orbs and perfectly shaped penis as he rested with his back against the wall. He closed his eyes. He began to get a semi-hard on, and it continued to firmly develop until it was fully erect. He made no effort to cover himself, and once again adjusted his balls. I could not resist this beauty lurking before

me, just ready and waiting for my attention and care.

I touched his leg with one hand and paused. He made no effort to resist, so I continued up his thigh until I was caressing his balls. His cock continued to grow and throbbed at my touch. He spread his legs, giving me the definite sign that he needed more attention and gave me better access to his privates. I positioned myself between his legs, guided his hard, throbbing cock to my salivating mouth, and went down on him. He gave out a deep and surprising sigh of pleasure.

I continued sucking and licking his cock and balls until I soon had him ready to have his orgasm. He grasped the back of my neck, held me down over his gushing cock, releasing load after load of warm sperm into my willing mouth. I finished ingesting and savoring his cum until he relaxed and his penis got soft. He took his towel, stood and headed to the shower, without saying a word. I left soon after and returned to my apartment. I still was trying to recall his stern, handsome face.

The next week I was sunning by the pool when I saw two of the policemen that are living here, walk by the area as they were leaving the building. I recognized one of them as the one I had sucked off in the sauna room last week. He walked by the pool, looked over the girls, spoke and flirted with a few of them, then walked on. He saw me sitting there in the sun. He looked at me, smiled and spoke.

"Hi, buddy. How's it going today?"

I was rather surprised but pleased with the recognition. He looked impressive in his tailored policeman's uniform; and a bit cocky and sure of himself, but I liked that too.

That same evening I was coming in from dinner at a local restaurant, when he pulled up on his motorcycle in front of the apartment building. I stopped to watch him park his hog on the sidewalk parking spot. He knew I was observing him and he slowly took off his biker glasses, helmet and his leather riding gloves. He lifted one leg over the cycle and stood up. He was an awesome looking stud and he knew it. I knew my mouth must have been open and my face flush red. I was in awe at his manly appearance. He nodded directly at me and spoke.

"Which apartment are you in, buddy?"

“I…I..I'm in 208,” I stuttered.

He spoke out in a deep, demanding voice saying:

"Meet me there in ten minutes."

Then he turned his back to me and started locking up his hog. I was in a state of shock at his sudden demands and almost froze on the spot. He turned and looked back at me standing like an idiot and said, once again in a stronger tone of voice:

“I said ten minutes, fucker!” Then he went back to his bike.

I quickly opened the apartment gates and rushed up the stairs to my apartment to make sure that everything was in order. I was breathless when I arrived. I remember how beautiful he was naked and how great his cock had freely given me a wonderful load of cum. I could feel my heart beating and my face flush warm with excitement. I trembled like a young boy in heat anticipating some hot sex with this policeman.

Soon there was a knock at the door. I hesitated for a moment then I took a deep breath, composed myself and opened the door. There he stood in full uniform, leather jacket, pants, and gun…the whole nine yards. He had replaced his helmet and glasses, which made him even hotter. What a hunk, I thought to myself.

"Come in," I stuttered.

I was sweating and short of breath. He swaggered into my entrance way door. His black, highly polished boots made a tapping noise on the tile as he walked into my apartment.

"Am I under arrest?" I asked, trying to break the silence.

He didn't smile, but sternly looked into my face, reached around his hip to quickly obtain his handcuffs and said:

"If that’s the way you want it, punk."

He said firmly as he advanced to me, and forcibly shoved my body against the wall.

He immediately began giving me a body search; roughly feeling me up and down, reaching to my crotch area and groping my hard cock. He yanked my hands down from the wall, and placed the handcuffs on my wrists.

I was excited, yet nervous about this dramatic scene. I had never been in this situation before. I have always been in control but right now, I was at this hunk's mercy. He leaned his body towards me as he once again grabbed my hard cock.

"What's this, cocksucker, you got a hard on?" he asked.

I nodded to my dominant master. He roughly unbuttoned my jeans and yanked them down over my hips. They fell to my ankles. I wear no shorts, so there I stood with a hard on, my hands behind my back, and my 'bowling ball' butt at his exposure.

With one of his leather-clad hands he roughly started caressing and pulling on my balls while his other hand was manipulating my seven-and-one-half-inch cock. He removed his helmet, dropped it on the floor, embraced me and roughly planted a deep, hard kiss on my mouth. This maneuver caught me off-balance and I fell against the wall. Once again he roughly turned me around and pressed my face against the wall, leaving my bare ass at his exposure. He placed one of his fingers into my mouth, forcing me to suck it. When his finger was wet, he placed it near my asshole. I flinched. I'd never been fucked before and this made me nervous.

"Oh, you're still a virgin, cocksucker? Well perhaps we should change this. What do you think? Do you think I should shove my cock up your unworthy, virgin asshole?"

I felt uncertain as his leather-clad hands caressed my back and buttocks. He wet his finger once again and started to explore my anus. Suddenly he positioned himself behind me and spread my buttocks. He massaged my asshole and then lunged forward and stuck his hot, wet tongue into my asshole. It felt rapturous. He was sensational. His hot, moist tongue rapidly lapped my hole as I began to relax and enjoy it.

He abruptly stood again, turned me back to his face, and kissed me once more. He placed his strong hands to my shoulder and shoved me to my knees and pulled my face into his crotch. I could smell and taste his leather pants. He held my face close to him as he

un-zipped his pants. I was anticipating the next move.

He opened his leather pants and pulled out his hard cock and balls, which were surrounded by a tight fitting silver cock ring. He pulled out his balls so I could lick them as I did his cock. He guided my face to his cock and forced me to suck him. I could not do anything except use my lips and tongue because I was still handcuffed. I swirled his salty juices around in my mouth, tasting his pre-cum and the sweat from his balls. I thought I was doing a good job considering, but he backed away and pulled me up to my feet.

I was turned around again and placed with my head against the wall. He abruptly kicked my legs further apart. I'd managed to get one leg out of my jeans so I could maneuver better. He firmly grabbed my buttocks and spread them apart once more, and then ran his finger down to my wet asshole. He placed his leather-clad finger up my ass, and after a quick massage, withdrew his finger and replaced it with the head of his wet cock.

Once he found the entry, he slowly but forcibly entered my asshole. It hurt like hell when he first entered, but he continued until it gradually slid all the way in. I jumped and started to yell out, but he put his leather glove over my mouth. He stopped his movements for just a short time, for me to get used to it, then he started to move his hot cock in and out of my aching asshole. I was still hurting, but the hurt began to subside as he moved. My asshole was becoming accustomed to his entry. I tried to relax as he kept shoving in and out. I held on for dear life. At this point, I had no choice but to let him use me. I gradually began to feel more relaxed and began to enjoy it. I still had tears running down my face from the painful entry, but slowly I felt more good sensation and less pain. I became excited once again. My cock started to get hard as he manipulated my cock and used my body for his pleasure.

He placed his leather-clad hands on each of my buttocks and pulled me into his protruding, hard cock. I could feel his big balls hitting against my asshole and occasionally the hard feel of his cock ring. Between lunges, he would slap my bare buttocks, first on one cheek, then the other. The slap of the leather against me stung at first, but after a few hits I found it stimulating. He would spit on his cock to help lubricate my dry virgin hole. His breathing became heavier as he pounded at my sensitive, but willingly raped ass.

He was now using a faster rhythm as I backed into my intruder

to satisfy him. His cock was starting to swell. Then he lunged several times into my tender hole and started releasing his manly sperm deep into my ass. I was beginning to enjoy it now, but it would soon come to an end. He held his cock in me as he jacked my throbbing cock. I shot my load all over the wall and floor. Some cum splattered on his boots. I almost fell on the floor in pleasure.

He slowly released his cum-coated cock from my well-fucked anus and smeared it against my buttocks. He turned me around as I fell to the floor with crossed legs. I was eye-level with his cock. He placed his wet cock, now dripping with his sperm and my body juices, and forced it into my mouth.

"Clean off my cock, you cock sucking, asshole," he said to me.

I licked his cock and balls until they were clean, then he held onto my head and forced me to take it all the way down my throat. I could hardly breathe until he released me. I came up for air and took a deep breath. His cock was still hard and ready to go again. He began pumping his cock into my mouth again, then he gasped and started to cum again. His cumming cock slipped from my mouth and his remaining cum squirted on my face and lips. I continued to lick off the remainder of his cum and milk down his cock. He stood there for a while then stepped back a couple of feet to adjust his pants and place his cock back into his leathers. One of his boots had some cum on it from our orgasms. He looked angry with me, took my head and forced it down to his boots.

"You fucking punk. You came on my boot. Now you have to lick it off and shine that boot with your tongue. Now get to work."

I started licking his boot clean and shined it with my tongue and hair. He seemed pleased as he pulled me back up again. He reached for his handcuff key and released my sore, bound wrists. He leaned roughly into me as we fell against the wall. He planted a tongue sucking, lip-biting kiss on me and then he lapped at my face and mouth to clean and taste his own cum.

I stood pleasantly exhausted. He placed his sunglasses back on, then his helmet, and put his handcuffs back in the cuff pocket. Never once did he look away from my eyes. He looked as though he was in deep thought. Then he said to me:

"You are not through yet, punk. Get back on your knees and

take my cock back into your mouth. I have to take a piss."

I did as he commanded, wondering what was in store for me next. This was another new experience for me. I wasn't sure I was ready to do this. I placed his soft cock back into my warm mouth. He grabbed my head and held it down on him until my lips rested at the base of his cock near the cock ring.

I was well aware why he was starting to relax. He held me on his beautiful cock until I felt a warm stream of his piss entering my mouth. I gagged and immediately tried to pull away. I had never done such a thing but neither had I been fucked. He was in control of me and he knew it. I took a deep breath as his warm piss was going down my throat. I started to swallow and let it trickle down my throat. It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. In fact, I found it quite exciting being used by this Policeman hunk. He squirted one last trickle then released my head. By this time, I was slurping away at his piss slot. I looked up at his handsome face as he looked down at me in approval.

"See, punk, that wasn't so bad. I was just marking my territory. Now one more thing before I leave."

He slowly opened his belt and pulled down his leather pants. I was still holding on to his hairy balls and licking at his cock. He quickly turned around with his tight butt cheeks staring into my face. He held my head, guided it to his musky ass, and pulling his cheeks apart, and guided my face into his ass.

His body still had the musky scent of his masculine body, mixed with the scent of leather. I was turned on to him once again. There is something about a man's body that gets your hormones stirring. I eagerly spread his buttocks, and licked my tongue up and down his hairy butt crack. He bent over to give me better access to his body.

I wanted to tongue fuck his tender, tasty ass and please him. He sighed slightly and then started to masturbate while I licked at his brown, puckering anus. It was tight and had the scent of manly sweat and leather. I shoved my face into his butt and tongue fucked him deep and fast. I wanted him to feel as good as he had made me feel earlier, when his tongue was in my virgin ass. He smelled so hot and tasted so good. I took a deep whiff and plunged my fast moving tongue back in his warm, musky crack.

I started to jack off. My cock had once again come to full length. He was about to cum again and turned quickly around and shot his third load of cum. I opened my mouth to receive the squirting sperm now spattering my face.

This stud cop sure could cum a lot. It was great. He paused then milked the last drops of cum from his cock and wiped it on my lips. He took a deep sigh as he quietly put his cock back into his leather pants then buckled his belt and look down at me.

I sat on the floor in my own cum and his cum dripping from my face. I was pleasantly exhausted. I looked up at him as he dressed. He turned towards the door to leave then he turned once again to me and said:

"I will return here again next week, same day, same time. Get your asshole cleaned up and be ready for another fuck, you cocksucker."

Then he left the apartment.

Chapter 2
Willingly Forced

That night I slept very well, but when I woke the next morning, my thoughts were of my Policeman master. I had always been the dominant person in my sexual encounters, but now he had taken control over me. I had made a sudden change in my sexual attitude. When you are fond of another person, you do things you never thought of doing before.

I could still smell the man sex and leather in the apartment from the night before. I hadn't bothered to cleaned up the cum that was on the tile floor or the stain marks on the wall. We hadn't even made it to the bedroom for our sexual encounter. We just did it, right there in the entrance way of my apartment. I'd never had such sizzling and demanding sex with anyone before. He was a hot stud policeman, and I was looking forward to a repeat of another session.

I went through the week in a spinning stupor of my encounter with…?? Wow, I didn't even know his name. I was determined to locate his name on the mailbox downstairs. I carefully looked over the names and found what I assumed, was his name: Bart Adams. He had a roommate, Larry Stewart.

I hadn't seen or heard their motorcycles this whole week. I was anxious to see if he would show up again at my door tomorrow night for another wild and hot man-to-man encounter as he promised.

The week went slow, but I went about my regular routine as usual. Finally it was Friday night and I had worked later than usual. I stopped at a favorite place to eat then headed home. My street was well lighted and in a nice part of town so I didn't worry about getting robbed or molested on the way home.

I was still two blocks from my apartment when I heard the sound of motorcycles. I didn't bother to glance around until two motorcycle police bikes pulled up to the curb about twenty feet in front of me. They stopped and turned off their motors. I continued walking until I realized it was the cop, Bart from the apartment and

possibly his roommate Larry. Bart got off of his motorcycle and motioned for me to come to him.

"Hey, cocksucker! Get the fuck over here! "He said in his rough, deep, demanding voice as he headed down the alley between some empty warehouses.

I was wondering what he was up to now. I hesitated a minute then followed. I was appreciative of his manly configuration dressed in his 'spit and polished' cop uniform. God, he was a hot looking dude! He was so trim and handsome in his brown and black police uniform, his helmet, leather gloves and riding boots. He walked towards the edge of the nearby building next to a dimly lit alley. He didn't say another word to me, but motioned for me to follow him down the alley.

Halfway down the alley was a doorway to one of the vacated buildings. Above the door was a dimly-lit, uncovered light bulb, and nearby were two large trash dumpsters. I followed obediently as he stopped close to the doorway next to one of the dumpsters.

"Get the fuck over here, punk ass. I need to take a piss and you are going to hold it for me while I piss." He said as he undid his belt and gun holster.

I was wondering what his partner thought when he headed down this alley with me. Perhaps he had already discussed his session with me at the apartment. I assumed it was an accepted fact that I was now his cocksucker. I was ecstatic at the appearance of Bart standing in the muted light, waiting for me to release his cock from his uniform. I assumed my position next to him and unzipped his pants. I could already feel his hard bulge anxious to be released from the prison of his uniform. I clumsily dropped to my knees to get better access to his cock.

"What the fuck? You want to drink my piss, cocksucker? Can't you even wait until I take my piss before you wrap your cock sucking mouth around it? You sure are a hungry son of a bitch, anxious for my prick again, aren't you asshole?" He said, trying to humiliate me as I waited patiently for his next instructions.

He pushed me away as he opened his pants and pulled them down past his thighs. He wore a jock strap to protect his balls and cock when he rode the bike. There he stood once again before me,

ready for me to respect his manly cock. I looked up at his face for his permission to proceed.

"Okay, fagot, *now* you can kiss and inhale my musky jockstrap before you release my dick. I have to take that piss before you suck the cum from my dick…*if I let you.* Now take out my dick and hold it while I take my piss," he instructed.

I squatted on my knees in the dirty alley, eager to serve my master. I took a deep whiff of his musky jock strap. He had been riding for several hours now, and the manly musk of body sweat made his jock strap and his body, reek with his warm, sensuous scent. I buried my nose between his jock halter and his legs, quickly licking the moisture from them. He pushed my head into his crotch and sighed softly.

I released his cock from the jockstrap before his dick hardened; otherwise, he would have a problem urinating. I lifted one side slowly to release his hairy ball sacs, and then gently and lovingly released his hardening cock from its prison. It sprung out, nudging me on the face. I wanted to make love to his cock right then but instead, I directed his cock shaft toward the wall as he gradually released his urine. The muscles in his penis expanded as he released the urine from his long and beautiful dick. It was slow to surge at first, but then his body released a firm, steady stream of golden piss, splashing against the brick wall of the warehouse.

The streetlight behind us directed a soft glow on his cock while I watched his piss streaming from the opening of his dick slot. It sparkled in the soft light like golden jewels on a bracelet. He placed his hands to his hips and threw back his head to relax as he released his urine, trusting his cock worshiper to lovingly guide his manhood. Some of the warm piss splashed from the wall and onto me as I knelt before my master.

As the last stream of piss come down his shaft, I felt his balls tighten. He squirted one more spurt then stopped. I started to milk it down and shake off the last few drops but he had other plans. Before he completely stopped pissing, he shoved my head over his dripping cock. I eagerly slurped away at his uncut cock head, tasting the remaining drops and milking it down, appreciating his body liquids.

"Good man! Good man! Now do your master the pleasure of sucking the cum from his cock," Bart said to me as he spread his legs

and leaned forward on the door in front of us. Just then, the door slightly opened. Bart caught his balance then he said to me,

"Stop. This door is open. Let's go inside."

He gave it a slight nudge and it opened into a small hallway. A narrow stairwell led to the floors above the warehouse. He held onto his pants and walked inside, panning his flashlight around in the darkened hall. When he decided it was safe for our continuing encounter, he said to me,

"Come in here where we can have a bit more privacy."

I got up from the alley floor and followed him in. He seemed to think everything was okay so he instructed me to take off all my clothes and throw them on the stairway. I quickly did as he said. I was anxious to suck his cock once again. Meanwhile Bart placed his flashlight on the edge of the stairs, giving us indirect light.

"Sit on the stairs and face me. You can continue sucking on my cock, punk. Lick my balls. They need a little loving too, cocksucker. Oh yeah, that is good. Yeah…" Bart said as I licked on his low-hanging, hairy balls.

I cupped his balls in my hand as I took another deep whiff of his warm body. I licked back up his cock to his piss slot so I could unfurl his cock head from his lacy uncircumcised cock. My tongue was searching and lapping away at his precum juices. My master's cock mesmerized me. It was so beautiful and tasty. I knew that if we continued at this pace he would be letting me drink his love juices very soon. I would build him up to a climax then slow down to let him relax again. He pushed me away quickly just before he was about to cum and said:

"Turn your fucking ass around and let me take a good look at your man pussy. I want to ram my cock up your ass and cum in that tight ass hole of yours. You know, you are such a lucky bitch, getting my cock load in that undeserving fuck hole, now turn around and let's get started, punk. I know how much you want it."

I did as he said, but was hoping he would be gentle with me. He had been the only one to ever fuck me. I did have a week to recover since our first fuck. I wanted to be prepared for his entry but I did as he said.

I positioned myself on the stairs with my butt facing him. My knees rested on one of the steps as I lay my hand on another stair. Bart placed his hand on my butt cheek and rubbed my ass as if he was inspecting my hole. He rubbed his finger up and down my ass crack a few times and close to my ass hole. He then took a whiff of his finger and said to me as I waited for his entry,

"You expect me to fuck this funky hole? Smell this finger! That's the funk and sweat from your ass." Bart proceeded to shove his finger up to my nose and made me smell my own ass crack.

"Well Punk, can you smell that? What should we do here, punk? You expect me to stick my man cock up that funky hole? I'm waiting." Bart said as I was forced to smell his finger again and then forced one finger into my mouth for me to taste.

"No sir. I don't expect you to fuck my funky ass hole with your man cock. What do you want me to do, Sir?" I said as I wondered what he had planned next.

I did want his cock and I knew I hadn't showered since this morning. I had a long hard day and my ass was sweaty and funky as he said.

"Well, we'd better clean it up first. Isn't that right, pussy ass? You need your ass cleaned before my cock can enter." Bart said.

Bart quickly dropped to his knees behind me and buried his face right into my bare funky sweaty ass. His tongue immediately found my sphincter and tongue fucked me with lightning speed. I gasped, not only with pleasure, but also of the sudden and unexpected moves Bart had made on my ass. I gasped several times as my ass hole was being reamed to unbelievable delight. My master was cleaning and making love to my funky ass with his tongue. He was breathing hot and heavy as he licked and cleaned my ass crack and my ass hole. He took another deep breath then plunged in once again with another fast, tongue fucking action.

"Now that is better. Your ass hole is clean enough for my cock. Push your ass back onto my cock. You deserve a rough fucking because of that, you fucking punk ass hole," Bart said to me.

He stood up again with his cock in his hand and aimed his

cock to my ass hole. It was nice and moist from his tongue fucking. The big head of his cock immediately slid into the entrance. I flinched. He paused then moved into my ass again, this time shoving it all the way in. I jumped as it hit my prostate and I immediately shot my load on the stairs.

It was a fantastic feeling cumming without even touching it. He paused again for a short time while I had my orgasm then he proceeded to fuck me long and hard. He was so excited as he pumped away at my willing ass hole. I had never had such wild sex with anyone as I had with him. He would grab my ass and pump his shaft into me hard, while talking dirty to me. Yet, I could sense a kind and loving man behind his body movements and his words.

"Yeah, punk, you have a good tight man pussy. You like that man cock up your ass, don't you, cocksucker? You like my 'cop cock' up you tight hole. I make you cum, don't I? I give you pleasure. That is a nice ass hole for my cock. Yeah. Take that man cock up your fucking ass. Shit, that is good."

Bart kept talking to me as he was enjoying my body and the tight crevices of my ass hole.

I was enjoying getting fucked so much that I had forgotten about his partner waiting patiently for Bart as he was pleasuring himself in my ass hole. I heard the sound of the door open slowly as his partner spoke to Bart.

"Man, haven't you dumped your load yet? That must be a good piece of ass you have there, Bart," the other cop spoke to him as he flashed his light first into my face then at my ass to see Bart's big cock shoving into my hole.

"You don't know how right you are, Larry. This is the best man pussy I have had in a long time. Look at that beautiful ass. That punk can take my cock without even complaining. Better than that 'old lady' of yours. You've got to try some of this, man. Let me shoot my load then you can move right in. This cocksucker is totally mine. He will do anything I ask and what….and what a tight fuck. Oh, yeah. Shitttt, man. I'm going to cum. Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Take that cock, take that cock, you fucking cock sucking punk. Oh Yeah. I'm commmmmming…awwwww, awwwww, awwwww…aww. Fuck, fuck. Man, that is good stuff."

Bart moaned as he pumped his hot load into my ass while Larry watched. It must have triggered Bart off as his buddy watched his body spasm through a pleasurable orgasm. Larry proceeded to pull out his hard cock and started to jack off. Never once did he take the flashlight off Bart's cumming cock or my ass. He placed his hand down to the entrance of my hole where his buddy's cock was still emptying loads of cum. He brought his fingers up to his mouth to taste the ass juices oozing from my ass. He took the remainder of liquids and moistened his own hard cock while continuing to jack off.

I held onto the stairs, bracing myself as Bart wildly bounced against my body, shoving his hard cock into me. His strong hands gripped my hips as he pulled violently on my body, impaling his manhood into me. I could feel his big hairy balls bouncing against my butt cheek and his pulsating cum emptying into my love canal. The sounds of moaning continued until Bart finally paused to enjoy one more feel of ecstasy of his orgasm.

This dude was a wild fucker. That was so good I almost came again. I relaxed on the stairs while Bart took another deep sigh and slowly pulled his cock out of my ass. I could feel his moist, warm sperm and ass juices dripping out of my ass and onto my balls. He leaned over and kissed one of my ass cheeks then gave me a love slap on the other one. He turned to his cop partner Larry, and said:

"Here, buddy. Fuck some good tight ass and use it well."

Then Bart raised his voice as he spoke instructions to me.

"Now listen, asshole. This is my best buddy so give him a good time. Whatever he wants to do with your cock sucking mouth or your cum-filled ass, you let him do it. If he wants you to suck his cock, you do it. If he wants to fuck your ass, it is his, and if he wants you to drink his piss, you oblige him. If his funky ass hole needs licking, you lick it. I'm just loaning you out so don't let me hear you haven't pleased him. If I hear anything negative, I may not fuck your funky ass for another week. Do you understand, punk? "

Bart said all of this as he shook his fist at me.

"Yes sir. I understand and I will be happy to pleasure your buddy, and thank you sir for your confidence in me. I am yours to command." I said as I lowered my head in respect.

I was really getting into this dominance and obedience thing with Bart. He just had that certain command that I liked. Besides, I was proud to be used by him. He was so hot.

Chapter 3
Sharing with your partner.

I looked around and saw the other cop, Larry about to use my body and my ass. I had seen him several times with Bart at the apartment. He was a tad taller than Bart. Had a thin, chiseled face and tight, narrow lips. He had light blond hair, deep blue eyes, and nice white teeth. He smiled more than Bart. He was handsome and looked sexy in his police uniform as well. He reminded me of one of those handsome, dominating Nazi officers I had seen in the movies.

One time at the pool I saw a big 'hard on' bulging under his swimming suit while he was checking out one of the women sunbathing nearby. I watched him for some time, thinking how nice it would be to suck his cock. I never thought I would be in this vacant warehouse, on these stairs, getting ready to take his cock up my ass. Life is full of excellent surprises. I was looking forward to this. I was usually a cocksucker, but since I had been fucked by Bart, I began to realize how good it was if it was done by the right person.

I had positioned myself on one of the steps and was now facing this blond hunk cop. He still had his cock out of his pants as I reached to release his belt and unbutton them so I could have full access to his manhood. His cock was sticking directly out. I realized his cock was about ten and one half inches long, but not as thick as Bart's eight and one half inches. He was not fully circumcised, but had a bit of lose skin surrounding his cock, perfectly shaped with a large tulip-formed head and a large, deep piss slot. He had heavy veins protruding up and down each side of his cock tube. His scrotum were like two matching golf balls covered with a light blond fuzz of hair.

I managed to ease his pants over his hips and placed my face close to his balls as he spread his legs. His big, hard cock rested on my forehead as I licked away at his balls. My one hand encircled his huge cock shaft as I licked my way up to his piss slot to taste his pre-cum oozing from his cock head. It was like sweet pearls of clear honey. I placed my mouth around his cock head and slurped down his long cock between my lips.

I positioned myself so I could go down on him as far as I could. The first time it didn't go all the way down my throat but on the second and third time, I managed to just about take the whole thing. I had learned to relax my throat so this time it slid in with ease. I surprised myself at how much cock I was taking without gagging. Larry was gasping and sighing as I pleasured his big cock. He spoke in soft loving words to me as I made love to him.

"Oh baby. That's the way I like it. Treat it right and it will give you a nice load. Oh. Oh. Awwww, baby. You know how to take care of a cock. Yeah… Do that again. All the way, oh yeah. Mummmm..I don't want to cum yet so take your time. Awww yes…" Larry kept sighing and talking to me as we continued.

As I sucked on Larry's big cock, I placed my hand under his balls and let my hand search and cress his firm butt. I would guide my finger up and down his ass crack and to the edge of his ass hole. I pulled my hand back to my nose to inhale his body musk. I guided my finger close to his ass hole and touched his sphincter, then back to my nose to sniff his scents again. Larry knew what I needed. He pulled his cock from my mouth and turned around with his ass to my face.

"So you want to lick my ass, cocksucker? Well, let's see just how good you are at it. Put that tongue in that hole and make it feel good," Larry said as he braced his hands against the nearby wall and bowed over.

My face was now directly facing his butt cheeks. Larry spread his buttocks and offered me full access to his smooth fuzzy ass. It was beautiful to look at. Before me was a hot masculine blond god cop, presenting to me, his ass licking punk, the most intimate part of his body. Waiting for me to serve him and pleasure him and explore where probably no tongue had ever been before. I felt I was on a voyage to the unknown, undisturbed, and untarnished area.

The light from the flashlight caused the fuzzy hair on his butt to shimmer with a soft blond glow. I was going to slowly enjoy his firm sweet ass as I parted his cheeks even wider, licking my tongue up and down his ass crack. He smelled so great that my cock immediately started to throb with excitement.

The jockstrap framed his firm buttock as I tongued his butt until I found his pink butt hole. I pulled his butt apart once more to admire the tight manly hole of love. I tasted it slowly then started to

run my tongue around and around the main entry until I buried my face deep into his ass. Larry let out a sigh as I started to quickly tongue fuck his hole. At one point I had the tip of my tongue into his sphincter until I thought he was going to cum with excitement. It was so warm and delicious to the taste.

I don't think Larry could resist my tongue much longer. He was probably romanticizing about Bart fucking the hell out of his ass. He turned around once again as I reluctantly pulled my tongue out of his sweet tasting ass hole. He faced me once again with his hard cock. Pre-cum was dripping from his piss hole. This stud was primed for fucking. He was about to fuck me and I was ready.

"Suck on my cock some more and get it nice and wet. I heard you had a good 'fuck hole' and I want to try it out. I have never fucked a dude before. Bart says a man is the best fuck so we'll find out. If fucking your ass is half as good as your cock sucking, then it should be fine. Now get you cock sucking mouth around my shaft and suck it. When it is nice and juicy, I want you to bend over and take my cock," Larry said to me.

I did as my master's buddy wanted. I loved pleasing this hunk as I did Bart. I gladly started to suck and make love to his cock once again. I wanted to taste his load but he wanted to fuck me and I was here to please him. After all, a virgin cock had never fucked me. I just hoped he didn't get too excited and cum too quickly. I proceeded until I thought it was nice and wet. I positioned myself on the stairs again with my ass ready for his penetration and pleasure.

Larry started to place the head of his cock to my ass as he adjusted his balls, ready for a new experience. He placed both hands on my buttocks as I reached around to guide his cock head into my butt hole. He was hot to fuck but was moving into me slowly but determined. Larry's cock was not as thick as Bart's but it was about ten and one half inches long. I had to prepare for this one. I told myself to relax.

"I can do this. I wanted this hunk's cock because my master, Bart, had willingly given my ass and my body to be used by his partner cop. I felt honored."

Larry slowly moved into my ass hole and held me tightly as his cock slid into my rectum. I felt his cock rub against my prostate, as I tried not to cum yet. Larry paused after he got all of his cock into

me. I could feel his balls touching my balls. He paused then he sighed and shook with excitement. I feared he was going to cum too soon. A low laughter was heard as he trembled once again. He was ecstatic with this new feeling of sexual pleasure.

"Oh, man. Bart was right. This is a nice warm piece of ass you have there, dude. I am going to enjoy this fucking. Bart sure left a big load in your sweet hole. Yeah, that is nice. I like mingling my cum with my buddy. We fuck chicks together sometimes but he usually gets the seconds. I can see why he likes to go second. Oh, yeah. That cum feels so warm and smooth in your ass." Larry kept talking to me as he fucked me.

His long cock felt good in my ass. I liked the way he held on to me as he moved around in circles; first one direction, then another. I knew he was watching his cock go into my hole. It felt so nice. He wasn't as rough as Bart but I liked a man that enjoyed using me. It was nice to have a buddy that you could share sexual pleasure with. Sex is such a great and beautiful thing.

Larry continued his stride while fucking me, first moving one way, and then the other. He was touching every crevice of my fuck lining. I had learned how to tighten my insides, giving even more pleasure to Larry and myself as well. Each time he rubbed my prostate I felt like I was going to cum. It was like a sexual message and it was great. I was starting to enjoy having my ass fucked and wanted more. Larry was a good fucker yet he had a different method than Bart. I was becoming a real male ass hole slut. Why had I waited so long to enjoy being fucked by a man? I had Bart to thank for that.

I heard Bart talking to someone outside the door. A police squad car had stopped to check out why the motorcycles were sitting by the curb. Their cruiser lights were blinking red and yellow, making our fuck area look like a disco. It didn't seem to trouble Larry because he kept right on using my ass and talking to me in a low, sexual voice. Larry was working up to a sexual frenzy and started to pump away at my ass. I could feel his big balls hit against my ass just before he moaned out a pleasurable sound and pumped his cum into my hole.

"Oh baby, I'm cumming. Oh yeah, Oh yeah. Oh Yeah. Oh baby. That is nice pussy ass. Nice. Very nice. Oh yeah," Larry repeated as he dumped his final load into my ass.

I could not hold out either. His cock swelled and hit my prostate one more time. I had to cum as he shoved his cock into my well-filled ass. I moaned and shot my load onto the stair step. I moaned again as he pumped his final shot into me.

He gasps and sighed and then collapsed over me with his cock still buried in my ass. He relaxed then gently kissed the back of neck and nibble on one ear as he eased his dick out of my ass. He stood and just as his cock was oozing out of my ass, the door slowly opened and there stood Bart and another city policeman.

"Hey Larry, what the fuck are you two doing? I heard you had a good piece of ass in here and was fucking some punk's ass. Is there enough to go around? Wow, Larry! You just fucked that ass with that dick? Man… he must be some good fuck if he can take your pole," the patrolman said to Larry as he stood with his semi-hard cock still projecting from his pants.

"Turn around here and show this patrolman how good a cocksucker you are. Besides you need to clean that ass juice from my cock. I need a good cleaning so get your mouth on it and lick," Larry instructed me.

I'd noticed his attitude had changed towards me now that he had released his sexual tension. That happens sometimes when men realize they enjoyed sex with another male but don't want to admit it. Larry had to show his masculine, dominant self again now that his buddies were present. It is an unwritten rule that no man should show tenderness to another man. Now I was nothing but his cock sucking, ass licking, punk, butt fucker again. But you know what, I didn't care. I was having a ball but I was not going to let them know it. I was really in charge, but I wasn't going to let them know that either.

I repositioned myself on one of the lower stair steps and cupped my hands around Larry's balls and over his semi-soft cock. I licked the remaining cum and ass juices from his big long cock. I was hoping for this because I wanted to suck on it anyway and I didn't mind if I had 2 more cops watching me. I was now their punk boy, their cocksucker, and their slave. This was just another way to humiliate me. Much to my surprise I was enjoying it to the fullest.

I started to lick and clean Larry's cock gently. His cock was sensitive after he fucked me. I could taste the love juices around his

cock shaft. I continued down the cock to his balls where I found a nice load of his cum still remaining at the base of his cock. I sucked it into my mouth to taste in and swirled it around in my mouth before swallowing.

I took a deep whiff of his scrotum and another of his jockstrap. They had that manly body musk scent that I loved. It was such another turn on. I was hooked on the man smells and wanted even more of Larry. Unfortunately we did not have time to get more intimate right now and I was hoping for another session at another time with Larry.

Larry seemed pleased with my tongue bath and pulled away from me to put his cock and balls back in his uniform. Meanwhile the Patrolman was rubbing his cock through his dark blue uniform. Larry spoke up and said:

"Come on over here and get a quick blow job from this cocksucker. He has a very talented mouth." Larry looked over to his partner for final approval. I was Bart's possession and Larry seemed to know it.

"Hey, I need a blow job but my partner is still in the car waiting for me to return. Let me explain to him what is happening then we will both return for a suck job by this cocksucker. Wow, this sounds great. I haven't had my cock sucked by a fagot since I was a teenager." Then he quickly hurried back to his patrol car.

I took a deep breath and adjusted the clothes on the stairwell. I had cum 2 times on them and there were pretty well soaked. Larry had gotten himself adjusted and walked over to me and cupped his hand under my chin lifting my head towards his eyes.

"Thanks buddy. Bart has a well-trained cocksucker here. You do as he says and you will be well treated. See ya later, buddy," Larry said as he walked towards the door where Bart stood watching our farewell.

Bart and Larry stood outside in the alley talking while they waited for the 2 patrolmen to return. The flashlight still remained on the stairs but now the streetlight was pouring into the adjoining warehouse. It gave just enough light to maneuver around the small hall where our activity was taking place. Bart came back to get his flashlight just as one of the patrolmen returned.

"Listen to me again, cocksucker. Make me proud. Give these dudes one of your good suck jobs then you can go home. We have to call off duty and head back to the apartment. You know the way so see you later." Bart said to me in a rather direct by kinder tone than he normally spoke to me.

"Yes Sir. I will make you proud of me," I said

In walked two cops between twenty-eight to forty-five years of age. The older of the two seemed more aggressive and perhaps horny as he proceeded to unzip his blue uniform pants and immediately search for his soft cock. He pulled his cock and balls from his pants then grabbed for my head. I was surprised at his sudden move but found his cock already touching my lips.

"Okay, cocksucker. Let's see if you are as good as Bart says you are. Chew on that meat and make me cum." He said as I cupped his low hanging balls in one hand and directed my mouth to his soft uncut cock. I started to place his whole cock into my mouth as he released my head knowing I was going to service him. I placed my tongue to his lacy opening and tasted some of his headcheese remaining around the insides of his foreskin. He must have been having thoughts of sex all day and his pre-cum had accumulated within his foreskin. I didn't mind the manly dried cum mingled with the salty sweat of his body.

As I tasted him and licked around and underneath his cock, he started to get hard. His cock grew from a small six inches to a large eight inches of manhood. He sighed and moaned as I licked and manipulated his skin back and forth over his cock. I knew this man needed a good blow job. I could see his wedding ring on his hand as he placed it on my face feeling his cock going into my warm mouth. I continued to cup his low hanging scrotum and rub my finger close to his butt.

"Oh man. I'm going to shoot my jazz into your fucking mouth. Oh yeah. Drink my hot load baby, drink it. Oh yeah, yeah. Oh yeah. Awwwwww. Shit. Awwww. "He continued on until he dumped his thick cum into my mouth. He probably hadn't cum for a while because he shot six or seven loads into me.

He gasps and gasps then shook with a quick tremble and another sigh. He didn't say another word but as soon as I milked

down the last of his cum and dried off his hairy balls, he pulled away from me and put away his tool.

"Fuckin yeah, that was good." Then he headed towards the door where his partner stood patiently outside the door of the warehouse.

"Joe, get you big cock in there and fuck some good cock-sucking mouth. He really knows how to blow. We gotta keep track of this one," the officer said as he motioned for his partner to come use my mouth.

Joe walked in right away an already had his cock out before he stood before me. He didn't say anything as I reached for his hard cock. It was a beauty with a big red tulip cock head. This cock was bout nine inches long and very large around. I knew I would have a problem sticking this one in my mouth without choking. I slowly held it in one hand and touched my tongue to the piss head to taste his already oozing pre-cum. It was sweetest cum I had tasted in quite a while. I started licking and sucking on this beauty but could tell he was a bit nervous and shy with his buddy outside the door.

I gave him the best head I could and then I could feel his balls tighten up and he gave out a grunt and started shooting his load all over my lips, face, and cheeks. I was surprised at his sudden release but was happy I pleased him so well and so fast. I continue to milk down his delicious cum and gently pull away while he wipes his cock on my face and put his cock away. He bends over closer to me and said his first words to me:

"You fucking cocksucker fagot. I know where you live and I will be using your fucking mouth again real soon. Keep your ass clean for me because when I come over I'm going to fuck the shit out of you." Then he walked away.

I was shocked at his sudden burst of masculine dominance. Wow. He was a hung hunk and I was looking forward to that stud taking possession of me. Perhaps Bart had some competition and I liked it.

I started to gather up my wrinkled and cum soaked clothes on the stairs. I didn't realize how weak and tired I was but I managed to dress and head out the door. The alley was now vacant and the motorcycles and the cop car were gone. I was now alone to find my

way back to my apartment only blocks away. I reminisced on my past evening of my exciting and satisfying evening with my two special hunks, Bart and Larry and now I were thinking of Joe and his long and especially thick cock.

I was really hooked on these hot young cops that used me, and my body, to pleasure themselves. I had to admit I liked being a cock sucking, ass licking, man pussy, and punk male slut.

I walked slowly up the dark street to my apartment. My ass was a bit sore, not so much from the special fucking I had received, but the setting on the hard wooden stairs. I finally arrived home and went up the stairs to my apartment. When I got inside I quickly kicked off my shoes and headed to my bedroom where I laid down fully clothed and fell asleep. It had been a great night.

The weekend was routine as I relaxed by the pool with a good book. I kept my eyes open for Bart and Larry but didn't see either one around but I did see a new man chatting with some pretty girls at the other end of the pool. I took another look at this dude. He was about 6 feet 2 inches tall, had dark wavy hair, a thick mustache, and his body was covered with thick furry sexy black hair. Even his shoulders and part of his back were covered with hair. He was really hot. He wore a black bathing suit with a small emblem on one leg. I squinted as I read the words, '***Oakland City Police Department***'.

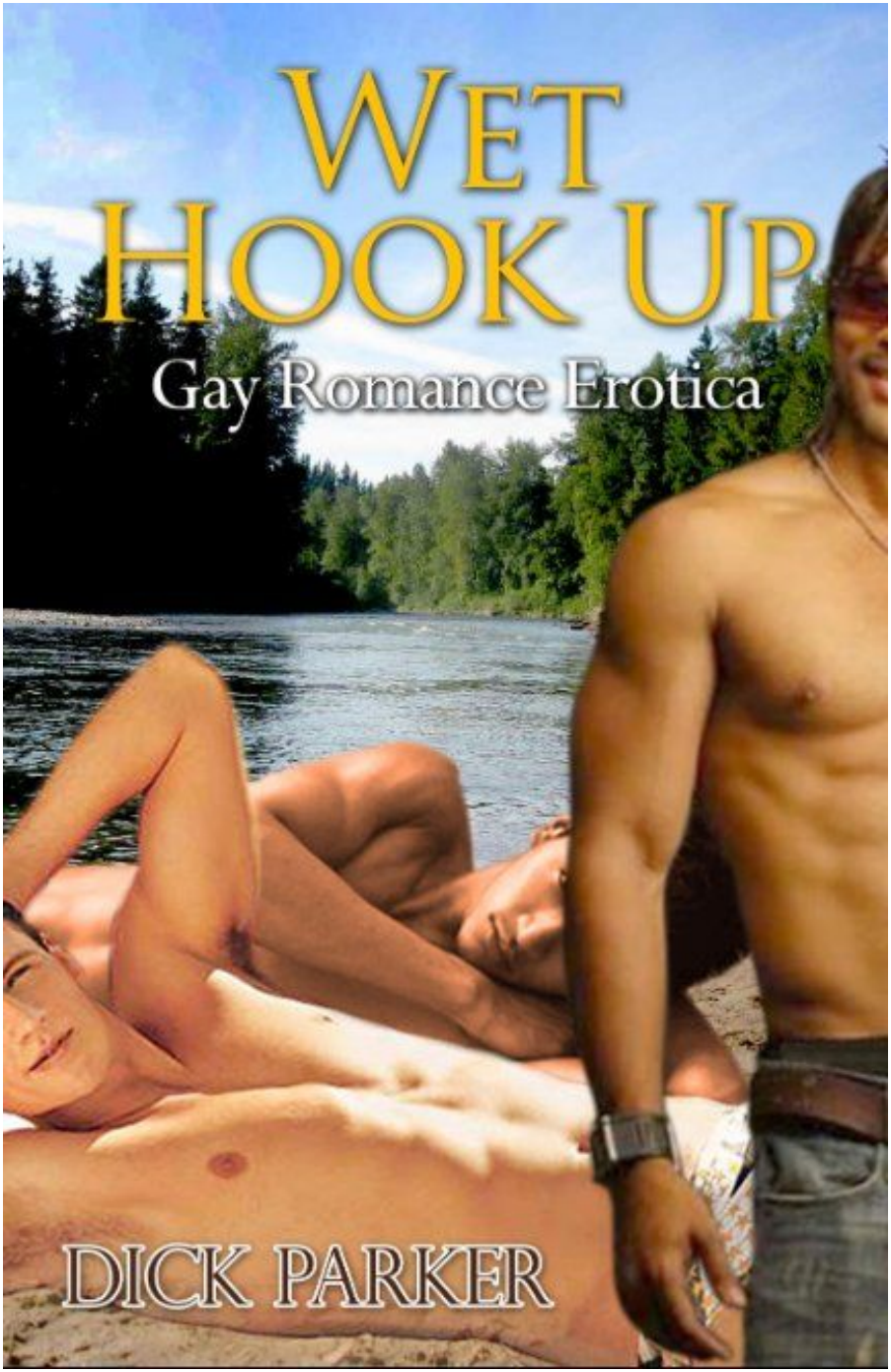
Oh my God! It was Joe, the hunky cop I'd sucked off in the warehouse the night before. No wonder he said he knew where I lived. I quickly placed my book in front of my face so he would not see me. I sat quietly until I felt a bump on my foot of a passerby, then a familiarly voice.

"Oh sorry, didn't see your foot sticking out there." Then he proceeded to introduce himself.

"My name is ***Joe Adams***. I am living with my brother ***Bart*** up on the second floor. Perhaps you know him? He is a city motorcycle cop. Can you do me a favor? I'm kind of new here. Can you show me where the men's steam room is?" Joe said to me as I stared into his deep, dark eyes.

I think I was in love again and had the feeling I was in for another hot session of man-to-man sex.

The End


WET
HOOK UP
Gay Romance Erotica
DICK PARKER

The summer I turned 18 was one that I'll never forget. I was a typical teenage boy that could get a boner in a minute and I seemed to have one most of the time. My cock had grown from a little thing to pee with into a handful of thick meat that gave me hours of erotic fun. I'd become very fond of running naked in the woods around town. I'd ride my bike down to a public area woods, hide the bike in the bushes and then take off my clothes and walk around with a big boner stroking myself until I shot my sperm all over some bushes. This was almost a daily habit and it got to the point that it was almost all I could think about.

The only problem with it was that summer mosquitoes just about ate me alive in the thick woods. That kind of took the fun out of getting naked there.

After many weeks of naked hikes in the woods I started swimming out to a sandbar in the river and getting naked there. These sandbars had small willows growing on them so I had a place to walk around and lay on the sand without someone seeing me. I spent hours naked exploring in the sand, pretending I was on some deserted island. In fact I was naked so much that my ass and dick became very tan. I lost any tan-line I'd gotten from wearing a swimming suit at the local public pool.

One day I went to the public swimming pool and went swimming with some of my friends. These were guys I'd grown up with and a few of them were more than that. I'd messed with some of them jacking off. I really wanted to suck their dicks but was afraid to ask for fear of being labeled a queer. None of them knew of my naked playing on the sandbars.

There were several college kids who ran the changing house and were lifeguards at the pool. There was one lifeguard who caught my eye. He was a tall kid with long curly brown hair and a body that an eighteen year old could only dream about. He had a great looking face and deep brown eyes and was very friendly to the kids in the pool. I found out that his name was Mark. He often sat on a tall chair at the deep end of the pool watching the kids swim. If you went past him, his feet were about at eye level for a person on the ground. He had the prettiest feet I'd ever seen and I got in and out of the pool a lot right there so I could look at them.

I don't know why his feet turned me on but they did and I often got a boner looking at them. One of my friends and I were

sleeping out in my tent one time and we ended up jacking off together. For some reason, while we were jacking off he rubbed my cock with the sole of his foot. Man that turned me on and I came all over it. He thought it was hilarious. I thought it was hot as hell and jacked off to the memory many times.

That day I climbed up to the high diving board and Mark looked up at me.

"Hey lets see a half twist."

"I'm not sure I can do it but I'll try," I said.

I walked to the end of the board and jumped to make it spring and then dove off trying to twist as I plummeted to the water. I got about a quarter of the way around and hit the water at kind of a bad angle. I went to the bottom, pushed off and started to the surface when I felt my cock moving like it was free in the water. I looked down and my swimming suit was missing!

I came to the top and Mark was looking at me. He grinned.

"Nice dive, but I think you lost something."

"No shit," I said. I was looking down into the water.

"Over there," he said pointing. I looked where he pointed and saw my suit down on the bottom. I swam over to it, dove down and grabbed it but couldn't get it on while treading water so I swam over next to Mark and hung onto the ladder as I pulled my suit up. I climbed out of the pool next to Mark's pretty feet and looked up at him. He grinned and wiggled his eyebrows.

"Where do you swim when you're not here?" he said quietly.

"I go to the river a lot, why?"

"I noticed your cute little butt is as tan as hell. Do you skinny dip?"

I grinned. "Yeah, I like to swim naked most of the time."

Mark nodded his head and smiled.

"Nice ass," he said.

I felt my face getting warm and my dick twitched. Maybe Mark would like to play.

A couple of hours later I decided to go home and went to the changing room. I stripped off my suit and went into the shower to rinse off the chlorine from the pool. As I was walking from the shower room Mark walked into the changing room. He stood there watching me walk toward him, his eyes glued to my cock, which was swinging in front of my crotch.

He smiled. "Nice," he said.

I didn't know what to say but my cock immediately began to bone up. I turned to hide it.

"Don't worry, I'm cool with it," Mark said. He lowered his voice, "In fact, I'd like to see it."

I finished drying off and my cock was hard and sticking straight out. I turned and faced Mark. He took a deep breath.

"Oh yeah, that's nice," he said.

I didn't know what to say so I said, "thanks."

Mark walked to the doorway and looked out. Then he walked back to me and pulled down the front of his swimming suit. His big boner popped out, hard as a rock.

"What do you think?" he asked.

I was mesmerized. "It's big," was all I could say. It had to be close to seven inches long and really thick. I reached for it.

"Not here," he said. "I'm off tomorrow, how about you and I go swimming in the river tomorrow?"

I nodded yes. "I'll meet you here about noon."

He tucked that big cock into his trunks and wrapped a towel around his waist. He grinned at me and winked and then walked back out to the pool.

That night I jacked off three times thinking about Mark's big cock. It was at least a couple of inches longer than my 5 1/2 inches and about the same thickness. He had a thick brown bush and his balls hung down real loose and looked as big as walnuts. It was a long night.

The next day I was at the pool right at noon. Mark drove up in a nice car and motioned for me to get in. I left my bike in the bike stand and we drove off toward the river. I told Mark where I usually swam naked and we drove there and parked the car. We swam across the channel to the sandbar, walked into the willows and stopped. Mark turned to me.

"Is it ok if I take off your swimming suit?"

I nodded.

He stepped up to me and hooked his thumbs into my suit and pulled it to the sand. My cock was hard and sticking out. Mark knelt in the sand and put his hand on it. I jumped a little as he jacked it until a big clear drop of precum oozed out. He leaned forward and licked it off. I closed my eyes as he engulfed my cock with his mouth. He swirled his tongue around the head and then sucked it all the way to my pubes. My knees started to shake.

"Mark I'm gonna cum if you keep doing that. I don't want to cum so quickly."

Mark took my cock from his mouth and stood up.

"Get it out," he said.

I took hold of Mark's suit and pulled it down. His big cock was hooked under the elastic and sprung up like a spring pole when it came past the elastic.

I'd dreamt of sucking a cock for a long time. I think I knew from about 8th grade that I liked boys better than girls. When I jacked off the first time it was after gym class and I'd gotten to see my buddy's bare cocks and it was such a turn-on. I knew from then on that I wanted to taste a cock but was terrified to try it with one of my friends for fear it would get out that I was gay.

Now here I was with a college guy who wanted me to suck him. I knelt on the sand and looked at his cock. It was only inches from my face so I leaned forward and put my lips on the head. Mark took a breath as I put the head into my mouth.

Oh man, it was everything I'd imagined it would be. The head was smooth and hot against my tongue. I put my lips around it and licked the slit with my tongue. Then I tried to suck it all the way down. I gagged. I took it out of my mouth and tried again but it was too long and I could only get about half in my mouth.

"Go slow, you don't need to get it all the way in," Mark said.

I sucked on it and played with his big balls and soon he was moaning.

"Slow down, I don't want to cum too soon," he said. I let his cock loose and stood up.

Mark put his arm around me and we walked slowly through the willows and just groped each other. He had his hand on my ass and rubbed my butt cheeks and ran his finger up and down my butt crack. It felt amazing. It was so erotic to think this beautiful college guy was interested in plain old me.

We waded into the water a while and then lay on the damp sand at the water's edge. I looked down at Mark's beautiful feet in the edge of the water and longed to touch them.

"Mark, can I, um, I like your feet, is it ok if I touch them?"

Mark grinned. "You're into feet? Cool, sure, go for it."

He lifted his feet from the water and I sat down by them and he put them into my lap. His feet were touching my cock and balls as he wiggled his toes and grinned at me. I took his feet and massaged them and then put his big toe into my mouth. I kissed his feet and sucked his toes and Mark was getting into it. My cock was throbbing and as hard as it had ever been. I moved a little so I was facing Mark and took his feet and put one of them on each side of my cock. Then I grasped his toes together and began to move his feet up and down over my cock.

Mark grinned. "A foot jack off," he said.

I held his feet together and Mark moved them up and down and soon I felt my cock begin to tickle.

"Do it faster Mark, I'm gonna cum."

Mark squeezed harder and soon my cock exploded and cum shot all over his feet and my hands. Mark milked my cock until it stopped dribbling.

I lifted his feet up and licked my cum off them. Then Mark took my hands and licked the remaining cum off them.

"Umm, sweet boy cum," he said.

When my hands were clean Mark lay back in the sand with his big cock standing up. He looked down at his cock and at me.

"Still in the mood?" he asked.

I nodded and knelt between Mark's legs and sucked his cock into my mouth. I bobbed up and down on that big cock and Mark played with my hair and ears. Soon he began to moan and I felt his cock throb and then tasted his cum shooting into my mouth. I sucked every drop from it and licked it clean as Mark laid back and caught his breath.

I lay down next to Mark and looked over at him.

"Thanks Mark, that was fantastic."

He smiled at me. "You don't have to thank me, I should thank you."

"I'm happy that you like me Mark," I said.

"What's not to like? You're a gorgeous boy."

"Oh I'm not gorgeous like you are Mark. I'm just plain."

"Danny, you're a great looking kid. Whoever told you that you're plain is just wrong. You've got a great body for a kid your age and a really nice face and beautiful eyes. And you've got a hell of a cock on you too."

Then he looked down at my cock.

"Shit you're hard again. Damn to be eighteen again."

I grinned. Mark leaned over and sucked my cock into his mouth and it wasn't long and I was pumping my second orgasm into his mouth. Mark cleaned up my cock and we lay there together in the sun and went to sleep, naked and very satisfied. When I woke up Mark had his arms around me and was sleeping. I leaned over and kissed his handsome face and snuggled down into his arms. I'd never kissed another guy before and I had wanted to do it for a long time. It was easier since he was sleeping. I snuggled up against him. I wasn't in any hurry to go back from this perfect place.

I drifted off to sleep and woke when Mark put my dick into his mouth. He must have been playing with it because I was hard already. He sucked me deeply and it didn't take long for me to cum.

Mark lay down next to me again and kissed me lightly.

"I'm sure glad you lost your swimming suit the other day," he said.

"Why is that?"

"Because it gave me a reason to get to talk to you and that turned into a fun day being naked."

"I'm glad too," I said. "But I owe you a cum right now don't I?"

"Fuck, I lost track," he said laughing.

"Well, just in case," I said.

I got up and knelt between Mark's legs and began licking his balls and sucking his dick. He boned up in no time and soon I was taking his cock deep into my throat. I found how to open my throat and let it slide down it without gagging and Mark gasped when I did it. He began moaning and soon he clenched up and shot cum into my throat. I milked him dry and then lay on top of him.

"There, debt paid," I said.

"Damn you're one hot kid," he said.

We got up and walked back to where our swimming suits were laying in the sand. We put them on and swam back to shore.

"See you tomorrow?" Mark asked as I got out of his car.

"Definitely," I said.

***

My friend Tommy was just getting on his bike at the pool when Mark and I drove up. I got out of his car and walked to my bike.

"Where were you?" Tommy asked.

"Huh? Oh I was just taking a ride with Mark," I said. I wasn't very convincing because Tommy looked at me funny.

"Taking a ride where?"

"He was just showing me his car."

"Uh huh."

I went home and after dinner I went out to the back yard and built a fire in the fire circle out back by my tent. I'd put up a tent in the back yard earlier in the summer and slept out there a lot during the nice weather. I had a metal ring on the ground and it was for having a campfire. After my day of naked fun with Mark I felt like sleeping in the tent for some reason.

I was sitting in a lawn lounge chair poking a stick into the fire when I heard a bike rattle in the alley behind the yard.

"Who's that?" I said.

"Just me."

It was Tommy. He came walking up through the dark.

"What's up?" I asked.

He shrugged.

"I saw your fire back here. I just thought you might like some company."

"Sure, have a chair," I said gesturing to another chair.

We made small talk about fishing and stuff for a while and then it got silent.

"So Danny, what were you really doing with the lifeguard?"

"Why is it so important to know what I was doing?"

"I noticed the other day you spent a lot of time talking to him at the pool. Are you guys friends?"

"I guess so."

"We're friends aren't we?"
"Sure Tommy. We've grown up together. We've fished and played ball and stuff together from grade school on. I think we're good friends, same age, same interests."

"So why are you lying to me?"

I didn't know what to say. Tommy had been like a brother to me for years. We'd fished and hunted together, and slept over at each other's houses many times.

I looked at him sitting there with the light from the fire dancing across his face and realized just how good looking he had become. When we were boys we were both kind of skinny and geek-like but now we were young men and things had changed. Tommy was a cute guy. He had dark brown hair that he kept short and preppy, dark brown eyes and had a killer body. I'd seen him naked when we were kids but hadn't since puberty set in. I began to wonder where he was going with the questions.

"Tommy we're all grown up now. I've got things in my life that you might not understand."

"Try me."

"I can't Tommy. I want us to be friends and if I tell you this I'm afraid we might not be friends any more."

"Is it sex?"

Wow, he knew.

"I'm not the same as you Tommy." I took a deep breath and continued, "I've figured out that I'm attracted to boys, not girls like you are."

He sat there for quite a while.

"Did you and Mark do stuff?"

I nodded.

"Like what?"

My face got hot.

"We went to that sandbar with all the willows on it. And we got naked and played with each other's cocks."

"No shit?"

I nodded.

"Is that all you did?"

"We sucked each other off."

"You sucked his cock?"

I nodded again.

"Holy shit."

I expected him to get up and leave and our friendship would be over.

"What was it like?"

Whoa! I didn't expect that.

"It just happened Tommy. One minute we were pulling on each other's cocks and the next we were sucking each other."

"Oh man. What did it taste like?"

He arranged his dick in his pants.

"It tastes like skin. Mark has a big cock and it's really sexy and it was the most erotic thing I've ever done," I said.

"And he sucked you too? Was it good?"

"It was ten times better than jacking off."

"I've always wondered about doing that," he said.

"Really? I thought you were chasing pussy."

He smiled widely.

"You know Jessica? I fucked her."

"No shit? When?"

"At Homecoming last year. We went to a party after the game and she let me feel her pussy. I stuck my hand down her pants and stuck my finger in it. She got out my cock and the next thing I knew we were fucking in the back seat of Joey's car."

"Damn Tommy. How was it?"

"Short. I came about a minute after I put it in."

I laughed.

"Oh well, at least you fucked her," I said.

"Yeah, but it wasn't all that great. That stuff you did with Mark makes me pretty horny."

"You got a boner?"

He nodded. He stroked it under his shorts.

“How about you?” he asked.

I took hold of my boner and showed it to him through my shorts.

“Looks big,” he said.

“It’s pretty big. How about yours?”

“It’s 5 and ¾ inches,” he said.

“You measured?”

He nodded and grinned.

“Want to see?”

My heart began beating faster. This was a big step.

“Let’s go in the tent,” I said.

We crawled into the tent and zipped the door shut. I turned on a little battery operated light. We were kneeling on an open sleeping bag.

Neither of us said anything. We both unzipped our shorts and let them fall to the ground. Then we both dropped our boxers.

Wow, Tommy’s cock was nice. It was standing up next to his belly and the head on it was wet. His balls hung down loose and his pubic bush was thick and dark like his hair on his head.

He looked at my cock.

“Damn yours is fat,” he said.

“Touch it if you want,” I whispered.

Tommy hesitated and then he reached over and put his hand on my cock. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the feeling of his hand as he stroked it.

“Do me,” he said.

I took hold of Tommy's cock and it felt like it was on fire. It was hard as a stone and I ran my hand up and down his shaft. Precum oozed out of the head.

"Oh Danny, that feels so good," he said.

"I can do something that will feel better if you want," I said.

He looked me in the eye. He nodded.

"Stand up," I said.

I leaned forward and pulled his cock away from his belly. The tip was all wet with precum. I stuck my tongue out and licked it off. Tommy gasped.

I opened my mouth and took about half of his cock into it.

"Oh God!" he whispered.

I took his cock down my throat and closed my lips around it right at his pubes. I slid up the shaft to the head and then slid back down to his pubes. Tommy groaned and suddenly my mouth was full of cum.

"Oh fuck," he gasped.

I sucked his dick head until it stopped squirting cum and then milked the shaft getting every last drop.

"Oh man Danny, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to cum in your mouth," he said.

"It's okay Tommy. I liked it."

"You swallowed it?"

I nodded.

"What's it taste like?"

I took my cock in my hand and looked at him.

“Here, try it and see.”

I stood up and he knelt on the floor of the tent. He looked apprehensive but he bent down and took my cock in his hand. He leaned forward and smelled it.

“Smells nice,” he said.

Then he opened his mouth and put the head in. I could feel his tongue licking it. He seemed to like that because he went farther down on it. He was about half way when he gagged.

“Tommy, don’t go too far. Just take it as far as you can without gagging.”

He nodded and went back to it. Soon he was bobbing up and down on it like a pro. He took it from his mouth and sucked on my balls and then put it back in and slurped on the head.

“I’m almost there,” I said. “If you don’t want me to cum in your mouth just take it out and jack me off.”

He kept sucking me.

“Tommy its cumming.”

He held my cock in his mouth and let me cum. I could see he was swallowing. When I stopped cumming he sucked it all clean and took it from his mouth.

“Wow,” he said.

“What do you think?” I asked.

“I think we should have done that years ago,” he said.

“You liked it?”

“Fucking right I liked it. I was afraid it would be nasty and stinky but it’s not. The cum has a strange taste but it’s okay. Damn Danny that was amazing.”

I knelt back down in front of him.He moved forward and put his arms around me. Our semi-hard cocks were pushing together against our bodies. We hugged hard and then I looked into his eyes and we shared a kiss.

“Wow, oh fucking wow,” he said.

***

The day after Mark and I had been running around naked on the sand bar I was at the swimming pool again, hoping he would invite me to get naked with him again. I was hoping Tommy and I would get together again soon too. I’d had a good day the day before.

“So what’s up today?” Mark said as I stopped next to the tall lifeguard chair where he was sitting.

“Not much,” I said looking down at the front of my swimsuit. “At least not yet,” I said as I looked up and smirked.

“You little horn-dog,” Mark said grinning.

“You liked it too Mark,” I said.

“Yeah, you’re right about that kiddo.”

“You know my friend Tommy?”

Mark nodded.

“Yeah, the kid with the dark brown hair and eyes.”

“We’ve been friends forever. Last night we sucked each other’s cocks for the first time.”

“No shit? You lucky little shit. He’s cute as hell.”

I grinned.

“I did pretty good yesterday Mark.”

“Damn right you did. Maybe he’ll want to play one of these days.”

“He went to his granny’s for a few days but when he gets back I think he’d be up for some naked swimming,” I said.

Mark grinned and wiggled his eyebrows.

I looked at Mark’s pretty feet right there in my face and remembered how I’d used them on either side of my cock to jack off with. I felt my dick begin to stir in my swimsuit.

“I better take a swim, I’m boning up,” I said quietly.

Mark laughed and shook his head.

I dove into the water and swam around for a few minutes. I was just climbing out on the ladder below Mark’s feet when I heard him say, “Holy shit, look at that.” I got out onto the concrete and looked where Mark was gazing and saw a boy that I’d never seen before, walking out of the changing house. My mouth dropped open when I saw him and I gasped out loud.

“Mark, who the hell is that?”

“I have no idea,” he said.

This kid was about the prettiest boy I'd ever seen. He had dark skin, like light chocolate and shiny black hair that covered his ears and hung down on the back of his neck several inches below his shoulders. If he hadn't been wearing a boy's swimsuit I'd have thought he was a girl, he was that pretty. He was very slim, but well proportioned and I watched as he hung his towel over the fence. He had silky looking armpit hair but not another hair on his body. The thing that really caught Mark's and my eye was his swimsuit. All of my buddies and the other boys in the pool were wearing cotton baggy swim trunks with a mesh thing inside that kept your dick from flopping all over the place. This kid was wearing one of those little tiny swimsuits that the speed swimmers wore, except instead of black like most of them had, his was bright orange. It was so small that it barely hid his ass crack and in front you could plainly see his dick, which was lying over to the left side and looked damn big. He might as well have been naked for all that the suit hid.

He turned and walked to the edge of the pool and dove into the water. I looked up at Mark.

"Holy shit, he's beautiful," I said quietly.

"No shit, I wonder who he is?"

"I'm gonna find out," I said.

I dove into the water and swam around making sure I kept the kid in my sights. When I got fairly close I dove to the bottom of the pool, swam along the bottom for a way and then swam to the surface, right under the kid. I ran into him as I surfaced, slamming my head into his belly.

"Oh shit, I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't see you I was swimming under water."

"That is okay," he said. "No harm has been done."

Hmm, he talked funny.

"Are you new here?" I said as I tread water next to him.

"I am visiting a relative who lives near here. I am from India."

“Wow, you’re a long way from home,” I said.

“Yes, I am but this was a good opportunity to see your beautiful country so I came here.”

“What’s your name?”

“My name is Raj,”

“Pleased to meet you Raj, I’m Danny.”

“Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Danny.”

I laughed. “Just Danny.”

I noticed Mark watching us.

“Let’s swim over there and you can meet Mark, he’s my friend.”

Raj and I swam over to Mark and climbed out of the pool.

“Mark, this is Raj and he’s from India.” Mark looked down and extended his hand.

“Nice to meet you Raj.”

“Thank you Mr. Mark, you are a very handsome man.” Mark grinned. “I am fortunate to meet a person of authority who is so looking nice.”

“Thank you Raj, but please just call me Mark. You are a very handsome boy too, how old are you?”

“I am 19,” he said.

Wow, I’d have guessed he was about 15. While he and Mark were talking I was looking over Raj. He had the most beautiful skin I’d ever seen. It was light brown like a real good tan and it was so smooth and silky looking that I could hardly take my eyes off him. His face was very handsome and his eyes were deep brown with long black lashes. He had the whitest teeth I’d ever seen. As I was looking him over I looked down and saw his feet. Wow, they were beautiful.

They looked like they were size 8 or 9, very slim and pretty with perfect toes and short nails. They were also very dark brown but the bottoms looked light tan.

I could barely keep my eyes off his swimsuit. He had a perfect bubble but and his suit had slid down a little revealing an inch of his butt crack. The wet material clung to his cock and it looked even bigger as I watched him and Mark chat. I took another look and realized it was growing. He was getting a boner as he talked to Mark. I looked up and saw that Mark had maneuvered his cock to the leg of his suit and had his legs apart, so Raj could see up the leg of his shorts.

I grinned up at Mark and he winked. "Raj, is staying for two weeks," Mark said.

"Cool, you want to hang-out?" I asked.

"What is hang-out?"

"You know spend time together, do stuff."

"Yes that would be nice. Will you hang-out with us too Mark?" As he asked he looked up Mark's pants leg again. Mark clenched his stomach muscles and made his dick jump a little.

"You bet I'm gonna hang-out with you two hotties," he said.

Raj looked at me with a questioning look. "What is a hottie?"

I burst out laughing. "You are Raj. Mark means a good looking boy like you."

Raj grinned. "You are very hottie too Danny."

Then he looked up at Mark, "I hope we can all have a good time together Mark."

Mark and I grinned.

"How about we go to the river tomorrow and spend the day on the sandbar?" Mark asked. "I'm off tomorrow."

I explained to Raj what the sandbar was and he was happy to

go with us.

"I'll even bring some lunch so we can spend the whole day," Mark said.

Raj and I swam for a while and then he said he needed to meet his relative so he had to go. It was getting late so I walked with him to the changing house and waited while he got his basket with his clothes and I got my basket. I walked into the changing house with him. He put the basket on the bench and then pulled his little swimsuit down to his ankles and kicked it off. I stood there and looked at the prettiest butt I'd ever seen. His butt cheeks were just as smooth and round as they could be. I imagined my lips kissing those butt cheeks. When he bent over to pick up his suit I saw his little hole and it was smooth and hairless. I saw his nuts hanging down as bent over and wished I'd been able to see his cock. I was surprised when he turned around and stood there naked in front of me.

"Are you going to go back swimming or are you going to take a shower too?" he asked.

I was staring at his cock with my mouth hanging open. It was much longer than mine probably hanging at least 5 inches when it was soft. His cock was not circumcised like mine and his foreskin hung over the head. He had a perfect little black pubic bush and his nuts hung down quite far and looked to be as big as walnuts.

"I'm um, I'm gonna shower," I stammered.

"Do you enjoy the sight of my penis?"

"Yeah, it's very nice," I stammered.

Raj stood there looking at me. "Will you be taking off your shorts?"

I nodded. I hooked my thumbs in my shorts and pulled them down. Raj didn't hide the fact that he was checking me out. My cock was semi-hard but still hanging.

"You have a very pretty penis," Rag said.

"Oh thanks, you do too," I said.

"I see yours is missing the foreskin. That is unusual in my country."

"Yeah, they do that here when we're born," I said as my cock began to grow.

"I see you are becoming excited." Raj said. "Is it because you desire me?"

Shit, I didn't know what to say. "I'm um, yeah, I guess you're pretty cute and I do like you Raj."

He smiled. "I desire you also shall we go to the shower?"

It was late in the day and there were very few kids left in the pool so it was pretty safe messing around in the shower. We would hear the door open if anyone came into the changing room, so we walked into the shower room and turned on the water. We chose two spigots next to each other and stood there letting the warm water cascade down our bodies. The water running down Raj's body looked so inviting so I put my hands on his chest and began to rub his tits. Raj closed his eyes and I looked down to see his cock beginning to harden. I pulled him to me. Our bodies met and our arms went around each other. His body was so soft and smooth and I felt his cock moving against mine, which was now hard and sticking straight out. Raj put his hand on my cock and began to slowly jerk me off.

"You do that the same way we do," I whispered in his ear.

He grinned. "I think boys all over the world do it this way."

I put my hands on Raj's cock and it was also hard. It was as big as Mark's, which was about 7-inches. Raj's cock pointed up toward his belly and I looked down to see his foreskin had slid back revealing a light pinkish head on his beautiful boy cock.

"Raj you have a beautiful cock," I whispered in his ear.

"Thank you I like yours very much also."

We stood there jacking each other off and soon I felt my dick begin to tickle.

"Faster Raj, I'm going to cum." Raj moved his hand faster and

soon my cock throbbed and a jet of cum shot out onto Raj's stomach. Four more shots of cum squirted out and then a little more oozed form the tip. Raj milked it all out and then licked off his fingers.

He smiled at me. "Your seed tastes very nice."

I began to jack Raj faster and he closed his eyes and leaned back against the shower wall.

"I am becoming very aroused. I will be ejaculating very soon," he said.

I leaned over and suddenly his cock jumped and I slipped my mouth over the head as Raj shot his cum. He squirted six or seven times into my waiting mouth and I sucked the last drops out of him. He was panting and opened his eyes to see my mouth on his cock.

His lips parted and he smiled. "That was amazing Danny."

"You're not grossed out that I sucked you?"

"Not grossed? No I am not grossed. I wish I had done so to you too though."

I grinned and opened my mouth. There was still cum on my tongue. "Want some?" I asked. Raj grinned and leaned forward and our lips met. His tongue snaked out and soon we were sucking each other's tongues.

"Uh hum."

Raj and I jumped and pulled apart. There was Mark standing looking at us.

"You horn-dogs are pretty brave," he said grinning.

"Sorry Mark we should have waited for you but we kind of got carried away," I said.

Raj looked at Mark's crotch. "Mr. Mark you seem to have a boner."

Mark grinned and stepped into the shower room. He pulled down the front of his swimsuit and his big boner popped out.

"Who wants this?" he said. I looked at Raj and he smiled.

"I would like very much to suck it," he said.

"Go for it," I said grinning.

Raj knelt in front of Mark and I walked to the doorway to keep a lookout. I could hear him slurping and then heard Mark gasp. A few minutes later Mark came around the corner with a flushed look on his face.

"Holy shit, that kid can sure suck dick," he said quietly to me.

I grinned. "So you're not mad at me for messing around without you?"

Mark leaned over and kissed me on the lips. "I could never be mad at you kid. I'm going to have a hard time sleeping tonight thinking about spending the day running naked on the sandbar tomorrow."

Mark wasn't the only one who would have a hard time all night but at age 18, I could jack off two or three times and still be ready for our naked day on the sandbar. It was proving to be a really good summer for swimming naked.

***

The next day Raj and I met Mark at the pool and we drove down to the river. We all three swam across the river to the sandbar and got naked in the willows. Raj didn't take any time getting naked, like he did it many times before. He seemed very at ease walking around with his dick standing up hard and ready.

"Many of my friends and I swim naked in a river near our city," he said.

"Do you have sex with them?"

"Yes with many of them. Boys often have sexual relations with each other in my country."

"That's how you got so dark?"

“I am naturally dark but I am darker because of the time I spend in the sun naked.”

“You look like a native,” I said.

“Do you find my dark skin attractive?” he asked.

“Yes, I do, it’s very beautiful,” I said.

“I find your light skin and beautiful blue eyes very attractive. Here in America there are so many different beautiful men. Some are dark, some are light, but all are very pretty.”

He put his hand on my boner and began to stroke it. Mark stood there watching us slowly jacking his cock.

“Mark, join us,” I said quietly.

Mark stepped up and soon we all were fondling each other. Mark and Raj began kissing and I dropped to my knees and sucked on Raj’s cock. He began to moan when I did that.

I took Mark’s cock in my hand and jacked him as I sucked Raj.

“I would like very much to have someone to fuck me in my butt,” Raj said.

“Have you been fucked before?” I asked.

“Yes, I have friends in India that like to do this thing too,” he said.

I looked at Mark. “Go ahead,” I said.

Raj knelt on the sand and Mark knelt behind him. He pulled Raj’s butt cheeks apart and smiled when he saw his beautiful butt hole.

“Oh man,” he said. Then he leaned forward and began licking Raj’s hole.

My dick was leaking like mad and Raj looked over his shoulder at me and motioned for me to kneel in front of him. He took my cock

into his mouth and sucked me while Mark licked his asshole. Mark reached into his pack and pulled out a condom and rolled it on. Then he spit on his hand and he lubed up Raj's ass.

Raj moaned when Mark began putting his cock into his ass. He stopped sucking me but kept my cock in his mouth. Soon Mark was all the way in and Raj began sucking me greedily.

"I have wanted a penis in both ends of my body for a long time," he said. "This is a dream come true."

I put my hands on Raj's head and fucked his mouth. Soon I felt cum rising in my cock and pushed into him. I began shooting and he greedily swallowed as I came. Mark grunted and pushed into Raj's ass and held his cock there and I knew he was coming too.

We all collapsed on the sand in a big sweaty pile.

"Wow, that was like a dream," Raj said.

We lay there catching our breath.

"I'm all full of sand," Mark said.

"Let's rinse off in the river," I said getting to my feet.

We all waded into the river and rinsed the sand off our bodies. Raj was smiling at me and I felt underwater and found his hard cock.

"You need to cum," I said.

"That would be very pleasurable," he said.

We waded out of the water and I noticed Mark was hard again.

"Let's do another three-way," I said. "Raj can fuck me and I'll suck Mark."

They both grinned and we assumed our places.

I'd not been fucked before but I had put a carrot and a big magic marker in my ass when I jacked off and I knew I'd like it.

Raj had fucked before. He didn't even hesitate to lick my asshole. Mark got him a condom and soon I felt his big cock head pushing against my hole. The head slipped in and I gasped. Then Raj waited until I told him to go ahead and he slid into me and began fucking me. I took Mark's dripping cock into my mouth and slurped on it.

Fuck me. What a feeling. I'd loved the carrot but this was way better.

Raj didn't take long and soon he was slamming into me and I felt his big cock throbbing and emptying his cum into me. He lay on my back panting as I finished off Mark. Mark shot a huge amount of cum into my throat seeing as how he'd just cum a few minutes earlier.

Then we all lay together and rested again.

We washed off in the river again and lay in the sand for a while. I couldn't believe my luck being here with these two beauties. Raj's cock was so pretty when it was soft. It looked like a big tan tube resting on his hairless balls with his little pubes above it. I reached over and played with it.

"Danny, do you enjoy my penis?" he asked.

"Yeah, I do, it's really pretty," I said. Then I leaned forward and put it into my mouth when it was still soft. It didn't take long and Raj's cock began to grow in my mouth.

He leaned over and took Mark's cock into his mouth and soon Mark moved around and took mine into his mouth. We were doing a three-way suck. Fucking A!

"Since we're all hard again, how about I get fucked?" Mark said.

Raj and I looked up and grinned. "That is only fair," he said.

We ended up with Raj fucking Mark and him sucking me off. After another rinse we decided it was time for lunch. Mark had brought a blanket and we spread it out and had sandwiches and pops. It was so natural with all of us sitting naked in the sun enjoying ourselves.

"It's too bad more people don't get a chance to do this," I said.

"They don't know what they're missing," Mark said.

I kept looking at Raj's feet and they were so pretty.

"Do you desire my feet Danny?"

I grinned.

"I've got a little thing for feet," I said.

"My friend Yogesh also has such a desire. He likes to suck on my feet and toes when he masturbates."

"Can I?

Raj grinned and put his feet in my lap. I lifted them up and began kissing them and sucking his toes. Mark leaned over and took my cock in his hand and slowly jacked me off while I licked Raj's feet. It took a few minutes and I felt my cum ready to shoot.

"I'm about to bust," I said.

Mark leaned down and put my cock in his mouth and I unloaded cum into it. I put Raj's feet up against my face as I came. Damn what a sensation.

That pretty finished me off for a while so we took a naked nap. Raj was on my right and Mark was on my left. I looked at them, so different and both so beautiful. Life was good.

The next day was Sunday and I had to go to my granny's for dinner. Tommy was still gone but he was going to be back later in the day. Raj had to be with his family for the day so it was a dry day for cumming. Mark said he had to work but the pool only was open for a few hours on Sunday so he was gone by the time I got back from my grandma's.

Fuck, I hadn't cum all day and had half a boner all the way home. I decided to ride my bike down to the river and take a naked swim and jack off. I parked on the riverbank and checked to see if anyone was around. There was a boat with a couple of guys fishing

downstream a long way but no one else. I stripped off my clothes and hid them behind a stump and swam across to the sandbar. It was late afternoon and a perfect day to lay around naked. I walked through the willows and came to the spot where Mark and Raj and I had fucked. There was a used condom in the bushes. I started getting hard.

"Well, I might as well jack off," I said to myself.

I sat on the edge of the sandbar on the side away from the riverbank and began slowly jacking myself. It felt good to work my cock and I wasn't in any hurry.

"Why didn't you wait for me?"

I jumped and nearly fell into the river. I turned and there was Tommy. He was naked standing right behind me.

"Jeez, you almost gave me a heart attack," I said.

He laughed.

"Man you were really going at it on your dick."

"Well everyone was gone or busy so I had to take matters into my own hand… so to speak."

"Well, let me help," he said sitting down by me.

I leaned back and Tommy took over on my cock. He jacked me and I could see him boning up.

"Wanta try sucking again?" I asked.

He nodded.

"Damn right."

"Lay down and I'll lay the other way and we can suck each other at the same time."

"Cool," he said getting up and turning so we were head to cock.

We took each other's cocks in our mouths and began sucking. Tommy's cock was great for sucking. While I liked Mark and Raj's big cocks they were hard to suck. Tommy's was perfect.

"Did you mess with Mark again?" Tommy asked.

"Yeah," I said.

"More sucking?"

"Yeah and more than that."

He stopped sucking me and looked at me.

"What more?"

"We fucked," I said.

"No way!"

I nodded.

"He fucked you in the ass?"

"Raj did."

"Who's Raj?"

I explained who Raj was.

"So this random Indian guy fucked your ass and you all fucked each other."

I nodded again.

"Damn. Did it hurt?"

"At first it did. But then it felt amazing. It's something that is hard to describe Tommy."

"Well fuck me," Tommy said.

"Okay," I said.

He grinned.

“You want to?”

“If you do.”

“I want to.”

“Do you want me to fuck you or you fuck me?” I asked.

“I want you to fuck me first.”

“Shit we don’t have a condom.”

“Oh no, what can we do?”

“Wait,” I said.

I ran back in the bushes and found the used one that Mark had used on Raj. I took it over to the river and poured out the cum and then filled it a couple of times with river water and rinsed it out. Then I rolled it back down and it was as good as new.

“Damn a used rubber,” Tommy said.”

“It was the one Mark used. It’s okay,” I said.

I could tell Tommy was pretty excited.

“So how do you want to do it?” I asked.

“There’s a choice?”

“We can do it like a dog, or you can lay on your back and raise up your legs or I can lay down and you can sit on my cock.”

“Holy shit. I like the dog idea,” he said grinning evilly.

“Get on your knees bitch,” I said laughing.

Tommy knelt on the sand and put his elbows on the ground. I pulled his butt cheeks apart. Holy smokes his asshole looked nice. It was pink and smooth and there were a few fine hairs around the edge of it. I took my finger and rubbed it.

“Oh fuck, that feels wicked,” he said.

I put a gob of spit on my fingers and rubbed it more. Then I slid the end of my middle finger into his ass.

“Oh man,” he gasped.

“Are you sure you want me to do this?” I asked.

“If your dick feels as good as your finger does, I damn sure want it.”

“Have you ever put anything in there?” I asked.

“You won’t laugh will you?”

I promised I wouldn’t.

“I put a cooked bratwurst up there once.”

I burst out laughing.

“You fucker you said you wouldn’t laugh.”

“Sorry, I didn’t expect that. So you were just sitting around and decided to put a brat in your butt?”

“I had put my finger in there a few times when I jacked off and it felt really good. So I thought, finger good, brat better.”

“Well that makes sense,” I said chuckling.

“Are you going to fuck me or not?”

“Okay get ready,” I said.

I put a gob of spit on my dick and put it against Tommy’s hole. It looked like there was no way it would fit in there. I pushed a little and the tip went in. Tommy groaned.

“Should I stop?”

“Just go slow. Damn that feels huge.”

“It is huge.”

He laughed.

I pushed some more and the head slid into his hole.

“Oh God, hold it there,” he said.

“Is it better than the brat?”

“Damn right,” he said giggling.

I waited. I felt his ass ring clenching at my cock. Finally he said to put more in. I pushed a little and it went in another inch. I stopped and waited and then pushed in a little more. In a short time I had my pubes rubbing his ass and my balls were swinging against his.

“Oh fuck that feels full,” he grunted.

“Should I take it out?”

“Oh fuck no. It feels great too.”

I began pushing in and out and Tommy groaned every time I pushed back in. We got a good rhythm going and it didn’t take long and I knew I was going to cum.

“I’m close Tommy,” I said.

“What? You just let it shoot in there?”

“Yeah unless you want me to pull it out and shoot it on your butt or someplace.”

“Shoot it on my face,” he said.

“What? Really?”

“Yeah, right on my face.”

I grinned to myself.

I felt the feeling and pulled out. I ripped the condom off and

by the time I had it off Tommy had turned and had his face in front of me. I took hold of my cock and jacked it twice and it started squirting cum all over his face and into his mouth. I really shot a lot of cum.

When it stopped squirting Tommy grabbed my cock and stuck it in his mouth and sucked the last cum from the slit. He licked it off and grinned up at me.

"Yeah, now we're talking," he said.

He had cum all over his face and in his hair. I leaned down and licked some from his nose. He wiped some off with his finger and ate it.

"Damn that's good," he said.

Tommy jumped into the river and I jumped in right behind him. We washed the cum off us and crawled out on the sand and lay down next to each other.

"Damn Danny, that was hot," he said.

"You liked it?"

"I can't believe we've waited all these years to do this."

"No shit just think of all the cum we could have made."

"It would be gallons," he said.

We lay there a while and Tommy reached over and began fingering my ass crack.

"You want to fuck me?" I asked.

"You damn right I do."

I picked up the condom and rinsed it again in the river. We sure as hell were getting our money's worth out of this one.

I rolled it down Tommy's now hard cock.

"I want to do it on my back," I said.

He grinned.

“Okay, lay down.”

I lay on the cool sand and lifted my legs up. Tommy knelt between them and ran his finger up my ass crack. He pushed a finger in.

“Damn that feels wicked,” I said.

Tommy guided his cock to my asshole and pushed against it. I closed my eyes and felt him push and the head went in. He stopped and looked at me and I nodded. He worked his big cock into me until his balls were slapping my ass cheeks.

“Oh fuck that feels amazing,” I said.

“Damn it’s tight,” he said.

I wrapped my legs around him and we fucked slowly and lovingly. Tommy was working up a sweat. He grinned down at me and I don’t know for sure what happened but he leaned down and we began kissing. I wrapped my arms around him and hugged him tightly and we kissed while he fucked my ass.

“Oh man, I’m close,” he whispered.

“Pull out and shoot it on my cock,” I said.

He grinned.

“Kinky,” he said.

Suddenly he pulled his cock out of me and pulled the condom off. He barely got his hand around it and it began squirting cum. He aimed it at my cock and balls and I began jacking myself. His hot cum lubed my cock and I began shooting cum in less than a minute. When I started cumming Tommy leaned down and sucked the end of it and caught a lot of my cum.

He collapsed on top of me. We lay there panting for a minute and then I kissed him on the cheek.

He turned his head and we kissed tenderly.

Tommy laid his head against my chest.

“Danny this is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever done.”

I hugged him and kissed his neck.

“Me too Tommy, me too.”

I felt so close to my friend. We’d been buddies for years but now it was different, something was happening to our friendship… it was becoming love.

***

I rode my bike to the pool the next day about 1 o’clock. It was just opening and I got in line to get a basket so I could change into my swimming suit. Tommy was up ahead of me in line and he looked back and smiled at me. I caught up with him in the changing house. He was sitting on one of the benches and seemed to be waiting for me.

“Hey,” I said sitting down next to him.

“Hey,” he said.

“So, what’s up?”

He shrugged.

“I’ve been thinking,” he said.

“About what?”

“Not here. I’ll tell you later.”

I nodded. We both took off our clothes and put them in our basket. I looked at Tommy naked and he was more beautiful than I’d ever thought before. His skin looked so smooth and lovely. His muscles seemed more pronounced. His ass looked magnificent. And, of course, his cock looked delicious.

He saw me perving him.

"You scooping me out?"

"Uh huh."

"Like what you see?"

I nodded. Then I licked my lips.

He took a good look at my cock and grinned.

We put on our swimming suits and turned in our baskets. Mark was sitting on the high chair at the diving boards. He motioned for us to walk over by him.

"Hey Mark, this is my best friend Tommy," I said.

Mark smiled at Tommy.

"I've seen you here many times but never knew your name. Nice to meet you Tommy."

"Likewise. Danny tells me you and he have become friends."

Mark grinned.

"You could say that. We've found that we enjoy," he looked to see if anyone was close, "swimming naked together."

Tommy grinned.

"So I've heard."

"And who would this lovely boy be?"

I looked and there stood Raj in his tiny little swimming suit. He was smiling his thousand-watt smile and getting an eyeful of Tommy.

"Raj, this is my friend Tommy. Tommy this is Raj, he's from India."

"The random guy who fucked you?" Tommy asked.

"One and the same," I said laughing.

They shook hands and looked each other over pretty closely. I noticed they both looked at the other's crotch pretty long.

"Tommy are you and Danny engaged in sexual gratification?"

Tommy looked surprised.

"Um, well we're friends and…" He looked at me.

"Raj, Tommy and I are very good friends. We have recently gone farther than just friends."

Raj mulled that over in his mind.

"So you are sexually active with each other?"

Mark laughed.

"Raj, you sure don't beat around the bush do you?"

"Excuse me, I do not understand. What is the bush?"

Oh boy.

***

Tommy, Raj and I swam for a while and then lay on the pool surround on our towels and sunned for a while. I lay there and looked at Raj, so beautiful and Tommy who I now saw in a different light. They were both gorgeous boys and I'd had sex with them both. How lucky could you get?

After a while Raj sat up.

"I must leave now," he said.

"Where are you going?"

"My relatives are making a cook out. They will be cooking the ribs of some animal on a portable cooking device on wheels."

Tommy and I grinned.

"Will we see you tomorrow?"

"Most assuredly. We will leave to go back to India in two days so I hope to make much sex before we leave. I am hoping we can do more naked swimming on the small forest in the middle of the river."

"We'll plan on it," I said.

Raj left and Tommy and I walked over to Mark.

"Raj is leaving day after tomorrow," I said.

"I'll get the day off and we can spend it on the river," Mark said.

"Cool, I think he wants to have a bunch of sex before he goes," I said.

Mark grinned.

"Speaking of that. What are you guys doing this evening?"

I looked at Tommy. He shrugged.

"What do you have in mind?"

"I've got the evening shift off. I thought a little naked swimming?"

Tommy and I grinned.

"We'll meet you about 6 o'clock right here."

"I'll bring the condoms," Mark said quietly.

Tommy and I changed into our clothes and got on our bikes and rode to my house. He seemed quiet. We sat in the lawn chairs out by the tent.

"What's wrong?"

"I've been thinking. You know we've been friends for so long. I've never thought of you as anything more than one of my best friends. But now I think of you and it's not just about being a fishing

buddy. When I think of you I get a boner. I lie in bed and think of your cock and what we did on the sandbar and I get so hard. I'm not sure but I think I'm…"

"What Tommy?"

"I think of you all the time Danny. I think I love you."

My heart nearly burst. My friend was becoming my lover. I reached over and took his hand in mine and we got up and crawled into the tent. I zipped the door shut.

We knelt there facing each other and Tommy put his arms around me and pulled me to him. We looked into each other's eyes and then we kissed.

The first kiss was tender and then his tongue came into my mouth and I sucked on it. Then we swapped tongues and began kissing passionately. Our hands were all over each other and clothes began coming off. It didn't take long and we were both naked. Tommy lay back on the sleeping bag.

"Will you make love to me Danny?"

I nodded.

He looked so lovely lying there. He had his arms up over his head and his tufts of armpit hair looked beautiful. I knelt by his feet and took them one by one and kissed his toes and his soles. Then I kissed up each leg to his crotch. I kissed his belly and licked his belly button. Then I sucked on each of his nipples until they both stood up hard. Then I kissed his neck and sucked on his ear lobes. I kissed each eyelid and then kissed him on the lips.

"Fuck me Danny," he whispered.

I moved down and he raised his legs up. His hole was right there and it looked so pretty. I leaned down and put my tongue on it. Tommy gasped and looked down at me.

"Did you just lick my butt hole?"

I nodded.

“Damn… do it again,” he said grinning.

I began licking his ass crack. I stuck my tongue into his hole and he moaned and groaned. I took his cock in my hand and it was leaking precum like a faucet. I licked the precum off and then put my cock at his asshole.

“I don’t have a condom,” I said.

“Have you ever done this without one?”

“No, have you?”

“I’ve only done it twice, once with you and once with Jessica and I used a condom both times.”

“Then we’re good.”

I put some spit on my cock and put it up to his hole. It was already wet and my cock head went in pretty easy. Tommy gasped and wrapped his legs around me.

I worked my cock into him and soon my balls were slapping against his ass cheeks. Tommy had his eyes closed and was moaning quietly. I took hold of his cock and jacked him slowly.

“Tell me when you’re close,” I said.

We made love for several minutes. Tommy began to pant.

“I’m about to cum Danny,” he said.

I was close too so I sped up a little and felt the tickle. I slammed into him and let my cock squirt into his ass. Tommy’s cock began shooting cum and some went clear up on his cheek. We came for many seconds and then I lay on top of him. We were both breathing hard and sweating. I could feel his heart beating in his chest.

“Oh Tommy, that was amazing,” I whispered into his ear.

“God, that was intense. I don’t think I’ve ever cum so hard,” he said.

We turned toward each other and shared a kiss.

Something was happening to us… and it was a good thing.

***

The next day we went to the pool and Mark grinned at us as we walked from the changing house. We walked up to his chair.

"What the hell have you two been doing?" he said quietly.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You're in love," he said.

"What? How can you tell that?"

"It's obvious to me. I see the way you look at each other. I see little smiles and touches. You two are falling for each other."

Tommy looked at me and smiled.

"He's right you know," he said.

"I know I'm right. And I think it's wonderful. A lot of guys your age have those feelings and suppress them and live their whole lives frustrated. I did that for a long time. I was twenty one before I finally gave in and admitted that I liked guys."

"Do you have someone now?" Tommy asked.

"I have a boyfriend. He's from Australia and had to go home for the summer to help his mom. His dad died this spring and he's helping with getting things settled."

"Is he okay with you… you know messing with other guys?"

"We decided when he left that we'd have fun during the summer. We're not the jealous type. When he gets back I'll be happy to be with him. Until then… I'm always looking for cock."

We grinned and he moved his leg to let us see his cock, which was semi-hard and hanging in his left pants leg.

"It is most fortunate that I have found all of my friends here," a voice said from behind us. It was Raj.

"Hey Raj, how's it hanging?" I said.

He looked strange.

"It is hanging down and to the left a little."

We laughed. He took everything so literally.

"Maybe we can make it stand up," Tommy said.

"I was hoping that such a thing might be possible. Unfortunately my family has announced we will be leaving tomorrow and stopping in New York City to visit another relative, so I will only have today to enjoy your penis'."

"Oh damn," Mark said. "I can't get off today. We're one person short already."

"That is most unfortunate Mark. I would much enjoy to have your large penis in my bottom one more time."

"Well you'll have to settle for these two and their little dicks," Mark said.

"That will be sufficient," Raj said.

"Thanks for letting us have a say in it," I said laughing.

"I am much sorry. Danny would you and Tommy care to fuck my bottom?"

We laughed and nearly fell in the pool

Raj bid Mark farewell and we left with him to go to the river. It wasn't a long walk and when we got there we stripped off our clothes and held them over our heads as we swam across to the sandbar. We walked back into the willows. By the time we got there we all had boners.

"So do you want me or Tommy to fuck you Raj?"

"Yes."

"Tommy or me?"

"Yes, I desire both of you to fuck me."

"Who first?"

"Both of you."

"I understand you want us both to do it, but who do you want first?"

"I would like that you both fuck me at the same time."

"Huh?"

"I have done this thing at home in India. It is much pleasurable for me."

"Both at once? How the hell do we do that?"

Raj smiled. "I will show you."

He reached into his pants pocket and pulled out two condoms. He made a big deal of opening them and rolling one on each of our hard cocks. Then he got out a little tube of lube and lubed us both up and he lubed his asshole.

"Now if you and Tommy will sit here, facing each other and get real close together so your penis's are together, I will sit on them and you will fuck me together."

Tommy and I looked amazed to think he could take both of our cocks at once but we sat down and scooted together until our cocks were touching and our balls were mashed together between us. I put my hand around our cocks and held them together. Raj straddled us and lowered himself down until our cocks were in his crack. He reached around and moved our cocks back and forth until mine slid into his ass and then Tommy's followed. Raj lowered himself lower and in a minute he was sitting with both of our cocks buried in his ass.

Tommy and I sat there amazed. I could feel his hot cock

against the bottom of mine and it felt very sexy. Then Raj began to raise and lower himself on them.

"Oh this is much nice," he said.

"I can't believe you can do that," Tommy said.

"I have done this many times. My friends at home do this all the time."

Raj was facing me and he leaned forward and I kissed him. Tommy reached around and took Raj's cock in his hand and began jacking him. Raj was sweating and moaning and it didn't take long for him to squirt all over my chest and belly.

"I'm about to cum," Tommy said.

I felt his cock throbbing and then I felt hot cum filling his condom. That set me off and I came really hard. Raj collapsed onto me and lay there on top of me. We all lay quietly for a minute and caught our breath. Then Raj stood up and there was Tommy's and my cocks with condoms half full of cum. Raj pulled them off us and poured the cum on our cocks and balls. Then he rubbed it in.

"Damn that's horny," I said.

We ended up in a big cum soaked pile kissing and sucking tits and limp cocks. After a while we were covered with cum and sand and we waded into the river and washed up.

"I will remember that when I am alone in India and pulling on my penis," Raj said.

"We were glad to have that experience with you Raj. You're one of the most beautiful boys we've ever seen and it has been a pleasure to know you and to have sex with you," I said.

"The pleasure has been all mine," he said.

We got our stuff and waded back to the riverbank. We dressed and walked back to town. Tommy and I walked Raj to his relative's house. We stopped a few houses short.

"Good bye Danny and Tommy. I will think fondly of you as I

remember my time here."

We all had a hug and watched Raj walk down the street and go in the house.

"Wow, that was something," Tommy said.

"I didn't think that could be done. But now I guess we know it can be."

"It was fun but I'd rather be with you Danny," Tommy said.

"What do you think? Let's sleep in my tent tonight," I said.

Tommy had a wide grin on his face.

***

Tommy and I cooked some hotdogs on our campfire. We were in my back yard and sitting on a bench by the fire. We ate our hotdogs and then sat watching the fire and not saying much.

I knew Tommy had something on his mind.

"So why so quiet?" I asked.

"I'm just thinking of what we've done the past couple of weeks," he said.

"Regrets?"

"Oh no, I have no regrets except maybe that I wish we'd figured this out years ago."

I reached over and took his hand in mine. He smiled and kissed me lightly.

"Tommy I've always had a thing for you but I didn't want to take the chance of losing you as a friend," I said.

"I wish you had."

"I do now too. But now that we know how we feel what are we going to do about it?"

"I want us to be together. Does that sound silly?"

"Not a bit. I want us to be together too. But it's a big step. What about our parents and friends?"

"I don't know how to approach that Danny. I know that I want us to live together and be together all the time."

I looked into his beautiful brown eyes and saw the light from the fire dancing in them.

"We'll work it out," I said.

He nodded.

"Let's go in the tent and make love."

We got up and crawled into the tent. I zipped the door closed and we left the light off. We knelt in front of each other and wrapped our arms around each other and began making out. Our crotches were pushing into each other and I could feel Tommy's hard cock against mine. I took the bottom of his tee shirt and pulled it up over his head. He did the same to me. Then he pulled my shorts and underwear down and I stepped out of them. I took off his shorts and underwear and we embraced, our hard cocks rubbing together. I could feel wetness on his cock.

"Suck me," he whispered.

I sucked my best friend and then we made love long into the night.

"Who the hell is that?" I said to Tommy as we walked out of the changing room at the pool.

"Holy fuck, he's beautiful," Tommy said.

There was a guy standing next to Mark's lifeguard chair talking to him. He was absolutely gorgeous. He looked to be a little shorter than Tommy and me and had a body like a Greek god. He was very darkly tanned and his hair was long and golden blond. His face was flawless, with ice blue eyes and the whitest teeth I'd ever seen. He was wearing a pair of swimming trunks that had surfboards on them.

Mark said something to him and he looked our way and smiled. Tommy and I hurried over to them.

“Hey guys, this is my boyfriend, Kieran,” Mark said.

“G’day mates,” the guy said.

“Good, yeah, hi,” I said.

“Um hello,” Tommy said.

They laughed.

“I told you they were hot, I didn’t say they were particularly bright,” Mark said.

“Um, sorry you just surprised us,” I said. “Mark didn’t tell us his boyfriend was the most handsome man on earth.”

Kieran looked at Mark and laughed.

“I like these guys already… before we’ve had sex.”

Tommy and I looked at each other and almost shit in our trunks.

“What did you say?” Tommy asked.

“Mark told me he and you guys have been fucking this summer and suggested that he and I and you two do some naked swimming before the season is over. Mark only has a few days left before we head back to college.”

“And we’re gonna have sex with you?” I asked.

“If you want to. Mark says you guys are hot and sexy and I can see that plainly.”

I looked at Tommy and could see his boner in his trunks. Mine was already sticking out.

“You better wrap a towel around those boners,” Mark said grinning. “When I get off this afternoon we were hoping you two

were free so we could go to the river and mess around."

"You fucking bet," Tommy said.

Oh man, it was going to be a long day.

***

Kieran, Tommy and I spent the afternoon swimming and lying on our towels in the sun. Kieran told us all about Australia and how he and Mark had met at school. I loved listening to his accent and watching him talk. He was one hell of a good-looking guy.

"So Mark tells me you three and some Indian kid had some pretty hot times this summer," he said.

"Yeah, the kid's name was Raj and he was a sex maniac," I said.

"That's what Mark said. He says you two are pretty hot too," he said winking at us.

"Did you do any stuff in Australia?" Tommy asked.

"I had a few blow jobs and a little fucking with some of my blokes who I used to mess with," he said. "Mark and I decided not to worry about a little extra fucking since we'd be apart all summer. We're not the jealous type."

"Tommy and I are just becoming… um boyfriends," I said.

Tommy looked at me and smiled sweetly.

"I can see you two look like you're in love. It's a good thing. Many blokes never find someone or are too worried about what someone will say about them with another bloke. Fuck them if they worry about it. They weren't your mates in the first place."

Finally the afternoon session at the pool was over and Mark could leave. He had the evening shift off. We all went to the changing room and stripped our suits off. Tommy and I were awaiting a look at Kieran's cock and it didn't disappoint. He dropped his suit and there was a beautiful uncut cock hanging under a tightly trimmed blond bush and over low hanging big balls.

“Damn,” I said.

Kieran grinned and took his cock in his hand and pulled on it.

“Want some of this?”

I stepped forward and reached out.

“Not here you horn dog, wait till we get to the river,” Mark said laughing.

I had a hard time stuffing my boner into my shorts.

We rode to the river in Mark’s car. Tommy and I were in the back seat and we both were boned up. Tommy reached over and played with my cock through my pants. I had to make him stop because I was afraid I’d cum in my shorts.

When we got to the river we walked downstream along the bank and stripped naked and then swam across to the sandbar.

Kieran was ahead of us and I noticed he had no tan line. His ass was as brown as the rest of him.

“Did you do a lot of naked swimming in Australia?” I asked.

“Naked surfing,” he said, his white teeth shining.

“Damn,” Tommy said looking at Kieran’s ass.

We got to the willows and gathered and began playing with each other’s cocks. Kieran’s boned up and it was about the same size as Mark’s. As it got hard it stood up by his belly and the foreskin slipped back revealing a pink head. Tommy and I were mesmerized by it.

“Go ahead,” Kieran said.

I looked at Tommy and nodded for him to go first. He dropped to his knees and took hold of Kieran’s cock and licked the head. Then he pulled it down so he could get it in his mouth and began sucking it.

Mark took my cock in his hand then knelt down and began

sucking me. I stood there watching with as hard a cock as I'd ever had. Kieran grinned at me.

"Nice fat cock," he said motioning to mine. "It'll feel nice in my ass."

Holy shit. My cock began to tingle and I began shooting into Mark's mouth. I must have surprised him because he kind of yelped. He went deep on it and let me squirt into his throat.

"Ah mate, I'm about to bust a nut," Kieran said to Tommy.

Tommy slurped on his beautiful cock and suddenly he jumped and I knew Kieran was cumming in his mouth. He didn't spill a drop. Finally Tommy let Kieran's cock slip from his mouth, partly soft.

"Whew," Kieran said. "Nice work mate."

Tommy grinned.

We switched places and Kieran took Tommy's cock in his mouth while I worked on Mark's big cock. I'd gotten used to it and could take almost all of it into my throat, which Mark really liked. Tommy had his eyes closed as Kieran worked on his dick and sucked his balls. It didn't take long and he began moaning and I could see Kieran swallowing. I went deep on Mark's cock and massaged it with my throat and he began shooting into my mouth. I milked him dry and then we all were ready for a little rest.

"How about a swim?" Mark said.

We all waded into the river and swam around laughing and splashing each other. Tommy and I grinned at each other. Shit just a short while ago I was secretly wishing I could see his cock and now we were lovers and spending time with two gorgeous college guys naked.

We got out on the sand and lay down in the sun. It must have been quite a sight. I'm glad no one came past in a boat or they'd have had a heart attack.

"This is our last time swimming naked," Mark said after quite a while.

"What? Why?" I asked.

"Now that Kieran's back he and I are moving back to our place at college. School starts in a few weeks and we're going to do a little traveling and a lot of fucking," he said.

"Wow, I didn't realize that but you're right, summer is almost over," I said.

"What will you and Tommy do?" Kieran asked.

I looked at Tommy and we neither had a clue. We hadn't talked about it.

"I don't know. I'm going to go to the two year school in Middleberg," I said.

"You are? I am too," Tommy said.

We grinned at each other.

"We've been so busy fucking our brains out we didn't talk about anything else," I said laughing.

"So maybe you two can room together?" Mark said.

"Yeah, maybe," I said. Tommy was grinning too.

"Well for a last time for us to be together for the summer, Kieran and I would like you two to fuck us," Mark said.

"Really?" Tommy said grabbing his cock.

"Really. We'd like to lay side-by-side and have you two do us at the same time."

My cock was half hard already. Tommy was fully boned.

Mark got two condoms out of his backpack and he and Kieran rolled them down our cocks.

"Who does who?" I asked.

"Rock, paper, scissors," Mark said.

"Winner fucks Kieran, loser gets me."

"That's not being a loser," Tommy said.

Tommy and I did it. I had a rock, and Tommy had a scissors. I won.

Mark and Kieran lay side-by-side and Tommy and I got below them on the sand. They raised their legs up and we looked down at their beautiful butt holes. Tommy looked at me and we both leaned down and licked their holes. The two of them had each other's cocks in their hands and were slowly jacking each other. Tommy and I moved up and we both put our cocks up to their assholes and in a few minutes we were fucking two beautiful guys on the sand.

Tommy looked over at me and we leaned together and kissed while we fucked. Kieran and Mark did the same. It was incredible to see these three beautiful guys all with me and all naked and having sex. I'd have never dreamed in a million years I'd be doing something like this.

After quite a while I began to get the feeling.

"I'm getting close," I said.

"Me too," Tommy added.

Mark and Kieran increased their speed on jacking and in the next two minutes we all four came. Mark and Kieran shot cum all over their stomach and Tommy and I filled our condoms half full. We lay forward and all ended up kissing each other in a big sweaty, cummy pile.

We finally got up and washed off in the river. We walked slowly across the sandbar to the river and swam across. We dressed and drove back to the pool so Tommy and I could get our bikes. Before we got out Mark said, "Well it's been a fun summer."

"It's been the best," I said.

"I hope you two stay together. You make a cute couple."

"We won't forget this," I said.

“We won’t either,” Kieran said.

“Maybe next spring break we can get together,” Mark said.

“Wow that’d be great,” Tommy and I said.

We traded phone numbers and had a quick kiss with both of our college boyfriends. They drove off and Tommy and I stood there.

“Wow,” Tommy said. “Fucking wow!”

“Now you’re stuck with just me,” I said.

Tommy looked to see if anyone was around. He put his arms around me and kissed me.

“Those guys are fantastic, beautiful, and sexy but I’ve got the guy I want,” he said.

My eyes filled with tears and we kissed some more.

***

Tommy and I went to Middleberg to look at the college and see what they had for housing. We’d both been accepted in the school so now we needed to find someplace to live. We found a place that had been a motel and had been converted to student housing. The rooms were fitted with a kitchenette and were pretty Spartan but we thought it would work for us just fine. The only drawback was that the room was for a married couple or two people who didn’t mind sharing a bed, because there was only one bed, a queen sized one. We were all for that.

Best of all the housing also had a pool and recreation building with games and a TV room. The price was pretty reasonable so we got the information and promised to let them know within two days if we’d take the room or not.

“What about our parents?” Tommy asked.

“What do you mean?”

“My mom thinks I should drive back and forth every day. She

said it's only 20 miles and it's cheaper than a place to live."

"If we share the cost it's a lot less," I said.

"I hope you can convince her," he said.

We talked to our parents and they were skeptical to say the least. We were the first of our siblings to leave the nest and I think they felt like they wanted us to live at home as long as we could. Tommy and I wanted just the opposite.

That night Tommy asked his parents if I could sleep over. His room has a couch that is okay to sleep on so they said it was fine. After dinner we went to his room and played video games for a while. When the house quieted down we got naked and got into his bed and began making out. We were writhing around kissing and playing with each other's cocks and suddenly his door opened and his dad walked in.

He stood there for a second and turned and left.

"Oh fuck," Tommy said.

"I better go."

"No stay, you can't leave me like this."

We got dressed and sat with his TV on but not really watching.

There was a knock on the door.

"Yeah?"

"Tommy, Danny, can you come downstairs?" his dad said.

"Yeah right away."

He looked at me and I thought he was going to cry.

"What the hell are we going to do?"

"There's only one thing we can do. Tell them the truth," I said.

We went downstairs and were surprised when there sat my parents as well as Tommy's parents.

"Mom? Dad?"

"Sit down boys."

We sat side-by-side on the couch.

"I'm sorry I barged in on you boys a while ago," his dad said. "Obviously I didn't expect to see what I saw."

"Dad we can explain," Tommy started.

"Tommy, no explanation will change what I saw. We've talked and we may be old but we're not stupid," his dad said nodding to his mom and my parents.

"Danny, we've suspected you might be… not interested in girls for a long time," my dad said.

"We're not happy about the idea but we're willing to accept it," my mom said.

"We knew you two were good friends but didn't know about this," Tommy's mom said.

"Mom this just happened. Danny and I have never done anything like this until just recently. I thought I wanted a girlfriend and had some but it was never what I thought it was suppose to be. When Danny and I… when we found out we liked each other like this, it all became clear to me. I was trying to be something that I'm not."

"Tommy and I love each other," I said. "I know that's hard for you to hear but we do. We share all the things we've shared for our whole lives and now we share more than fishing and ball games. We're in love."

The parents all sat quietly absorbing it all.

"Well, how do we make this work?" Tommy's dad asked.

"We want to live together at school. We'd like your blessing

on it and hopefully you'll get used to us being a couple," I said.

They looked at each other and seemed to be okay.

"So how soon do you have to sign the lease?" my dad asked.

Tommy and I were beaming. We had all we could do to keep from kissing but we held back. It might be too much for them.

***

Tommy and I have been living in our little room now for almost a month. We live on Hamburger Helper and Mac and Cheese mix, but have been watching the Food Network and Tommy is getting braver with trying some more exciting meals.

Today when I got home from class he was naked, wearing an apron to keep the hot grease off his dick, and making something he called "Tuna Supreme". He looked adorable with his bubble butt hanging out of the back of the apron. It didn't take long for me to get naked and in no time I was rubbing my cock up and down his butt crack with my arms around him.

"Stop that, you're going to ruin my dish," he scolded.

"Hurry up," I urged.

Tommy worked fast, looking at his recipe now and then and finally he announced the dish was ready for the oven. He opened the door and bent over to put it in. He yelped when my dick poked him in the ass while he was bent over. He shut the door and turned and slipped off the apron.

"We've got 45 minutes," he said.

We giggled like twelve-year old girls as we ran to the shower. We turned on the water and soaped each other up and then washed each other's hair. I knelt to wash Tommy's feet and his dick was right there in my face so I put it in my mouth and began sucking him. He held onto my head and fucked my mouth until he came into it. I got every drop and then stood up.

"Do me in the butt," I said.

He grinned and I turned around and held onto the showerhead and backed up. He got behind me and slid his dick in my ass and fucked me slowly under the cascading water. It was amazingly sexual.

Finally the water began to cool, so Tommy increased his pace and soon I felt him throbbing in my ass and knew he was filling me with cum. He pulled it out and we kissed and washed our cocks and butts and then got out. We dried each other off and walked naked to the room. It smelled fantastic.

"Chef Tommy, I think your tuna is ready," I said.

We sat naked eating "Tuna Supreme" and it was pretty damn good. Then we curled up on the bed still naked and pulled out our books and began studying.

I looked at him, his soft cock lying across his balls and his nose in a history book and my heart was full of love.

School is going fantastic. We're both working hard and getting really good grades. We figured if we do that our parents will be convinced that this is what is right for us.

Tommy and I have a great life. We love living together. We wake up and sometimes make love in the morning before class and a few times we've even come home for lunch and ended up naked and making love.

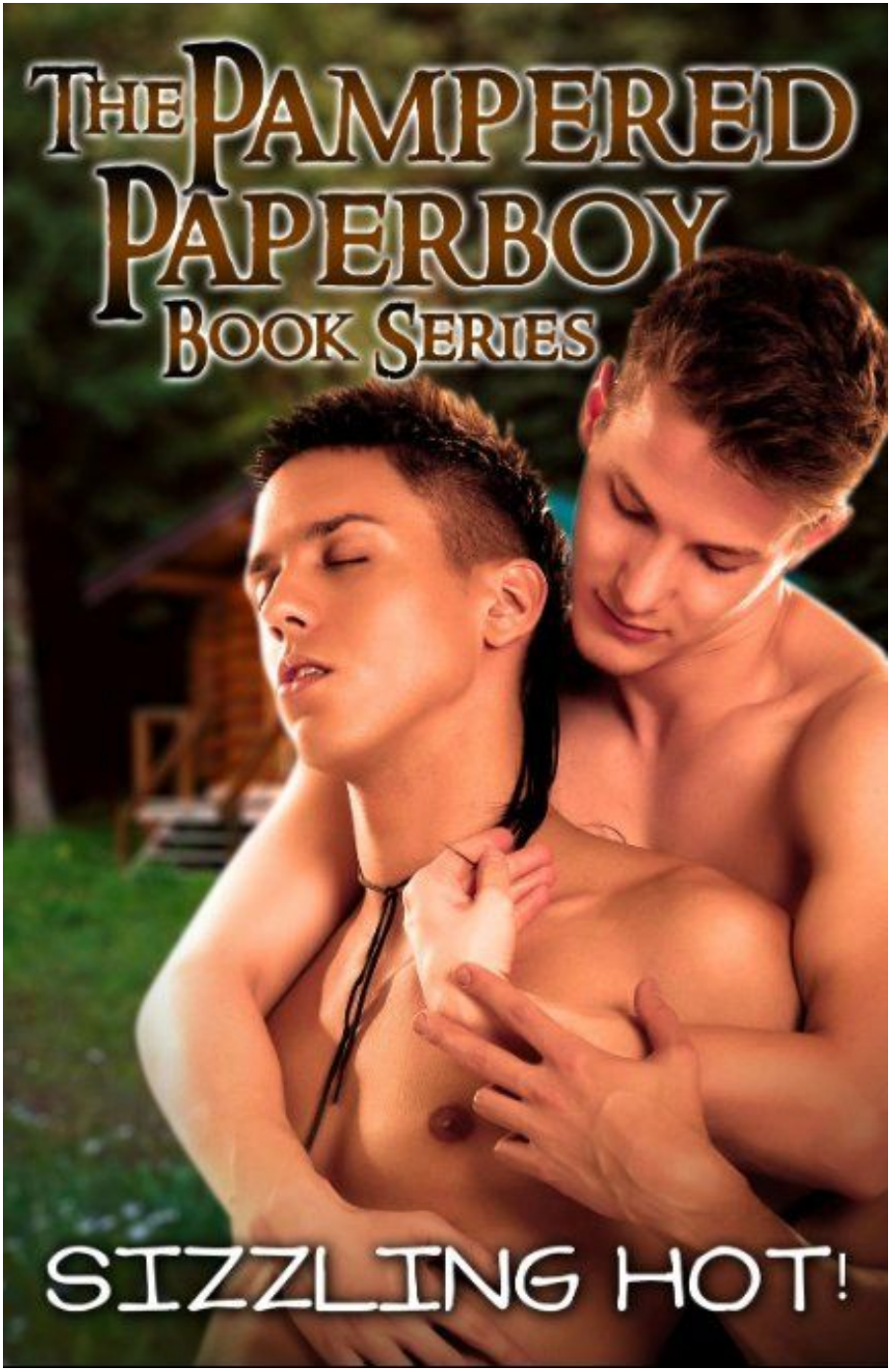
We got a call from Mark and Kieran and they've invited us to their school over spring break. We're really looking forward to seeing them again. They said to bring lots of condoms.

But the best part of our little home is that in the evening Tommy and I can sneak down to the pool late at night and take a naked swim. We've mastered making love in the pool and it's pretty damn hot.

Life is good. And with Tommy by my side, I can't ask for anything more. I'm glad I lost my swimming trunks that day in the pool when Mark found out about my naked swimming on the island. It led to an amazing summer of sex and to me finding the love of my life.

The End

Here is a sample from another story you may enjoy: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